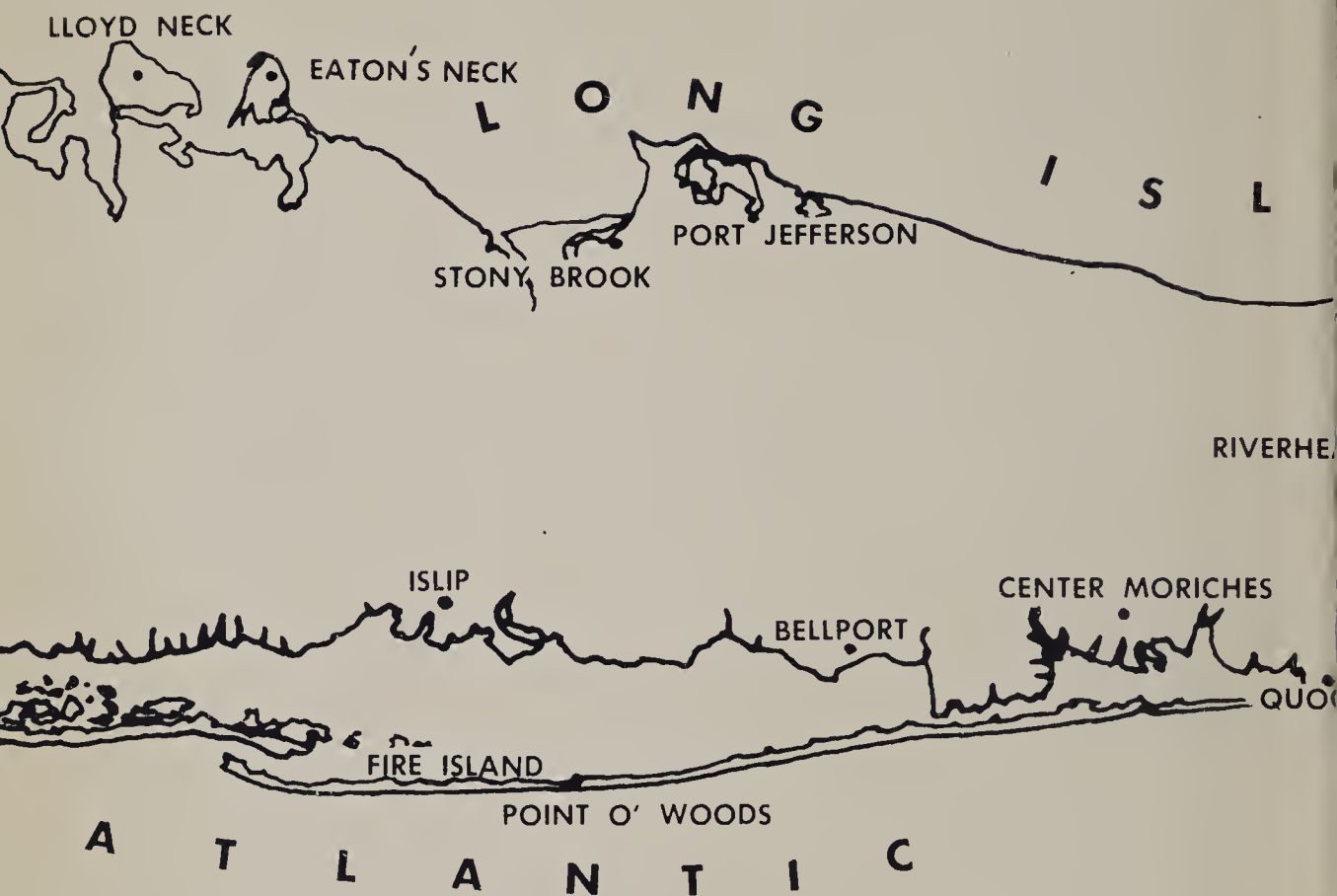


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SHIP ASHORE!

Ship Ashore!

A RECORD OF MARITIME DISASTERS
OFF MONTAUK AND EASTERN
LONG ISLAND, 1640-1955

BY
Jeannette Edwards Rattray

ILLUSTRATED

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.
NEW YORK

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Library of Congress Catalog Card
Number: 55-6141

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

VAN REES PRESS • NEW YORK

Foreword

THE STARTING-POINT for this book was a set of twenty-one typed pages of notes concerning eastern Long Island shipwrecks which were taken some years ago from old Life Saving Service log books (1875-1915) kept in the station at Moriches, lost in the 1938 hurricane. The late George Carter of Center Moriches, Long Island, gave the notes to his friends, Dr. George Fish and Dr. David Edwards. Dr. Edwards, knowing my passion for Long Island history and especially any history concerning the sea, passed the notes on to me, together with some random notes on shipwrecks found in the East Hampton Free Library. A year of intensive research followed; during this time I have learned much about my beloved native island. I am deeply grateful to Dr. Edwards for starting me on this voyage of discovery concerning Long Island shipwrecks, and to all the other kind friends who have assisted in the search for stories which might otherwise have been lost.

This book is dedicated to the old-time Life Saving crews and surf men and the present-day Coast Guard, with admiration and respect.

JEANNETTE EDWARDS RATTRAY

East Hampton, Long Island, New York

May 1, 1955

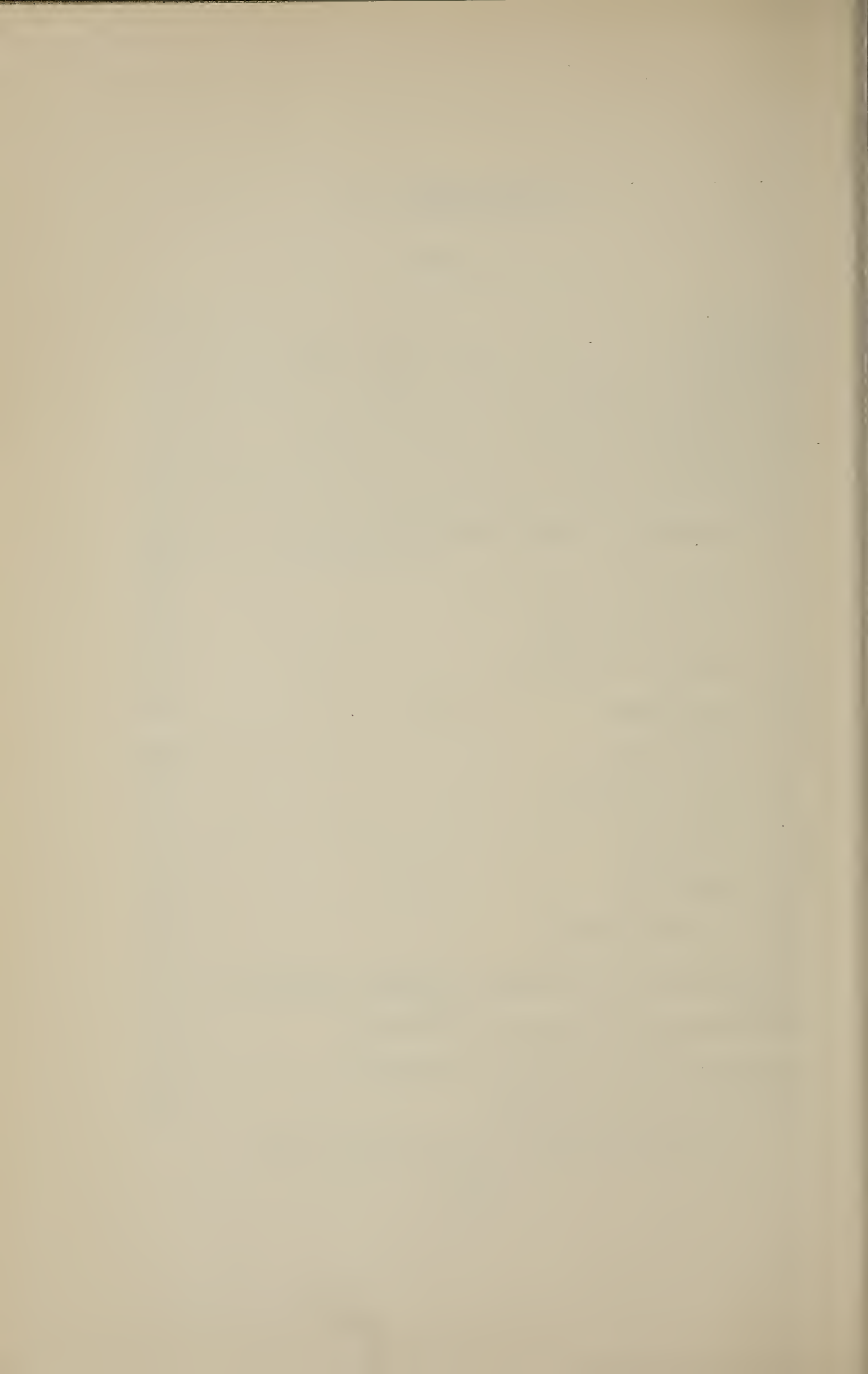
Acknowledgments

S. Kip Farrington, Jr., has read the manuscript for this book and given invaluable advice. Others who have discussed various points and given information include Anthony Bedell, J. Forest Dominy, Dr. David Edwards, Captain Joshua B. Edwards 2nd, Captain S. S. Edwards, Captain George Glas, J. Arter Gould, J. Howard Hand, Rev. A. E. Hawke, Dayton Hedges, Floyd Lester, David Loper, Lewis S. Parsons, Commander Charles R. Peele, U. S. C. G., Ret.; Everett T. Rattray, Mrs. Sara Recktenwald, and Harry B. Squires.

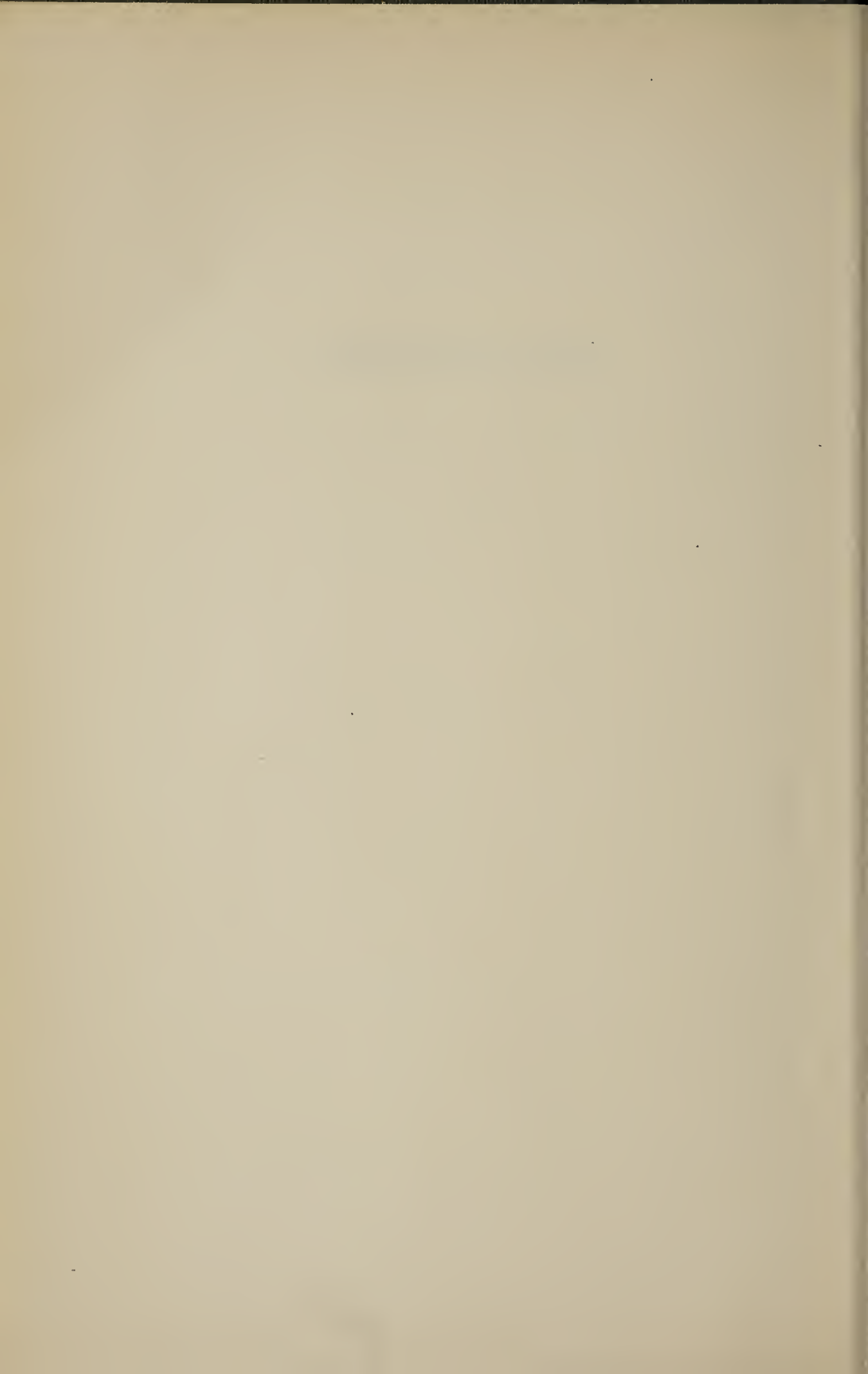
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SHIP ASHORE!



I

Ship Ashore!

THE CRY "Ship ashore!" ringing through the street of a sleepy little village on eastern Long Island would bring the entire population to the beach on the run, in sailing-ship days. The men came to help. The women and children followed because a shipwreck was exciting. It was something to be recalled and discussed for generations. The men really could help. Until well into the present century native Long Islanders were combination farmer-fishermen just as much at home maneuvering small boats through the surf as guiding the plow along their inherited acres. They could snatch a shipwrecked mariner from a watery grave, or they could advise a ship's captain how to save his vessel by working it off the treacherous sand bar along Long Island's south shore. They were skilled in wind and weather and tide. They knew the sea in all her moods and they knew particularly every inch of their own coast.

This is no longer true. The ability to maneuver a rowing boat through the breaking waves will soon become a lost art among the Long Islanders. A few men still draw seines for bass in the fall. Fewer still set trawls for cod from small dories in wintertime, but their ranks are thin-

ning fast. Fishing and farming are no longer done in combination since farming became a big business. The fishermen gather shellfish in bays, they go out from sheltered harbors in fast motor boats after deep-sea fish; or they take out sport-fishing parties, all easier and more profitable ways of earning a living than battling the surf.

Where once the stations of the United States Life Saving Service (predecessor to the United States Coast Guard) were manned entirely by native farmer-fishermen, today most of New York State's Coast Guard personnel has to be imported from the South. These are young, hardy, seasoned surfmen from down Cape Hatteras way and the Virginia Capes where the more primitive relationship between man and the sea still obtains.

Coast Guard equipment and practice has changed just as much as the personnel. More, because the young Carolinians come from much the same stock as those young men of the 1870's who served in the Life Saving Service when it was first fully organized, and they fit into the Long Island communities "like a duck's foot in a mud puddle" as the old saying goes. But their tools are very different. Their skill in the surf is seldom needed. They walk no beach patrols. This practice ceased after World War II. They drill with their motorized equipment. They answer the ship-to-shore telephone. With the end of the sailing-ship era and the beginning of radio communication the incidence of shipwrecks was sharply diminished. Nowadays when disaster occurs it is apt to be farther offshore. Motor boats go out from harbors to the assistance of vessels in distress.

Stories of danger and death to ships and the sailors

who manned them have been handed down in cracker-barrel talk. Some have been set down in town records and local newspapers as well as in service records. This is the first attempt ever made to assemble in print a record of names and dates of shipwrecks off the salt-water coast of New York State. Owing to space limitations only those marine disasters which occurred off the shores of Suffolk County (from Cold Spring Harbor on the north shore to a point just west of Amityville on the south shore of Long Island and eastward to Orient and Montauk Points) can be set down here; more than 550 vessels are mentioned in the Chronological List and the Index at the back of this book. Some of the more dramatic stories will be dealt with in detail. An equally long and dramatic account could be given for the western end of Long Island and New York City itself.

It has been no easy task to assemble shipwreck data for Suffolk County, to sift and check the conflicting accounts from hundreds of sources. Early log books of Life Saving Stations then recently closed had been stored in the Moriches station which was washed away, records and all, in the hurricane of September 21, 1938. Fortunately extracts had been copied from logs kept in Suffolk stations from 1875 to 1915. Printed reports of the Life Saving Service have also been consulted at the Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia. Harry B. Squires of Bridgehampton, whose father Captain William H. Squires was lost off Lone Hill, Sayville, in 1895 in the wreck of the *Louis V. Place*, has assembled over the years a long list of Long Island shipwrecks and placed this in the Pennypacker Long Island Historical Collection at the

East Hampton Free Library. He has given advice and encouragement and lent pictures. Paul Bailey, publisher of the Long Island *Forum*, has also been very helpful.

This book will not confine itself to complete wrecks. A wreck, in its widest sense, means anything without an apparent owner afloat upon, sunk in, or cast ashore by the sea. Legally it has a still narrower meaning. This is a collection of stories of maritime disasters and of ships in distress off eastern Long Island during more than three hundred years; of the lighthouses built to prevent disaster and of the services organized to save life and property after shipwreck has occurred.

When the Long Island men ran to the beach at the cry "Ship ashore!" to rescue the drowning, to save a vessel, or to bring back for burial perhaps an unknown, unclaimed seaman's body, they were doing no more than they expected to be done for themselves in like case. Many a young man had sailed away from Long Island on merchant ships to the West Indies or on whaling ships to the ends of the earth and had never been heard from again. In 1753 the Reverend Dr. Samuel Buell of East Hampton set down in his church records: "The yr now ended, Died the Year Past 36 Besides Men at Sea." These he could not count.

The shipwreck stories are not all tragic. Sometimes they are funny, sometimes mysterious, sometimes heroic and blood-stirring. But always they are a reminder that man with all his technology is a puny creature compared with the mighty sea. These lines from Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" express it:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with a bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

II

The Shore Line

MANHATTAN ISLAND, Staten Island, and Long Island, which comprise practically all of the salt-water coastline of New York State, are, on the south side, fairly flat. Nearby New Jersey also presents a deceptively innocent appearance. Here is no "stern and rockbound coast" like Felicia Hemans' New England. Yet the shores of Long Island and New Jersey rank with Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras as the scene of many shipwrecks; and Fire Island and Barnegat were once names associated with danger and disaster by all mariners. The shifting sand bars and shoals of the sandy coast, and the proximity to the ports of New York and Philadelphia with all their ships "that do business in great waters" probably account for the vast number of wrecks that have occurred in this vicinity.

Long Island ends at Montauk Point, 120 miles from New York City. With all its sinuosities, the island probably has three or four hundred miles of shore front upon which vessels could and often did come to grief.

The following is a description of the shore line by the late Everett J. Edwards, a seafaring man who knew it well:

“Long Island’s south shore is a long strip of soft clean white sand; very different from the rocky New England coast to the northward, and from the hard sandy beach down in the Carolinas and Florida. There is not a rock on it, from Sandy Hook (just outside of New York) to Nominick, where Montauk begins. Montauk Point is rocky and dangerous.

“The length of Long Island, from Fire Island to Montauk, a sandbar formed by the undertow runs parallel with the beach about a quarter of a mile offshore. On the bar is an average depth of about 8 feet of water; and inside it the water is 18 to 20 feet deep. Outside of the bar, the water deepens gradually until it is about ten fathoms deep (60 feet) a mile offshore.

“When the swell is heavy, the heft of the sea breaks on this bar. Vessels stranded on this coast invariably stop on the outer edge of the bar; and if of too deep a draft, they are apt to get torn to pieces there. It takes a very heavy sea to wash a ship over; but if it is once over the bar, with a good anchor offshore to prevent its going onto the beach, a large vessel is fairly safe.”

Nathaniel S. Prime, himself a Long Islander, in his “History of Long Island” (1845) said: “Although the Bays on the south side of the island are numerous and large, and completely defended from the rage of the ocean by the great barrier of sand, more durable than stone; yet the inlets are so few and difficult of access, even for small craft, that it is impracticable to enter them, when the refuge is most desirable. In the whole length of the island, there are but ten openings in the Great Beach; and these are constantly varying, by the

violence of the waves, so that after a single storm, the channel, which is never deep, may be materially obstructed or changed. This necessarily renders the coasting business, on the whole south side, exceedingly uncertain and precarious; and at the same time accounts for those awful disasters which have so often been attended with the most appalling consequences on this ill-fated shore. From Coney Island to Montauk Point, there is not the vestige of a harbor that can be entered by a sea-vessel. If, therefore, by a mistake of reckoning, or other cause, a ship is brought near the coast, with a strong wind bearing on shore, or a breeze too light to beat off, her doom is usually sealed."

There are only six inlets today along the south shore where small boats can go inside. These are, from west to east: Rockaway, East Rockaway, Jones', Fire Island, Moriches, and Shinnecock.

The bulk of Long Island's shipwrecks have occurred on the south shore, and on the eastern half of Long Island, where the sea breaks far more heavily than it does at the western end, or than it does on the "Jersey flats."

As for the rather rocky north shore of Long Island, most of that is not so very rugged, with some exceptions such as the reef at Eaton's Neck off Huntington Harbor. Prime's History, 1845, says it was always known to coasters as one of the worst reefs between the Virginia Reef, Newfoundland, and those stretching away from lower Florida to the Tortugas.

Eaton's Neck has seen more shipwrecks than any other spot on the north shore. Montauk, Shinnecock, Fire Is-

land, and Rockaway are the worst spots on the south shore. These disasters were due to a variety of causes—southeast, southwest, and northwest gales; tide, rocks, fog, snow, failure to take soundings, old worn-out ships, compass errors, these are some of the reasons given by Harry B. Squires. Sometimes on-the-spot observers have felt that an old ship was deliberately run ashore to get the insurance.

III

Colonial Times: 1657 to 1784

THE PRINS MAURITS

ON THE stormy night of May 8, 1657, a Dutch ship, the Prins Maurits, was wrecked on Fire Island near the mouth of what is now called Carman's River. Fire Island was then called South Beach. The passengers, 160 soldiers and immigrants from Holland, were all saved. The vessel became a total loss.

Fire Island and what is now Patchogue were then virtually wilderness. Friendly Indians guided the survivors of the wrecked Prins Maurits to Nieuw Amsterdam—now New York.

The vessel was named for Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange (1567-1625) the famous general who rescued the United Netherlands from Spanish domination and became head of the State.

THE JOHN & LUCY

On March 22, 1668, the ship John & Lucy, bound from Rhode Island to New York, went ashore at Montauk. East Hampton Town Records give the testimony of officers and men before Justice of the Peace John Mulford.

There were fifteen men on board, when the ship left Rhode Island, also "2 sheepe, 2 goats, 3 mares and the ships Dogg called Lion, and severall Catts." The ship's master, John Bentley, and the purser, Alexander le Rond, blamed the pilot, William Reaps, when they "suddenly came upon a Rock." There they stuck fast all night, about three miles from Fisher's Island. The seamen were "dismayed." There was "nothing but a terrible distraction and confusion all the night long, one erging this the other that, doing one thing and then undoing it, doing all things and yet nothing" and "at break of day the ship beating so extreemely that all courage was taken away, and sudainly the boates were full of men." The officers departed, but somehow "through that extreamity of haste and fear," three men were left behind. The men in the small boats went to New London. About the time they arrived there, it developed later, the ship floated off the rock with the high tide. Meanwhile, the men at New London hired a small sloop and a bark but owing to bad weather it took the one vessel two days to come back to the ship, and the other a whole week. The John & Lucy with the three men on board "did the same night in the said ship light upon this shoare of Montauket, where the ship stuck fast & still lieth." The men got ashore. Thomas Baker of East Hampton advised them to go to town and refresh themselves; but crewman Thomas Jones refused, saying he had charge of his Master's goods which he would not forsake.

THE ADVENTURE

Captain Kidd paid Gardiner's Island a visit in June, 1699, but since his ship went away in good order his story does not belong here. A much fiercer pirate however appeared off Sagaponack earlier in that year and his ship, the Adventure, a "hag-boat" of 350 tons and 22 guns, was sunk by the pirates themselves after unloading, between Long Island and Block Island.

Joseph Bradish, 25-year-old captain of the Adventure, was a bad lot and the description of his crew fits in with the traditional pirate tales. One was pock-marked, another squint-eyed, another "lamish of both legs," another had a "very downe looke." Bradish left London in 1698 as a boatswain's mate in the Adventure, bound for Borneo and the Far East with a cargo valued at about \$400,000. Six months out from London they stopped for water at an island near India. Part of the crew seized the ship while the Captain and other officers were on shore. They elected Bradish captain and shared up the cargo of cloth, opium, iron, lead, and Spanish gold; then set sail for Long Island.

One morning in March, 1699, Lieut. Colonel Henry Pierson who was a member of the Colonial Assembly in New York Colony looked out of the window at his home in Sagaponack and saw a strange ship standing not far offshore in the ocean. He called neighbors. They launched a boat and went off to the ship. Bradish said they were bound from London to Philadelphia, fifteen months out. He asked for fresh provisions and to be taken ashore. He gave his right name and that of the

ship, but news of his escapades had not reached eastern Long Island. The Reverend Ebenezer White, a neighbor of Colonel Pierson's and minister of the Bridgehampton church, joined the pirate and the Colonel and the three rode horseback to East Hampton, five miles away. Here they called on John Mulford, a leading citizen, and were also joined by the young East Hampton minister, Nathaniel Huntting (who subsequently delivered a strong sermon on piracy).

Mr. White and Colonel Pierson returned with Bradish to Sagaponack. The next day Bradish brought ashore four sealed bags. Three contained money, (2,805 pieces of eight, it was later discovered) and one, jewels. He asked Colonel Pierson to take care of them for him. For this he gave Pierson two small guns, a cask of powder, one jewel, and a small bag of pieces of eight.

The ship lay off Sagaponack for a few days, while Colonel Pierson went with Bradish to hire three sloops, one from Southampton and two from Southold, that were to unload the ship's cargo. Meanwhile, East Hampton people began to grow suspicious. Several went on board and talked with the mate. He claimed that they had come from the Guinea coast, but there were no Negro slaves in sight. The strangers sold a few small guns to the Long Island men but said they had orders to open nothing else.

Samuel Hand, an experienced pilot, was hired to take the ship round the Point to Gardiner's Island. Since the wind was unfavorable, they ran over to Block Island instead. The unloading ships met the Adventure there. Carter Gillum of Southold and Ebenezer Meggs of Guil-

ford, Conn., commanded the Southold boats. When the unloading was done, the pirates fired guns into the bottom of the Adventure and sank her, then they scattered.

There was a great hue and cry. Lord Bellomont, governor of New York Colony, complained in a letter to the Lords of Trade in London that he had no man-of-war with which to chase the pirates, but he managed to search out the treasure. Some of the pirates were captured and sent to England later in the year with Captain Kidd. Bradish was hanged in London.

Meanwhile a busybody neighbor of Colonel Pierson's had told of the treasure left with him. On April 27, 1699, he turned over to the authorities a great quantity of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, and turquoise. He had a hard time proving that he had been no more than indiscreet in holding the bag for the pirate, but influential friends spoke for him and he was exonerated.

SLOOP MARY FROM QUEBEC

Long Island's Coast Guard had its hands full coping with smugglers in the Prohibition Era from World War I to 1934. The authorities also had their troubles in early Colonial days when the British government forbade all commerce "with foreign plantations." Up to 1763 trade with Canada had to take the form of smuggling, but there was plenty of it. The Journal of "ye slope Marey" found in the chest of the mate, John Maher, together with an account of her wreck at Montauk Point on November 23, 1701, told exactly what contraband the Mary had carried from New York to Canada: cheese, flour, tobacco, and shot; and what she was carrying on the

return trip from Quebec: brandy, claret, wine, furs, cotton goods, and beads.

The Mary set sail down the coast from Canada in a "free gaile of wind." Tacking, breaking out the shrouds, encountering "thick wather," taking "Latt'd by Jodgment," she poked along. The only wonder is that ships ever got anywhere in those days. They stopped here and there, anchoring off Cape Ann, touching at "ye Misery" which is Misery Island off Salem Harbor, landing at Salem but avoiding Boston which abounded in revenue officers. They rounded Cape Cod, anchoring off Webb's Island which has since been swallowed up by the sea. On November 16, 1701, twenty-five days out from Quebec, they reached Martha's Vineyard. There the ship's Journal stops. Seven days later the Mary was driven ashore at Montauk.

Records found in Albany say that the sloop "drove on shore as a Wrecke, not having any p'rson on Board her the 23 day of November, 1701." She was "ceased" by Captain Josiah Hobart, Justice of the Peace of the Town of East Hampton, under the authority of New York Colony, and by Abraham Schellinx (Schellinger), an East Hampton ship-owner. Both sloop and cargo were condemned for violation of the trade and navigation laws.

But the revenue officers, when they appeared on the scene, seemed to have great difficulty in tallying up the ship's goods. Some of Long Island's most prominent citizens were set to unload and watch the wreck. The Journal (100 copies were printed, 1866) is in the East Hampton library; it gives "Names of men that watched

the goods upon the Beatch att Meantauke Belonging to the Sloop Mary," and those who unloaded and carted away the goods. Those present included John Wick, Sheriff of Suffolk County, and Lion Gardiner, Lord of the Manor of Gardiner's Island. In later affidavits, nobody seemed to know what became of some "barels of Brandy"; and although most of the goods were carted by "William Schellinx' Teme and horses, but not himsele" to Capt. Sam Mulford's warehouse at Northwest, some unknown person "did bair away into the woods" certain goods and give them to Captain Abraham Howell, Christopher Foster, Daniel and Richard Halsey. William Rose testified that Captain Howell had given him for his "labor, pains and expense" in helping save the goods, seven pieces of cloth, with which Rose bought himself a bond boy of nine or ten years old, to serve him for thirteen years. Colonel William Smith of St. George's Manor also had some cloth from the wreck. About that time, the master of the supposedly abandoned smuggling sloop Mary also appeared from somewhere, and gave away pieces of precious cloth to one of the wreckers.

The Captain and owner of this sloop was Samuel Vetch, son of an Edinburgh minister. Having no trade, he had been through his father's influence appointed one of seven councillors who constituted the government of the Scotch colony of Caledonia, established 1698 at Darien on the Isthmus of Panama. This settlement was soon abandoned to Spain, whereupon several of the adventurers came to New York. In 1700 Vetch married Margaret, daughter of Robert Livingston of Albany.

After the wreck of the *Mary* he was arrested and fined for trading with the French and Indians.

He went to England in 1708 and laid before the ministry the bold project of seizing Canada. He wanted to be its governor. The plan was approved, but fell through at the time. In 1710 he served in an expedition against Port Royal, Nova Scotia, whereupon its name was changed to Annapolis and he was made governor. He died in England in 1732.

THE CAPTAIN BELL

An 18th century wreck story handed down in East Hampton claims that the first teakettle in the township came ashore on a wreck at Montauk in the 1700's. The ship was the *Captain Bell*. Mrs. Joseph Miller, born Sarah Hedges of Montauk in 1716, told the story in her old age. Farmers at Montauk looking after their cattle could not imagine the use of the teakettle; some said one thing, some another. Finally they carried it to East Hampton and put the question up to old "Governor" Samuel Hedges, as the wisest man in the village. He decided it was the ship's lamp, and all agreed. Mrs. Miller told of the first tea to reach East Hampton. One family, she said, boiled it in a pot and ate it like samp porridge. Another spread the leaves on bread and butter, and boasted to his neighbor of having eaten a half-pound at a meal. Tea did not come into general use on Long Island until about 1750.

John Lyon Gardiner of Gardiner's Island set the story down in his *Journal* on June 15, 1794.

A battered copper teakettle said to be the one men-

tioned in this story is in the East Hampton Historical Society's museum in Clinton Academy.

THE CULLODEN

Every fisherman who rounds Montauk Point bound for Fort Pond Bay knows Culloden Point; but not every one knows that Culloden was given that name during the Revolution.

During the winter of 1780-81 a good part of the British fleet lay in Gardiner's Bay, including the Royal Oak, flagship of Vice Admiral Arbuthnot. The British were keeping a watchful eye on the French fleet sent to aid the American colonies, then at anchor near Rhode Island. The British naval officers and men enjoyed themselves at East Hampton and on Gardiner's Island. They even entertained some of the local residents at dinner parties on board the flagship, the minister, Samuel Buell, D.D., and other leading citizens feeling it was just as well to keep on friendly terms with the British forces occupying Long Island after the disastrous Battle of Long Island in 1776.

On January 22, 1781, news came that three ships of the French fleet were leaving Rhode Island and within chasing distance. The Vice Admiral sent the 1487-ton Culloden, a 74-gun vessel, 161 feet long, 46 feet wide and 16 feet deep, sister ship of the Royal Oak, and three others, in pursuit of the French. A heavy northeast snow-storm came up. The Bedford was dismasted. The America was lost for a few days. The Culloden was blown onto Shagwonggonac (Shagwong for short) Reef. The Captain undertook to take the Culloden into the smoother waters of Fort Pond Bay with a hole in her,

and she went down off the eastern highland of Fort Pond Bay, which has ever since been called "Culloden Point."

As far as is known, no lives were lost when the Culloden went down. She carried a crew of 600, and was commanded by Captain George Balfour. Built at Deptford, England, in 1747, she had seen service at the battles of Minorca, 1756; Gibraltar, 1759; and elsewhere in 1762 and 1778. The ship's name came from the Battle of Culloden, 1746, when the Young Pretender's troops were defeated by the Duke of Cumberland's army.

The Culloden's masts were salvaged for the Bedford, which was ready for sea again on March 9, 1781. After everything possible had been salvaged, the Culloden was burned to the water line. In July, 1815, twelve tons of pig iron and a cannon were taken from her. Part of her hull can still be seen when the tide is right.

IV

Lighthouses and Lighthouse Keepers

THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE built in New York is at Montauk Point, easternmost spot in the state. President George Washington signed the order for its erection on January 2, 1796. Montauk Light rises one hundred feet above the cliff called Turtle Hill; and the cliff itself rises sixty-eight feet above the rocks and churning waves of the Atlantic. The Indian name for that hill was Womponamon, meaning "to the east." A visitor climbing to the top of the lighthouse finds a breath-taking view spread before him, out over the ocean and Block Island Sound. Plum Island, Gardiner's Island, Fisher's Island, Watch Hill, R.I., Lantern Hill at Stonington, Conn., and Block Island are all plainly visible on a clear day.

When the lighthouse's site was chosen in 1792, it was 297 feet from shore, "set a distance back for safety," so said reports of that day. The sea has eaten into the bank, year by year; the lighthouse is less than 140 feet from the edge of the sheer cliff now. The full force of the Atlantic breaks against this end of Long Island.

Sperm whale oil was used at Montauk Light and else-

where, up to the 1860's when it was replaced by lard-oil for a short time, then by kerosene; and today it is electrically operated. The original beacon was a steady light; in 1858 it became a flashing signal. Its high white tower, banded broadly with brown, serves as a beacon by day, a signal post for sea traffic; the big white light sends its beam far out to sea once every ten seconds, all night. Besides tending the lights, the keeper and his assistants must watch Montauk Shoals gas-buoy three and three-quarters nautical miles offshore to the southeast. When fog shuts this buoy from sight, they must start the fog siren blowing its blast every fifteen seconds. Both the light and the siren can be recognized at sea, by their timing.

Lighthouse keeping in winter must have been a dreary, lonely job at Montauk in pre-motor-car days when it took six hours in good weather to drive a horse and wagon from East Hampton to the Point, a distance of twenty miles. But in summer, the lighthouse keeper and his wife could take paying guests. It was an adventurous outing for a party to go "on" Montauk for a day or two.

J. Arter Gould of East Hampton, whose grandfather, Patrick Talmage Gould, was lighthouse keeper at Montauk from 1829 for some thirty years, says that his father and an uncle were born at the Point, in a little building used now as a garage, at the foot of the hill. The keeper had no assistant then, he says, and: "When Grandfather had to go off to town for supplies, Grandmother had to keep the light overnight. It was pretty bleak. Once, she said, it was so rough and windy that she went up the hill

to the lighthouse on her hands and knees to keep from blowing off." In their journals, the keepers recorded, time after time, that a chimney or a roof had been blown off in a "gale o'wind"; in 1869 the barn flew off to sea, in such a wind that the then keeper, Thomas Ripley, strung a rope from the "new house" higher up, to the old one used in the Goulds' time, below the hill, and took his family and assistants down the hill to shelter, all clinging to the rope.

Patrick T. Gould was presented in 1857 with a gold medal now in the possession of his grandson, J. Arter Gould, for his "courage and humanity saving from inevitable death the crew of the brig Flying Cloud, wrecked on Montauk Point December 14, 1856." The medal was given by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, incorporated March 29, 1849.

Patrick T. Gould was followed as keeper of Montauk Light by Jonathan A. Miller, who had come back from the Civil War minus an arm lost in a naval engagement on the Oneida. After sixteen years, he was followed by another Civil War veteran, James G. Scott, who stayed for twenty-five years. (Civil War veterans were given the preference in these appointments.) Capt. Scott's daughter, the late Mrs. James M. Strong of East Hampton, said: "In the first ten years Father was at Montauk, he had no leave without paying his substitute out of his own pocket. He never had an accident caused by neglect of duty. It was a lonely life, and a hard one for our mother. My two brothers died at Montauk, one drowned in Money Pond close by the Point in 1898, the other died before a doctor could reach him. A doctor had to be

brought from East Hampton; someone had to ride off on horseback for him. It was an event in wintertime, to see a wagon coming over the hills. We would get out the glasses and try to see how many passengers were in the wagon. Our old dog would go out on the hill and bark furiously at such an unusual sight. Great excitement prevailed."

Today, thousands of visitors drive to the lighthouse all the year round. It is probably the most-photographed spot on Long Island, perhaps in all New York State. The present Keeper is Archie Jones who, like the present-day Coast Guard personnel on Long Island, hails from "down Hatteras way."

SHINNECOCK (PONQUOGUE) LIGHT

Shinnecock Light, built on Ponquogue Point west of Southampton village, went into operation January 1, 1858, and ceased to function as a regular lighthouse in 1931, when it was superseded by a red skeleton tower on the dunes, 67 feet high, electrically equipped and automatically operated and flashing fourteen nautical miles out to sea. The first skeleton tower was destroyed by the hurricane of September 21, 1938. There was no beacon for over a year until it was rebuilt in December, 1939. In 1953 a notice went out to mariners that this would be discontinued; but there is a light on the end of a breakwater there.

The original lighthouse stood 150 feet high, and 160 feet above mean high water. A fixed light from 1858 to 1914, it was then made a flashing light visible 18½ nautical miles.

The building of Ponquogue (Shinnecock) Light, with its steady beam, and the changing of Montauk's light from a steady beam to a flashing signal, both in 1858, were blamed for one of the most terrible wrecks that ever took place along the south side of Long Island. That was on February 20, 1858. Since 1796 Montauk Light had been the only beacon on that lonely wind-swept stretch of coast between Montauk Point and Fire Island Light. The 1445-ton ship John Milton had sailed from New York on December 6, 1856, bound around Cape Horn for San Francisco. On the way home she shipped a cargo of guano at the Chincha Islands off Peru. She reached a point off the south shore of Long Island on Thursday, February 18, 1858. The log book, picked up on shore afterward, recorded for that day "strong gales and thick snowstorm." There was no way in those days for Captain Ephraim Harding of the Milton to know that the lights had been changed six weeks before. The blinding snowstorm continued. The Captain mistook Ponquogue for Montauk. Turning north, as he thought into open water, he crashed on the rocks early Saturday morning, February 20, about five miles west of Montauk Light, all sails set. Not a soul was saved of the thirty-three persons on board. Men, spars, sails, and cargo were found in hideous confusion, sheathed in ice.

"She melted like a lump of sugar," an old man, first on the scene, said of the ship years later. When morning came, the ship's bell could be seen poised upon two beams projecting from the wreck of the bow—all that remained of the vessel. There, swaying with every swell,

so a contemporary newspaper account said, "it tolled out the requiem of the departed."

Bodies of the Captain, three mates, and eighteen sailors were washed ashore on the beach, along with their pitiful belongings—their personal letters and daguerreotypes of the loved ones whom they had expected to see again so soon. The dead were carried to East Hampton in wagons. Reverend Stephen L. Mershon preached the funeral sermon. Twenty-one of the men were buried in a common grave in the old South End Burying Ground, and a stone was erected above them by public subscription.

The late Mrs. Mary Esther Mulford Miller wrote in her "An East Hampton Childhood" (1938) about the John Milton. She remembered it well, being nine years old at the time.

"It was a cold February day when the funeral was held in the old church just opposite Clinton Academy. The roads had been broken, and people came from far and near to pay honor to those who though far from home had been as gently cared for as if they had been our own. Probably every woman in our village knew at first hand the grief those absent mothers had yet to bear, for many of our boys in the '50's and '60's sailed on clipper ships or whaling vessels to the ends of the earth. . . .

"Mr. Mershon preached a great sermon that day, from the Book of Job: 'Terrors take hold on him as waters; a tempest stealeth him away in the night.' 'These are cast,' he said, 'on the shore of a stranger, but a shore where there are those who feel all men are kindred.'

“As the funeral train left the church, we were allowed to leave our seats in Clinton Academy and watch the biers of the sailors as they were carried across the green to the old burying ground beyond. The funeral train was a strange one, the like of which God grant we never see again in East Hampton. First came Mr. Mershon, then the biers of Captain Harding and the mate borne by the elders of the church. There were no more biers in the village, but twenty other bodies followed in all kinds of conveyances, carts or farm wagons, drawn by the young men of East Hampton and Amagansett. Behind them tramped the men from far and near, everything snow covered, everything frozen, women looking from windows of houses and weeping, the church bell tolling and tolling until the last sailor’s body had passed through the open gate of death.

“The bell of the ill-fated vessel was brought and given to the Session House where it rings to this day in the service of the Pilot who brings all men at last to their desired haven.”

Captain Henry Babcock, master of the whaling ship Washington of Sag Harbor, was returning from a long voyage to the Pacific about the time the John Milton was lost in 1858. He too, had received no word of the change in lights. He saw a steady light. He had taken the sun on the noon previous, and knew just where they were; he also believed that the light which appeared to be Montauk had been made altogether too soon. He was worried, and called his men in consultation.

All were anxious to get to port and home. They favored nothing but the quickest possible passage. They

argued, "There is no other light but Montauk on this part of the coast." But Captain Babcock was a man of great decision and strong will. He stood out against their arguments. He was not satisfied. Something must be wrong. He was the commander and his word was law on board his ship. He gave the order: "Tack ship and stand offshore." But for that, they might have struck in the night in the same place as the Milton. Captain Babcock lived to be the keeper of Montauk Light for many years.

Another Sag Harbor whaling captain, Jonas Winters of the ship Excel, had a similar experience. Realizing something was wrong, he tacked ship just in time to avoid disaster.

An early keeper of Montauk Light was Joseph Stanton, who married Elizabeth Latham of Sag Harbor. Their son, Rear Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, U.S.N., who died in 1924 at the age of ninety, had a very distinguished career. He married Miss Charlotte E. Gardiner of the Gardiner's Island family.

FIRE ISLAND LIGHT

Whether it was deserved or not, Fire Island once had a bad name for "land pirates" who, tradition says, lured ships to their doom by building fires on shore. Sailing ship masters, believing them beach warnings, would suddenly find themselves stranded and at the mercy of the salvagers.

Fire Island, now a populous summer playground for New Yorkers, was once desolate and lonely enough. It is opposite Bay Shore and Babylon, at the west end of

Great South Beach, a long narrow strip of sand stretching westward from Moriches Inlet about forty-five miles. Shipwrecks along that beach were so frequent that in 1825 the government built a lighthouse on its western tip. The present lighthouse, much larger, was built in 1858. It stands 170 feet high and can be seen from twenty miles at sea.

Osborn Shaw, Brookhaven Town Historian, says: "It is only in very recent times that the term 'Fire Island' has been applied to the Great South Beach. Oldest Town records call it the 'South Beach' and the Bay, 'South Bay.' About 1850 the word 'Great' was added and by 1873, 'Fire Island Beach' and 'Great South Bay' came into use. Not until after the first World War, when new men in the Coast Guard—mostly Southerners—were sent to man the Coast Guard stations along our coast, did 'Fire Island' (without Beach) come into use. The latest Government maps have 'Great South Beach' in the Towns of Brookhaven and Islip."

Some say that Fire Island got its name from a typographical error, that the strip was once five small islands and the present inlet was called "Five Islands Inlet," and that because the writing of "Five" looked like "Fire" on the old maps, it became known as "Fire Island." Another theory is that it was so named because the early settlers and their Indian helpers carried on offshore whaling from "Whale House Point," and fires were kept going all night under the whale-oil try-kettles. That was before lighthouse or Life-Saving Station days. Perhaps the try-kettles were the source of the "land-pirate" tales. Or perhaps they are true.

Whether Fire Island or any other particular spot along the Long Island coast really deserved a bad name or not, stories of the "Jersey wreckers" and of the "land pirates" of Long Island undoubtedly had some influence upon Congress to provide funds for Life Saving stations. In an historical sketch of the U.S. Coast Guard written by F. R. Eldridge, the author quotes from a story published in 1876. An old Barnegat fisherman declared that whatever was done from Sandy Hook to Cape May was "innocent, to what is done on Long Island. No man or woman was ever robbed on this beach till they was dead. Of course, I don't mean their trunks and such, but not the body. The Long Islanders cut off fingers of livin' people for rings, but the Barnegat men never touch the body till it's dead, no Sir."

There was a lighthouse on Fire Island and a new boat house but no regular crew, on July 19, 1850, when the bark Elizabeth was wrecked near Point O'Woods. According to Dr. Clarence Ashton Wood writing in the Long Island *Forum*, the newspapers of that day declared that nearly everything that washed ashore from the Elizabeth was stolen by "land sharks and pirates" including even the chests and clothing of sailors who had to wander about half-naked. About forty people were found guilty of appropriating valuables from that wreck, and a thousand pounds of silk were said to have been found in one house.

The most famous passenger on board was Margaret Fuller, pioneer suffragist, writer, and at one time literary editor of the New York *Tribune*. She, her husband the

Italian Count Giovanni Ossoli, and their young son perished.

There were twenty-three persons on board the *Elizabeth* when she sailed May 17, 1850 from Leghorn, Italy. Two days later the Captain fell ill of smallpox, and two weeks later he died, leaving the vessel in command of the inexperienced mate. Margaret Fuller's young son took smallpox but under her nursing he recovered. On July 17, as they approached the coast of America, a gale arose and the mate lost his bearings, and thought he was off the New Jersey coast. At four in the morning of the 19th the *Elizabeth* crashed on the sandbar off Fire Island near Point O'Woods. The vessel stayed afloat for ten hours, only fifty yards away from the beach, but no boat dared go off. Some of the passengers and crew fastened themselves to planks and managed to reach shore. Margaret Fuller sat at the foot of the mainmast, clad in a nightgown, her long hair whipped by the wind; she held her child in her arms wrapped in shawls and flatly refused to leave the ship. The ship's steward, seeing that the mainmast was about to fall, seized the child and plunged overboard; they were drowned. Margaret's husband and Italian maid were washed out of the rigging. She went down alone. Many years before, she had written: "If all the wrecked submitted to be drowned, the world would be a desert." She "submitted to be drowned." Meade C. Dobson, Long Island Association executive, wrote in the *Long Island Forum* about Margaret Fuller, early American liberal (1810-1850) who had risked her life in the Italian struggle for independence. A bronze tablet erected to her memory in 1901 at

Point O'Woods has also, like her own body, been swept away and lost in the sea. Ten were lost in the wreck of the Elizabeth, and twelve saved their own lives.

A letter written from the Fire Island Lighthouse on March 30, 1840, by the then Keeper, Felix Dominy, tells a more cheerful story of a wrecked ship. (Letters written to East Hampton in 1835, 1837, and 1840 are in the Pennypacker Long Island Historical Collection, East Hampton Free Library.) This was the Fire Island news: "Yesterday a brig got on shore about a mile west, on the bar, from Palermo in Italy, Capt. Nicolo Haggio, bound to N.Y. loaded with wine, oranges, Madeira, nuts, almonds, figs, raisins, lemons, grapes, anchovies, capers, apricots, preserved cherries, etc. The men, eleven in number, all speak Italian & one of them speaks English rather broken but we can make out to understand him so he interprets for the whole. They seem to be quite a nice set of men altogether. They have over 300 boxes of oranges, lemons, sweet oil and pickles; they went ashore on West Beach & were picked up by some men from Babylon. I went over today in the fog and brot home 1 box oranges & 1 of lemons the crew brot on shore figs & nuts & Jerusha" (his little daughter) "is in clover. It has been so foggy that they have not been able to board the Brig since they first left her but we are in hopes of getting on board in the morning and getting out the chronometer, sailors' dunnage and a few boxes of silks and silk velvet belonging to the Captain. They seem very clever and liberal, telling us to get as many nuts, oranges, lemons, wine, etc. as we want."

Since Fire Island Light was built in 1826 and rebuilt

in 1858, its location has changed with relation to the water, because the beach has changed. "The tidal currents, working westward from Montauk Point, have carried Fire Island Point eight miles westward since the present lighthouse was erected," said Raymond L. Torrey, geologist. According to the Long Island *Forum*, Fire Island Inlet was located in 1690 at Point O'Woods. In 260 years it has moved westward at the rate of about 120 feet each year. Its shifting sands have made Fire Island particularly liable to shipwrecks. More than sixty vessels on the list at the back of this book have been in trouble in that vicinity.

EATON'S NECK LIGHTHOUSE ON THE NORTH SHORE

One of the most dangerous spots on the shore of Long Island Sound is Eaton's Neck near Northport, where a lighthouse was built in 1798.

There was no lighthouse to give warning between Christmas, 1790, and New Year's Day, 1791, when the brig Sally of Stamford, Conn., commanded by Capt. Benjamin Keeler, was returning from the West Indies with a cargo of molasses. A terrible snowstorm came up. He struck on Eaton's Neck Reef and every soul on board perished. No houses had been built on that shore at the time, and the first news of the shipwreck came when some of the cargo floated across to Lloyd Neck. The crew was supposed to include ten men; but only six bodies were ever found, some lashed to the rigging and some cast up on shore. The vessel was a total loss.

THE CHRISTMAS STORM OF 1811

The snowstorm of December 23-24, 1811, destroyed more life and vessels off Long Island's north shore than any storm before or since in that particular area. Nathaniel S. Prime, writing in his "History of Long Island," 1845, described it vividly. "The change took place suddenly in the night," he said, "the mercury falling almost to zero. A snowstorm commenced, accompanied with a tremendous wind, which lasted without intermission for 24 hours. Between 50 and 60 vessels foundered in the Sound, or were driven on the northern shore of the island in that terrible night. In some cases, the entire crews perished, while in others, those who survived were objects of greater commiseration than the dead, being horribly frozen. The writer can speak with entire confidence on this subject, as he was an eye-witness to some of the ravages of that awful tempest. About 20 perished within 10 miles of his residence, 4 of whom, from one vessel, he assisted in burying on Christmas day; and in administering to the necessities of 3 wretched survivors of the same crew. The bodies taken up from the shore were completely covered with ice of an inch in thickness, through which the features of the face appeared in all the ghastliness of death. That storm will never be forgotten by the last survivor of that generation."

The Christmas Storm of 1811 was also called the "Conklin Storm" in Amagansett—home village of Captain Davis Conklin of the sloop Traveler which was lost at Eaton's Neck. It was balmy and spring-like on December 23, when Captain Conklin took on a load of cord-

wood at Fireplace, The Springs (five miles from East Hampton village) and started up Long Island Sound for New York. He carried two passengers, a Miss Sally Mulford from somewhere up the Hudson who had been visiting East Hampton relatives, and her brother who had come to fetch her home for Christmas; and three in crew, Clothier Baker of Sag Harbor, Abraham Payne of Amagansett, and the cook, an Indian, Ebenezer Buck. The storm began with a mist, about nine-thirty that evening. In two hours the wind blew a gale. Snow fell in sheets, the cold penetrated the thickest clothing. By midnight the Captain had no idea where they were. Next day, the Traveler was found on the rocks. The bodies of Captain, passengers, and cook were frozen. Baker and Payne survived, the latter living to be ninety-three, but he never forgot that experience.

In her "Memories of Gardiner's Island" Miss Sarah Diodati Gardiner told of a ship wrecked at Gardiner's Island in a severe storm on Christmas Day, 1812; very likely it was the same Christmas storm of 1811, the story having been handed down by word of mouth. The ship was, she said, the Maria Louisa, 230 tons, from France. Some of the crew perished. The survivors were cared for at the Manor House on Gardiner's Island. From another source is a note on a ship, the Maria L. Stowell, wrecked at Gardiner's Island on December 25, 1811, with three lost and eighteen saved.

At any rate, John Lyon Gardiner, great-grandfather of Miss Sarah Diodati Gardiner, was supervising the work of salvage on horseback from the shore, when he noticed a Maltese cat clinging to a floating piece of wood. He

told his men to rescue the cat and brought it home tied up in a big silk bandanna handkerchief. The cat's descendants were numerous. Miss Gardiner was given a descendant of the celebrated Gardiner's Island cat, as a little girl, and named it Maria Louisa, for the ill-fated French ship.

In the Salmon Record (genealogical data, 1696-1811, begun by William Salmon of Southold and published in 1918 by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society) are notes telling of the loss of the sloop Rosette in that 1811 snowstorm, somewhere between Southold and New York, with all on board. The Captain was William Wells; with him were Samuel Davids and a man named Payne, both from Cutchogue; and Gilbert Goldsmith and Jonas Wicks from Southold.

OTHER LIGHTHOUSES

Other Suffolk County lighthouses, in addition to those previously mentioned, are all on Long Island's north side. Lighthouses, with keepers, are actively operating at Fisher's Island (North Dumpling), Race Rock, Little Gull Island, Plum Island, Orient Point, Stratford Shoal (Middle Ground), Old Field Point, and Lloyd Harbor. There are also lights, but without houses and keepers, at Horton's Point and Glen Cove Breakwater. In the ocean off the south side there are lighted buoys off Bridgehampton and Moriches.

Fisher's Island lies nearer the Connecticut shore than Long Island, yet it is considered a part of New York State and the County of Suffolk and the Township of Southold. The light there was erected in 1848.

Race Rock Light, on the opposite side of The Race from Little Gull Island, was built in 1878 and is still very active. A lighthouse was first built at Little Gull Island in 1806; it was sixty-one feet high then, and in 1869 was rebuilt to ninety-one feet. Great Gull Island never had a lighthouse; although the government bought the island for that purpose in 1803, none was ever built. The seventeen-acre tract, six miles from Orient Point, was from 1897 to 1946 the site of an Army fortress, Fort Michie. It has now become a wild-life sanctuary for the American Museum of Natural History. It is said to be one of the finest nesting-places in the country for terns.

Plum Island, where the government's Animal Disease Research Institute and the Bacteriological Warfare Study Center by the Chemical Warfare Division of the Army is located, after much discussion, has a lighthouse on its western end. The first light was built there in 1827.

The Orient Point Light, located on the outer end of Oyster Pond Reef, is a 2,000 candle-power light on a black pier with a brown conical tower sixty-four feet high.

There was once a lighthouse on Gardiner's Island. It was built in 1855 on a spot now completely broken off from the main island and known chiefly to bluefishermen as the "Old Fort." The light and dwelling there were abandoned in December, 1894. The tide had broken through two years earlier in a great storm; in 1894 first the house, and then the tower itself, collapsed. A channel, swift, wide, and deep runs between that tiny bit of sand and broken masonry, and Gardiner's Island. In 1898 a

fort was begun there by the federal government, but never completed.

When Sag Harbor was a great whaling port, agents and owners of whaleships and brigs maintained "stake lights" marking dangerous water areas in that vicinity for twenty-five years, prior to the building of a lighthouse on Cedar Island in 1839. The little island lies in the narrow strait connecting Gardiner's Bay and Shelter Island Sound at the approach to Sag Harbor. In 1838, when the government bought the island for \$200, it comprised two or three acres with forty or fifty cedar trees growing on it. Erosion gradually wore it away until in 1937 when it was sold to Phelan Beale, New York lawyer and sportsman, only .947 of an acre remained, and no cedar trees.

Captain Charles J. Mulford of East Hampton was Keeper of Cedar Island Light for many years, within living memory.

The original light was discontinued in 1934, but a steel tower next to the old light still directs water traffic there with a white light; the green Sag Harbor Light is 1.6 nautical miles further in; next right is the "Sand Spit," which is really rocks, and on it a steel tower with a red light; and finally the breakwater with a white light tower on it.

Mr. Beale acquired along with the lighthouse tower a nine-room house, a boat-house, and an oil-house. The island was sold again in 1943 to Mrs. Isabel Bradley of Darien, Connecticut.

On the other side of Shelter Island is Greenport Breakwater, with its red light.

Horton's Point, Southold, had a lighthouse built in 1857. After the Civil War a veteran, George S. Prince, became keeper and remained there for many years. His daughter became the actual keeper, the only woman, probably, to hold that office along this coast. Dr. Clarence Ashton Wood told the story in the *Long Island Forum*. Stella Prince was brought up at the Light; so when her father died in 1896 she was appointed assistant keeper under Captain Robert Ebbitts. In 1903 Captain Ebbitts fell. He was laid up with broken bones, and before long resigned. Then Miss Prince became the actual keeper of the Light for a short time, before she married and "went ashore."

Stratford Shoal (Middle Ground) is a very important beacon out in the middle of Long Island Sound. Next, going westward, comes Eaton's Neck Light, already mentioned; then Old Field Point (Setauket) which has had a lighthouse since 1823; and Lloyd Harbor, Town of Huntington, where the first light was built in 1857. Huntington is on the western boundary of Suffolk County.

Most trans-Atlantic vessels approaching the United States coast steer for Nantucket Lightship, forty-one miles offshore, which guards the shoals to the north on the way to New York. Nantucket Lightship is one of the world's most important sea-marks. Then they pass Ambrose Channel Lightship at the entrance to New York Harbor. Coming up the United States coast from the south to New York, ships pass Sandy Hook Lightship.

In sailing-ship days there were rather more regular lighthouses with keepers than there are today; but light

vessels, lighted buoys, whistling or bell-buoys, and fog signals were all practically unknown until the middle of the 19th century. Today, a network of marine traffic signals together with radio, radar, and direction-finders have caused tremendous changes in the procedure for guarding and guiding ships at sea.

The Lighthouse Service was established in 1789 under the United States Treasury Department. In 1845 it was shifted to the Revenue Department, Marine Division. In 1903, it went under the Department of Commerce. On July 1, 1939, the Lighthouse Service was transferred to the United States Coast Guard, to make an integrated system of shore establishments.

V

Shipwrecks, 1786-1825

AN AMERICAN brig bound from Hamburg, Germany, to New York was wrecked on Ram Island (later called Cartwright Shoals) in Gardiner's Bay in a violent storm on January 6, 1796. The vessel was lost and the cargo damaged. The ship carried forty German immigrants. A letter from Sylvester Dering of Shelter Island to John Hulbert of Sag Harbor said: "most of them are to be sold for their passage; they appear very willing to be sold for slaves for a few years, then to be free in the land of Liberty." They were moved on to New York and Pennsylvania by packet vessels then plying between eastern Long Island and New York. The letter did not give the name of the brig.

THE BRIG OCEAN

It was customary in the time of John Hulbert, who served in Sag Harbor from 1770 to 1805 as magistrate and notary public, for mariners after an uncommonly stormy voyage or when disaster or wreck occurred, to go before a notary and make a formal protest against the weather.

The following, concerning a brig loaded with wine and brandy from Germany, was found in Hulbert's book:

"United States of America, Port of Sag Harbour, New York: By this public Instrument of Protest be it known unto all people that the Brig Ocean, bound from Bremen to Philadelphia, Bernard Markham, Master, on the night of the seventeenth inst. January, 1800, at Eleven O'Clock P.M. was cast on the Back of Long Island, wind E.N.E. The Brig struck when John A. Fassmers, Mate and Chief Surviving Officer, the deponent, says: The Brig carried away her rudder when she struck and was left entirely at the mercy of the seas which cast her immediately upon the shore it being so thick weather they could not see the land. By the violence of the Seas the stern of the Brig filled with water; both boats were stove on deck, and the Captain drowned in his cabin. At seven o'clock a.m. the next day the mate at the risque of his Life cast himself into the Surf and got on Shore and Assisted in getting the Passengers and Crew on Shore, and in half an hour after the people were Landed the Quarter Deck burst off and the main deck went to Pieces and the Brig became a Wreck. Therefore I, the said Notary in the Name of the Mate & Crew of said Brig and at his request have and by these presents do in the most public and Solemn manner Protest against the Violence of the Storm and Winds and Large Seas."

(Signed) JOHN HULBERT, Notary.

THE LIVE OAK

It was during the War of 1812 that the American brig Live Oak, recalled in Southampton as the "gunpowder

ship," took fire at sea and was run ashore at Shinnecock Point in July, 1814. She carried nine hundred kegs of powder, and woolen goods for the government. The diary of Daniel Hildreth, quoted in William D. Halsey's "Fragments from Local History," says that the Captain and crew came ashore that evening. At eleven o'clock the fire reached the powder. It exploded, breaking hundreds of window-lights in Southampton village. The vessel was blown to fragments, one piece of iron having been found half a mile from the wreck.

H.B.M. SYLPH

The loss of the British sloop-of-war Sylph, 22 guns, near Southampton in a snowstorm on January 16, 1815, was one of the worst disasters that ever took place off there. Captain Henry Dickens was lost, with all but one of his twelve officers and all but five of the crew of 121. The Sylph had been active in pursuit of American shipping in Long Island Sound during the War of 1812. Two weeks after the declaration of peace, cruising off the south shore, she lost her bearings in a snowstorm and gale and went ashore off Shinnecock Point in the night. The next morning Nathan White of Wickapogue saw her, gave the alarm, and volunteer rescuers gathered at the beach. It was still snowing and blowing furiously, the surf was high and temperature very low. It seemed impossible to take a boat through the breakers. By afternoon it looked as if the sloop was going to pieces fast. Finally a fishing boat was manned and reached the vessel, which by then had capsized, with only six men clinging to her. James Truslow Adams (in his "History of

Southampton") gives the names of two of the brave men who made the rescue, Sylvanus Raynor and Ephraim White. William Barclay Parsons of New York, Mr. Adams said (1918) "is a grandson of the only English officer saved that day." A witness of the tragedy told of seeing a spar with men lashed to it, coming ashore through the breakers with twelve pairs of frozen legs sticking up in the air. Another eye-witness, James Foster, said that about twenty-one of the bodies floated ashore opposite a hill called Sugar Loaf and were buried in the cliffs nearby.

There is a tradition that the man at the helm of the Sylph had been abused by the officers and said: "I'll send some of them to Hell tonight, if putting her ashore will do it."

In St. Andrew's Dune Church, Southampton, is a tablet commemorating the wreck; the border of the tablet and the wheel above it are made of red cedar from the vessel. Other relics of the Sylph have been preserved in Southampton, a book with Captain Dickens' name in it and his old leather trunk with a brass plate on top. One of the ship's guns was taken to Bridgehampton by Stephen Sayre. It stood on the common there for many years and later was on the lawn at T. Oscar Worth's. No Fourth of July celebration or Election Day was complete without a salute from the old cannon. C. H. Hildreth writing in the *Bridgehampton News* for October 14, 1910, said: "The most hilarious times were when the old gun was borrowed to congratulate the newly married. The wonder is, that nobody ever got killed or hurt. Twice that I know of, the old cannon came to Wainscott,

when James Topping was married and when Charles W. Strong brought his wife home. The Sagg boys brought the gun and the Wainscott boys had a lot of tar balls made up so that they had pretty noisy times. . . . But the biggest time of all was when Captain Charles A. Pierson was married. He had always set the boys on and furnished them with powder, so they thought he was deserving to be paid up. They got the old gun so near the house that some forty panes of glass were broken and other damage done."

James Truslow Adams wrote, 1916, in his "Memorials of Old Bridgehampton" that the old cannon from the Sylph was still on hand, beginning its second century as the plaything of the village. Miss Fanny T. Van Scoy, Bridgehampton librarian, says that the remains of the old cannon—it was partly wrecked at the Pierson wedding—are in the library.

THE MONEY SHIP

The most mysterious shipwreck story of the Long Island coast has been told in many versions. Nobody will ever know the whole truth of it. One evening, the day after a hard storm in the fall of 1816, a strange ship was seen off Southampton; she was unlike the usual vessels passing by, in build and rig. The next day her position showed her to be adrift and seemingly abandoned. The following morning, the vessel was on the bar opposite Shinnecock Bay. Three men, Stephen Sayre, Christopher Jagger and Mike Herman, first reached her. Nobody was found on board. She displayed no name-plate. There were no papers or records of any kind; furniture, cloth-

ing, and food were scattered about the cabin as if the ship had been abandoned in haste. The sails were furled. The Wreck Master took charge of her, advertised, and sold the rigging at auction. On the day of the sale, a bystander found one Spanish silver dollar wedged tightly in a dead-eye. (For the non-nautical reader, a dead-eye is a rounded flattish wooden block, encircled by a rope or iron band, and pierced with holes to receive the lanyard.) The piece was passed around, then everything in the pile of wreckage was looked over carefully, but no more dollars were found that day. The next day the hull was sold on the beach where it lay to a company formed for the purpose, who were to break it up at their leisure. Another dollar was found in the sand. There was much talk around the village about the Spanish dollars. A few weeks later a young Southampton whaler, Henry Green (later a Captain) just returned from a long voyage, went to the beach gunning with another whaler friend, Franklin Jagger. They went on board the wreck to take a look, and found a silver dollar in plain sight on the sharply tilted cabin floor, over which at high tide the waves were running. That night at the next low tide the two young men took a tin lantern and candles and a tinder box to have a real search. They had almost given up when one of them noticed something glittering in the lantern-light over their heads. The low wooden ceiling had begun to split open. There was the edge of a silver dollar in the crack. Young Green handed the lantern to his friend, took out his jack knife and pried off a bit of the ceiling. Down on his head came a shower of silver dollars. In his excitement young Jagger dropped the

lantern; that and the dollars rolled together into the sea, leaving the men in inky darkness. There was nothing to do but gather up what they could feel, and give up the search for that night. They made other trips and found other dollars but kept the secret well; nobody ever knew just how much they found.

When the ship broke up in a hard storm that winter, it became known that there was money on board, for many dollars were found in the sand. Farmers brought their teams and ploughed up the beach, one found \$60 in one day. "Beach dollars," William D. Halsey of Bridgehampton said, "were occasionally found for years." He had two. In 1892, Fred McCann found a Spanish coin dated 1740 in the street in East Hampton. Mrs. Mary E. Bell of East Hampton had one dated 1774, picked up on the beach at East Hampton, which she presented to Paul Bailey, publisher of the *Long Island Forum*. In 1891, when there were still a few of the oldest residents who remembered the Spanish "Money Ship," Surfman Cafrey of the Shinnecock Life Saving Station crew picked up a Spanish dollar on the beach. It was dated 1794.

The foregoing is pretty well substantiated; but some of the following may be conjecture.

Southampton deep-sea whalemens who saw the "Money Ship" in 1816 said she resembled vessels sailed along the Spanish Main or off the coast of Africa, either a pirate ship or a slaver. Edward Richard Shaw in his "Legends of Fire Island Beach and the South Side" told, in this connection, how a ship hove to off Montauk and set one man ashore, then stood out to sea and made long tacks off and on, working westward. The man, a tall and

powerful sailor, walked westward. Halfway to Napeague Beach he made observations and signalled the ship, which answered by clewing up the foresail. The next day he was seen at East Hampton and Southampton, and made observations on the coast near Ketchabonack (Westhampton). He was remembered as rough, cruel-looking, and short of words. When he stopped on the sandy road between Forge River (Moriches) and The Mills, to make inquiries, the old Revolutionary soldier named Payne whom he encountered would not tell him anything; he said afterward: "Whoever he is, he has been in human slaughter."

The man was said to have been known once at villages where Great South Bay is broad; he had been away a long time, piloting; his wife and daughter lived in an old house on the beach and had a poor reputation. For two days the ship stood off and on shore, waiting word. Late one afternoon a signal directed them to land at dark. A sudden storm came up with a heavy southeast swell on shore. A fire was built on the beach, low down near the tide mark, not showing from the mainland. This was to be set three rods west of the best place on the beach to land. Two yawls were lowered, containing canvas bags of coin and valuables. Each of the crew carried some on his body. The crew tried to scuttle the ship, then gave up, leaving just enough canvas on to keep her in the wind; they lashed the helm to the windward, headed her seaward, and the seventeen men left her. The yawls, so the story goes, swamped on the bar and capsized. Only two gained the shore—the Captain, John Sloane (his name was not given in Mr. Shaw's story but was

supplied in 1914 by Mrs. E. P. White of Southampton) and a cabin boy. The others were drowned. Their bodies, so Mr. Shaw's story goes, were rifled and buried in the sandhills. The storm raged for a night and a day, so no fishermen came near the beach. The survivors had plenty of Spanish money. Local curiosity was aroused. The mother and daughter were arrested, but the men hid. There was no evidence, as they had buried the treasure in the hills—one bag was said to have been found forty years later.

Mrs. White said that the Captain lived on with the Jones family on the beach near Patchogue for some years. He said that the vessel had been captured from the Spaniards by the revolutionary Mexicans and his orders were to take her to New York, where she was to be fitted out as a privateer under the Mexican flag. He said the money on board her was hidden, but had been discovered by a crewman when off Cape Hatteras. When the storm came up and the vessel was so battered that it seemed best to abandon her, he said, the silver was divided amongst the crew, and gold and jewels packed in a big bag which he intended, if saved, to turn over to the Mexican revolutionary leaders. He lost everything but his life, Sloane said. (Actually, there was no real Revolutionary authority in Mexico in 1816. Morelos, leader for independence from Spain, was executed in 1815 and independence did not come until 1821.)

Another bit of the "Money Ship" story concerns a man known only as "Captain"—possibly the sailor set ashore at Montauk—who ranged the beach after every hard storm, looking for buried gold; when he found it, he said,

he would build himself a fine boat. After ten years' search he did find a sealed jar full of Spanish gold. He built his boat and, says Miss Kate Wheeler Strong in the Long Island *Forum*, "for some reason no one could ever understand, he called it the Turk."

THE HELEN

Another Southampton shipwreck, of the Helen, bound from France to New York, took place on January 17, 1820, and involves a bit of the history of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The Helen's story was pieced together from old documents only a few years ago by Morton Pennypacker, Suffolk County Historian, who placed papers concerning the wreck in the Pennypacker Long Island Collection at the East Hampton Library.

The crewmen at the forecastle end of the vessel were saved (six) and captain, officers, and passengers (eight) lost. A stone in the North End Burying Ground at Southampton reads: "Sacred to the Memory of Major Robert Sterry, who was shipwrecked and lost with the ship Helen, January 17, 1820, aged 37 years."

This is the West Point story. In 1815 the United States Government had appointed Claudius Berard, a Frenchman from Bordeaux who had come to this country in 1807 to escape conscription in Napoleon's army, to teach French at the Military Academy at West Point. He found that the Academy had no library, and started one, becoming its librarian. He had a brother John Prosper Berard, who was a bookseller in New York, and asked him to write to their brother Louis still living in Bor-

deaux, asking him to get together the most important literature of the world concerning battles and fortifications, for the new West Point library. The young Frenchman collected all he could afford to pay for, and decided without notifying his brothers in America, to bring them over in person. Louis Berard sailed on the ship *Helen*, Captain Huguet, and was lost in the wreck at Southampton.

Washed up on the beach from the wreck were a trunk and a wooden box. Mary Sayre of Sag Harbor, walking on the beach after the tragic wreck, noticed that the trunk and the packing box bore a familiar name. She knew the wife of Claudius Berard of West Point. She wrote the Berards, and that was the first news Claudius had of his brother's death. The packing-box was full of the military books, which were only slightly water-damaged.

It took a whole year to cut through the red tape at the Sag Harbor Customs Office, and an exchange of twenty letters between Berard and Henry P. Dering, Collector of the Port. Finally on January 17, 1821, Berard paid \$30 duty and the books were delivered to the Academy. Then, on April 15, 1821, he wrote to Mr. Dering in extreme disappointment: "the Government is not now rich enough to buy books." So he kept them himself.

The books soon began to return dividends, however, Mr. Pennypacker said. General Richard Delafield of New York who had graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at the head of his class in 1818 and later served over twelve years as Superintendent of the Academy, and wrote a profound treatise on the construction of for-

tifications, had thrown in his lap all that the world then knew about warfare, shortly after leaving the classroom, thanks to Berard, the modest but determined librarian. From his study of these books resulted Delafield's contribution to the building up of West Point as a great military academy. After Berard's death in 1848 at West Point, General Delafield bought several of these books which he had used, for his private library.

THE SAVANNAH

The Savannah, first ship to use steam in crossing an ocean, went to pieces on Fire Island Beach opposite Moriches on November 5, 1821. All hands on board—eleven men—were lost, including their Captain, John Coles of Glen Cove, Long Island.

She was a new ship, launched August 22, 1818, at Corlear's Hook, East River, New York, built by Francis Fickett. Her engines were built by Stephen Vail at Morristown, N.J. She was originally designed as a trans-Atlantic sailing packet, and completed as an auxiliary full-rigged ship with little change except the addition of a one-cylinder, 90 horsepower steam engine. She was 120 feet long, with 29-foot beam, a hold 13 feet 6 inches deep, of 350 tons. Her fuel capacity was small, only 75 tons of coal and 25 cords of wood. The Marine Museum of the City of New York has a model of the Savannah, made by Captain H. Percy Ashley. She had collapsible paddle-wheels joined by a chain, with ten radical arms (diameter 16 feet) and covered by an iron cage on which was stretched a tarpaulin cover. The folding

paddle-wheels and two cages were unshipped and stowed below when the Savannah was under sail.

Bought by a group of Savannah merchants, the ship sailed on May 26, 1819, from Savannah for Liverpool, England, with Captain Moses Rogers of New London, Conn., in command. She reached England twenty-six days later, having used steam the first eighteen days, then sail. Under steam she had a speed of six knots. On July 23, she left Liverpool for St. Petersburg, Russia, touching on the way at Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Kronstadt. Royalty visited her and the Captain was showered with gifts and acclaim. After making history by introducing steam navigation on the high seas, the Savannah was converted to sail. She was on the Savannah-New York run when she met her end.

The New York *Daily Advertiser* reported at the time that the trunk of Captain Coles was thrown on the beach and broken open by the waves; gold and silver were scattered along the beach among the lifeless victims. The wreck was witnessed by only one man, Smith Muncy, who came along about daylight. He was an honest man, turning over to the Wreck Master every dollar he found.

VI

The Wreck Master

THE SEA has often been a source of rich and unexpected revenue. From the beginning the authorities have had trouble with the inhabitants of surfside towns about anything that washed ashore from a wreck. Even anything on the vessel itself, if it looked likely to fall to pieces, was felt by the inhabitants to belong rightfully to them. From earliest times the government has disagreed with the old adage: "Finders, keepers; losers, weepers."

From 1787 to 1890 a Wreck Master, or Vendue Master, was appointed by New York State for each shore-front locality to protect the owners' and insurance companies' interests or those of the State. In due time after a wreck a vendue (van-dew, it was pronounced locally) or auction would be held for anything of value which had been salvaged.

Villagers along the coast have built their cowyard fences and their pigpens of timber cast up by the sea, sometimes by lawful purchase and sometimes not. All sorts of interesting objects have found their way into Long Island barns and workshops. People living near the beach would watch the weather and figure carefully about when anything was likely to wash up so they could

be first on the spot to look it over. The custom was for the finder of a ship's spar or anything too big to carry home by hand, to initial it. Then nobody else would touch it, while the early bird went home to get his horse and farm wagon. The writer's great-grandfather lived on the ocean bluffs at Amagansett. Because of his proximity to wreckage, there was considerable jealousy among his fellow villagers. Almost anything on the beach, so they claimed, would be found at close range to have his initials, N E, upon it. A small, battered, home-made wooden float with these initials upon it used probably a hundred years ago to mark the spot where a fishing net was set hangs on the doorknob behind the writer's desk.

Ancestors of many Long Islanders and New Yorkers prominent today were deposited unceremoniously on these shores by wrecked vessels. The first American ancestor of the Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill, D.D., Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church since 1947 and President of the National Council of Churches of Christ in America since 1950, was Samuel Sherrill, survivor of a shipwreck off East Hampton about 1665. The story goes that a Miss Parsons who was among some East Hampton girls who had gone to the beach to look at the wrecked vessel remarked that one of the survivors was the handsomest young man she had ever laid eyes on and that if he should ask her to marry him, she would. The marriage took place; Samuel died in East Hampton in 1719, his wife three years later, and their descendants still own the old homestead on Main Street.

Among the various items cast up by the sea and en-

joyed by the inhabitants—in addition to timber and handsome young men—have been Spanish gold pieces; fruit from Spain and Italy in pre-California or Florida days; cocoanuts, peanuts, choice liquor from France, trees and shrubs, ostrich eggs, Maltese cats, masts that were turned into village flagpoles, shoes, and calico. A ship's bell from the tragic John Milton wreck at Montauk in 1858 hangs in the belfry of the Presbyterian Session House in East Hampton; the ship's clock from the terrible Circassian wreck at Bridgehampton in 1876 keeps good time in the kitchen of J. Howard Hand at Wain-scott. Bedquilts lined with "wreck calico" printed with white circles on red, yellow, or a dismal brown from the George Appold, ashore at Montauk in 1889, are still in use around the Hamptons.

As recently as 1896 (March 13) a news item in the East Hampton *Star* datelined Montauk, L.I. read: "The gale last week from the northwest brought quantities of drift timber of all kinds on shore here. About 500 chestnut posts were picked up and quantities of good oak plank and some pine. Six or seven sharpies and yawls were found, one said to be worth \$80. Among the rest were a horse and wagon, one or two dogs, and several pigs."

The largest number of Wreck Masters appointed by New York State were for Suffolk County because that was where the majority of the state's shipwrecks occurred.

On-the-spot authority over a wrecked vessel and its contents was vested in the regularly constituted authorities of town and county, in Colonial days. Then, when

we became a nation and our merchant marine increased, one of the earliest laws passed by the New York State Legislature concerned the duties and appointment of Wreck Masters for the maritime counties. No historian in this state has heretofore pursued this subject. But thanks to help from many sources, notably from William P. Leonard, Legislative Reference Librarian, and Miss Edna L. Jacobsen, Librarian of the Manuscripts and History Division, both of the New York State Library in Albany, and from James Taylor Dunn, Librarian, New York State Historical Association, the office of Wreck Master can be explained here.

A wreck was, under Roman, French, and feudal law, a source of revenue to the Crown; and later a valuable addition to the income of a sea-coast landowner. Nowadays, a wreck is a perquisite of neither, nor does it enrich the casual finder at the expense of the rightful owner.

In England in 1324 there was a law that the King "has wreck of the sea, whales and sturgeons taken in the sea. . . . except in certain places privileged by the King." Later, the owner of a wreck was allowed to recover it if he made claim and gave proof of ownership within a certain time, perhaps a year. A Vice-Admiral in England up to 1846 had to render accounts for wreck proceeds and had to hand over half of them to the Lord-Admiral. There were various complicated clauses regarding wrecks with or without survivors; floating wrecks or those cast up on the shore; and the rights of salvors who, in the 17th century, established the right to a lien upon property saved, as security for payment of their exertions in saving it. In 1846 a law was passed in England for-

bidding the Vice-Admirals to meddle with wrecks except to see that property was held for twelve months, when it was to be sold and the proceeds carried to the credit of a consolidated fund.

From time immemorial attempts have been made to safeguard ships and their cargoes. The ancient Phoenician and Greek merchants had a rudimentary form of marine insurance, thus reducing the element of risk for the trader and money-lender; this stimulated commerce and later made possible the development of the great merchant fleets of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. During the great expansion of European trade in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, ocean marine insurance evolved more or less into its present form. In England, the earliest law on "assurance" regarding marine risks was passed in 1601. The Board of Underwriters of New York was formed in 1820 to report casualties, handle losses, and so forth.

The United States Customs authorities and the state-appointed Wreck Masters were in close accord. The early Wreck Masters' funds were spent in cooperation with the insurance underwriters, under the supervision of a Captain of the Revenue-Marine Service. The location of life saving stations, lighthouses, and other aids to navigation was determined largely upon certain reports which masters of American ships were required to make. They had to notify the Collector of Customs at their home districts of the nature and probable cause of casualties involving loss of life, serious personal injury, or substantial loss of property. Such reports made to the Collector of Customs in Sag Harbor, when that village

was Suffolk County's Port of Entry, have been preserved and are helpful in the study of Long Island shipwrecks.

The three worst localities for shipwrecks along the Atlantic Coast seem to have been Cape Cod, Long Island, and the North Carolina coast around Cape Hatteras. In his "Graveyard of the Atlantic"—which was published by the University of North Carolina Press and concerns North Carolina's coast—David Stick says that maintenance of law and order at the scene of shipwrecks has long been a problem for the authorities. In 1678 the Lords Proprietors of Carolina appointed a man to "looke after, receive and recover all wrecks, ambergrice or any other ejections of the sea"—but neither this man nor his successors were able to exercise any real control over the disposition of wrecked vessels and cargoes. Quoting: "It has been said of the people of Ocracoke Island that they would drop a corpse on the way to burial if they heard the cry of 'Ship ashore!' Many a stranded cargo has brought wealth to the finder, and even today the person who first locates a cargo drifting on the beach shares in the proceeds at the auction sale or vendue that follows. Houses are built from salvaged lumber—pay checks come from the service of guarding the shores. The rarity of shipwrecks today has depopulated some coastal towns."

In his "The Outermost House" (published by Rinehart & Co.), which describes a year spent on the great beach of Cape Cod, Henry Beston says: "The Cape Codders have often been humorously reproached for their attitude toward wrecks. On this coast, as on every other in the old isolated days, a wreck was treasure trove, a

free gift of the sea; even today, the usable parts of a wreck are liable to melt away in a curious manner. There is no real looting; in fact, public opinion on the Cape is decidedly against such a practice, for it offends the local sense of decency. . . . When men are lost on the beach, the whole Cape takes it very much to heart, talks about it, mulls over it; when men are saved, there is no place where they are treated with greater hospitality and kindness. Cape folks have never been wreckers in the European sense of that dark word. Their first thought has always been of the shipwrecked men."

As for Long Island, the Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, who was a pastor in Sag Harbor from 1806 to 1809, wrote in his *History of Long Island* that: "there are men who would scorn the imputation of taking the most trifling article of their neighbor's property, who would not hesitate, under this mistaken notion of right, to appropriate to their own use whatever they might find on the shore, without making the least effort to discover the rightful owner; not to speak of any direct efforts to conceal the fact." He directed his remarks particularly toward the people on Long Island's north side. Once upon a time, the reverend historian relates, a whole house floated across the Sound and came to rest on the North shore. A farmer who found it took possession of the windfall and used the house—carpets, beds and all.

There appears to have been some need for the Wreck Masters.

The first New York State act on the subject is Chapter 28, Laws of 1787: "An act concerning wrecks of the sea, and giving redress to merchants and others who be

robbed, or whose goods be lost on the sea." This act was passed on February 16, 1787. Section one of this act provided that goods cast upon the shore shall be kept "by the sheriff or coroner or other person appointed for that purpose." Section two provided for the appointment of such persons by the Governor with the consent and advice of the Council of Appointment "as they may think necessary . . . in each of the counties bordering on the sea." The same section continues in some detail to describe the duties of such appointees.

In Kings, Queens, Richmond, Suffolk and Westchester Counties, Wreck Masters or officers were considered necessary to assist in wrecks of the sea; (Queens County included all of Nassau, before 1899). The term Wreck Master does not appear until 1799. Previous to that time, the terms Coastmasters and Coast Officers were used.

The first to be appointed (on March 26, 1787) "to aid and assist all ships and vessels as may happen to be stranded on the Coasts" in Suffolk County were:

Isaac Thompson
Benajah Strong
Isaac Overton
Henry Nicoll
Josiah Howell
Hugh Gelston
Henry Pierson
Elisha Mulford, Jr.
John Stratton

Suffolk County Coastmasters or Wreck Masters appointed on March 18, 1795, were Thomas I. Strong, Josiah Reeve, James Reeve, Zebulon Ketcham. On Feb-

ruary 25, 1799, Richard Udell of Islip was appointed; March 31, 1800, John Jermain of Sag Harbor and Austin Roe of Brookhaven; August 11, 1801, Nathan Cooper and Thomas Gelston were appointed, and John Jermain no longer held that office. On the same date Jonathan Dayton of East Hampton was appointed by Governor George Clinton as "one of our vendue masters"—and was reappointed 1803 and 1806. Other early Wreck Masters appointed for Suffolk County, of whom record has been found in Albany, were: March 11, 1802: Hampton Howell, Nicol Floyd, Isaac Overton. March 22, 1804: Thomas Ketcham and John Gardner. March 5, 1805: Jonathan Dayton, Samuel Strong, Abraham G. Thompson. March 11, 1805: Timothy Carll, Jr. June 5, 1807: John Mitchel Howell of Southampton. Feb. 13, 1809: Zebulon Jessup; and: "Resolved that Nathan Cooper be no longer Wreck Master." March 22, 1809: Josiah Smith of Brookhaven. March 15, 1810: Israel W. Davis of Riverhead; Benjamin Goldsmith of Southold; John Jermain of Southampton; Ebenezer Hart of Brookhaven; Capt. William Smith of Smithtown; Micajah Herrick of Southampton. March 14, 1811: Charles Douglass. March 26, 1811: Zebulon Jessup. April 15, 1816: Jonathan Dayton. June 18, 1818: Samuel Miller, Isaac Swezey, Phineas Paine. April 8, 1819: Benjamin Case. July 8, 1819: Daniel Jarvis of Islip; Benjamin Goldsmith of Southold. April 15, 1820: Micajah Herrick in the place of Zebulon Jessup. Feb. 21, 1822: Henry P. Dering of Sag Harbor; Zebulon Jessup of Southampton.

These Wreck Masters were men of importance and weight in their communities. Miss Kate W. Strong wrote

an article about her great-grandfather, Thomas I. Strong, in the Long Island *Forum* for March, 1941. He was a farmer, living at Mount Misery Point, now Belle Terre, and later became President of Long Island's first Agricultural Society. His appointment read: . . . "to aid and assist all such ships and vessels as may happen to be stranded on the Coast in the County of Suffolk with full power and authority to give all possible assistance to all such ships and vessels, to all people on Board the same. To use his utmost endeavors to save, preserve and secure the cargoes of all such ships and vessels and all goods and chattles whatsoever which may at any time be cast by the sea upon the land, and to employ such, and so many men for the purpose, as he may see proper."

"Jonathan Dayton, Gentleman," as his appointment was addressed, kept store, 1795, in the south-end wing of his home now an inn called 1770 House on East Hampton's Main Street. He was later a State Senator. One of Jonathan Dayton's papers as Wreck Master is in the possession of C. Frank Dayton. It concerns the British vessel, Sylph, wrecked at Southampton at the close of the War of 1812 (see chapter on Wrecks-1800-1825). The paper is marked: Richard Harrison opinion on the Sloop of War Sylph: "The British Sloop of War the Sylph was stranded during the late war, upon the beach of Long Island at some distance from South Hampton in Suffolk County. The greater part of the crew perished; but by the exertions of the inhabitants of South Hampton, and at the imminent peril of their lives, one officer and four or five seamen were saved, as well as a part of the stores, copper, iron, cordage, & other materials be-

longing to the vessel. After the business was in a great degree effected, the person appointed under the second section of the Act Concerning Wrecks, took possession of the property saved, and has sold the same and paid the inhabitants what has usually been allowed for assisting in cases where vessels were stranded; but with an express understanding that such payment was not to prejudice any title they might have to a more liberal compensation.

“The nett avails are in the hands of the Wreck Master, and as no claim of the original Proprietor can be admitted, the question now is who are entitled to the proceeds, and how the salvors are to bring forward their claims for further compensation?

“Answer

“I have given this case as much consideration as the time allowed me would permit, and am of opinion that the proceeds of the property belong to the People of the State.

“It has uniformly been held that THEY succeeded, upon the Revolution, to all the authorities and rights of the British Government. Upon this principle they have claimed all quit rents formerly reserved, as well as all wrecks properly so called.

“They would have the same rights therefore to property found within their territories without a lawful owner, that the King of Great Britain would have in that country in a similar case; and as this right has never been ceded to the United States, it must, I think, remain with the People of the State.

“I consider this case also, as one of great merit, if the

circumstances respecting the violence of the tempest, the inclemency of the weather, and the extreme danger that was incurred have been fairly stated.—It is therefore, a case where the salvors had a just claim to extraordinary remuneration. Whether the allowance to be made to them could have been legally settled in any other way than that pointed out by the Act it is unnecessary to consider; but I am of opinion that at present they have no remedy but by resorting to the liberality and munificence of the Legislature.

RICH. HARISON

N.York 27th Jan'y 1816"

The upshot of it was, that by Act of Legislature the balance of the proceeds of the wreck of the Sylph was divided among the religious societies of the town of Southampton.

The act concerning wrecks was repealed by Chapter 21, Laws of 1828 (Section 1, paragraph 3) but its subject matter, somewhat modified, was included in the new Revised Statutes of 1829. In 1848, by Chapter 343, the Legislature provided for the appointment of fifteen Wreck Masters for Suffolk County, twelve for Queens, three for Kings, and two each for Richmond and Westchester Counties. These positions were to be filled by appointment by the Governor for a two-year term. The Wreck Masters were to have the same powers and liabilities outlined in the Revised Statutes cited above. In 1869, this law was somewhat amended. In 1886, Sections 24-26 were repealed. Finally in 1890, by Chapter 569, all sections of the Revised Statutes pertaining to Wreck

Masters were repealed, as was Chapter 343 of the laws of 1848.

An occasional reference is found to some Suffolk County man who held this almost-forgotten office. In 1839, Thomas B. Hand of East Hampton was Wreck Master. In 1851 Captain Jeremiah ("Jed") Conkling of Amagansett was Wreck Master when the Catherine came ashore. He offered a standing reward of \$10 for information of a ship ashore. In 1858 Captain George Hand of East Hampton was Wreck Master when the John Milton met her end at Montauk. He had a disillusioning experience. A canvas bag of money was found on the beach after the wreck and turned over to the Wreck Master as custodian of property until the lawful heirs should claim it. A man came from New York, representing himself as a friend of the late Captain Harding's, and offered to deliver the bag to the widow. The Wreck Master turned over the money to him and that was the last ever heard of it. This story is told by J. Arter Gould, grandson of Patrick Gould. Abraham S. Parsons' official appointment as Wreck Master on Dec. 24, 1868, is preserved by his son Lewis S. Parsons of Amagansett.

Fred C. Topping of Bridgehampton who recalls sailing-ship days says: "Some people made quite a business of buying those stranded vessels and salvaging the rope, blocks, sails and other gear. Sometimes this would be sold right on the beach. Sometimes it was shipped to New York where there were places that handled such second-hand marine material. Out here, in the days before linoleum, people would often buy a piece of heavy canvas or a sail, nail it up on the side of the barn, and

give it two or three coats of paint; when dry it would be laid on the kitchen floor.”

The title of Wreck Master or Coast Inspector was still used, Mr. Topping says, after 1890 when the office was discontinued by the state. Probably it was a private enterprise and the man so designated represented a wrecking company or insurance companies. Charles Pierson of Bridgehampton held that position for many years and later Captain Pierson's nephew, George Hildreth, carried it on. They were supposed to remain at the beach most of the time until a ship was re-floated or disposed of by the insurance people, and to see that nothing was disturbed or removed in the interval.

VII

Wrecks, 1825-1846

THE DAVID PORTER

THE SAG HARBOR *Corrector* for January 29, 1825 carried an anonymous poem about the David Porter, fine new packet-sloop with sleeping accommodations for twenty-two that made a weekly trip from Sag Harbor to Peck Slip. Captain Jeff Fordham was the master. The *Republican Watchman* of Sag Harbor, on September 22, 1827, carried the news that the packet had been driven ashore on Eaton's Neck and was totally lost, although passengers and crew were saved.

In 1898 Mrs. Maria C. Sayre, then eighty-four, wrote an account of that voyage for the Sag Harbor *Express*. She had been a girl of thirteen at the time, going to New York with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L'Hommedieu, to visit her uncle's brother, Sylvester L'Hommedieu. Among other passengers were Sag Harbor merchants going to New York to buy their fall goods—Asa Partridge, Benjamin and Harry Huntting, and William Fordham.

They left the wharf about three in the afternoon of Sept. 19, 1827. It was chilly and misty, with a southwest

wind and every appearance of a storm. The trip from Sag Harbor to New York was often a three-days' journey, Mrs. Sayre said, and it was customary for the passengers to prepare food at home and carry it along. "So for several days previous, the homes of prospective travellers had been pervaded with the odor of bread, biscuits, cakes and pies baked in the capacious brick ovens, while chickens were roasted before the fire in the smaller tin oven, and every preparation was made for an enjoyable trip up the Sound.

"The David Porter was loaded with whale oil. The hold and the lower deck, with the exception of a small place left vacant to reach the companionway, were filled with large casks.

"The vessel had gone but a short distance when the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew harder and harder. I was soon obliged to retire to a berth in the after cabin. In the meantime the ladies opened their hampers and placing the contents on a table, invited their friends to partake of the good things. After the meal was finished, George Fordham took out his violin and prepared to enliven the company with some music.

"But he soon put it away for the storm increased. The wind howled through the darkness; the vessel pitched and rolled and we all realized that a rough night was ahead.

"Somehow the glass in the binnacle had been broken and it was impossible for the pilot to guide the vessel correctly. Mrs. Joseph Crowell and my aunt, Mrs. L'Hommedieu, volunteered to take turns holding a lantern so he could see the compass and know in what di-

rection he was steering. One of the ladies sat on a chair to steady it while the other stood on the back to make herself high enough to reach the compass.

“When daylight broke, the storm was still raging and the vessel was tossed about on the waves like a shell. The men gathered together and consulted as to what was best to be done. The storm was so severe and the vessel so disabled that it seemed impossible for her to continue her course much longer. Some suggested running the vessel ashore, but others objected, saying that the tide was so low it would be destroyed on the rocks.

“We were now opposite a place called Eaton’s Neck (at Huntington) where a dangerous reef of rocks in the shape of a horseshoe, with the opening toward the Sound, put from the shore. But the majority had their way and the vessel was headed toward the land. It was fortunate enough to pass through the opening, the Captain seeing the rocks on each side. Great excitement prevailed. Asa Partridge rushed into the cabin, wringing his hands and shouting: ‘We are going broadside on.’ The merchants brought their money to my uncle, who put it in his trousers pockets. He then tied a silk handkerchief round his waist, to keep the pocketbooks from washing out.

“My uncle took me, much against my will, from my berth and carried me aloft. The vessel was lying so much on her side that he climbed up the companionway with great difficulty. As we reached the deck the sight that met my eyes proved a cure for my sea-sickness. The rain still came down in torrents. The wind came in heavy gusts and high waves dashed against the side of the boat.

The boom was broken. Blocks swayed aimlessly back and forth with the motion of the vessel. The greenish-grey water seemed to be covered with small mountains, each one with a crest of snow on top. As the vessel moved forward her bow plunged under water and the lower deck was a foot deep with it. It was expected that she would founder any minute.

"Fearing I would be washed overboard, my uncle carried me to the side of the vessel and standing on a cask, tied me up in the shrouds as high as he could reach. The Captain called to him, advising him to take me down, for if the vessel foundered I would go down with it with no possibility of rescue. He then fastened me lightly to one of the pumps beside the companionway. A pile of firewood placed near here washed against the passengers, as the waves dashed over the boat.

"The mate, Henry Fordham, stood with an axe in hand ready to cut away the mast. At this moment someone suggested knocking in the head of one of the casks of whale oil, to still the waters. No sooner said than done.

"The waves which had been dashing over us now changed to a smooth swell covering us with oil which filled our eyes, ears and mouths. Soon afterward, the vessel struck the shore and broke in two. The water rose two decks high in a few minutes. A steep bank rose perpendicularly from the beach; had the tide been high, we could not have scrambled ashore. The ladies crawled under some bayberry bushes to shelter ourselves from the pouring rain; then we spied a little low house and started for it, across lots.

"We were all bareheaded. I had on a dress called

a Bolivar stripe—pink, green, and lavender. It was trimmed with a fold on the bottom. This caught in the briars and bushes and by the time I reached the house it trailed out behind me like the tail of a kite.

“The house was occupied by a widow and her two sons about 18 and 20 years of age. We soon discarded our wet clothing and dressed ourselves in what the house afforded. Mrs. Crowell, finding nothing but a man’s flannel shirt, was obliged to retire under a bed until her clothes were dried.

“I remember very well what we had for breakfast and dinner that day. Hot gingerbread for breakfast, and chickens drowned in the flood of the previous night, for dinner.

“Meanwhile the men labored with the trunks and other baggage. The boom had been rigged so that it leaned toward shore and the trunks were slid down on it and tossed on the beach. The men stayed by the wreck until 11 o’clock when the vessel was broken as fine as oven-wood and the tide had turned, nearly reaching the top of the bank. After dinner, we all met at the lighthouse and conferred together as to what could be done about continuing our journey. We saw a number of disabled vessels in the Sound.

“Living about a mile from the lighthouse was a family named Gardiner. They furnished a barouche with three seats for the ladies and my uncle, while the others followed in a large wagon.

“In those days, the ladies carried their hats while traveling in large pasteboard bandboxes and of course it had been impossible to save them. Mine had been

placed in the trunk. It was a white leghorn trimmed with pink roses and although in a dilapidated condition, I could wear it. The others bought or borrowed what head covering they could find, being glad to avail themselves of anything that would protect their heads, the supply being too limited to consider becomingness.

“Miss Havens was a tall, slender young woman with a long neck. She wore a child’s pink satin hat with a brim two inches wide and a puffed crown fastened with a button on top and trimmed with flowers. Mrs. Crowell wore a calash made of reeds and black lace, which stood about her face like a halo. My aunt had a fawn-colored shirred silk hat. The men had been more fortunate, having saved their hats, although they presented a hideous appearance for the salt water had taken out all the stiffness and the broad brims drooped over their faces like mushrooms. But despite all these drawbacks we started off in good spirits, happy from having escaped the perils of the sea and with the anticipation of a pleasant visit before us we felt like a party of picnickers as we drove up before a small inn on the edge of some woods and stopped for dinner.

“After a short rest we went on, stopping at a place called North Hempstead. From there it was easy to communicate with Hempstead, and my uncle hurriedly wrote a couple of notes, one to his father in Sag Harbor and the other to his brother in New York, and posted a man off on horseback to meet the coach which carried the mail through the Island, so that his friends could be informed of our safety. Thus we journeyed on, enjoying

our new experience, until we entered the village of Bedford, now a part of Brooklyn.

"Here our grotesque appearance attracted so much attention that Miss Havens took off her hat and made the remainder of the journey with a shawl over her head.

"Brooklyn at that time extended back only a little way from the river. It was eight years before it became a city and it still retained all the characteristics of a country town. At Fulton Ferry we left the conveyances and what borrowed clothing we could spare, and separated from our companions. While we stood waiting for a ferry boat which was slowly drawing near the slip, being propelled by horses, we noticed someone waving a handkerchief on the approaching boat. It proved to be Mr. Sylvester L'Hommedieu who had come to meet us. Wishing to show his pleasure at our rescue from the shipwreck he had put a small music box in his pocket, and wound it up just before he landed. He lived at No. 7 Reade Street, near Broadway, and glad we were to reach his home and rest."

THE BRIG MARS

Sometimes the action of wind and tide will reveal the bare bones of a ship a full century after it has been wrecked. That was the case with the brig Mars, wrecked 1828 east of Georgica Pond in East Hampton. She was a large, well-built, almost new vessel put together with copper bolts. Two young men, Stephen Sherrill and John Osborn, bought the wreck where she lay, for \$100. They removed the furniture and trim from her cabin, the spars, sails, and much of her copper.

But salvage operations were no more than half done when a great storm came up. It covered the wreck with sand. The ship was never seen again until another great storm in March, 1931, ripped the Mars out of her sandy bed. She lay close by the summer homes of Grantland Rice and Ring Lardner which were almost toppled into the sea by that early spring storm and had to be moved back from the water.

A rumor to the effect that the Mars had carried slaves from Africa to the West Indies, and had come north ballasted with molasses, has survived in East Hampton.

Judge Henry P. Hedges of Bridgehampton recalled the wreck, the first one he had ever seen. She came ashore in fair weather, he said—not driven in by any storm. Her captain's name was Ring. Among the local men who went to view the Mars was a retired whaling captain, Jonathan Osborn of Wainscott. He questioned Captain Ring closely as to how often he had sounded. Irritated, the Mars' captain said: "Old fellow, what do you know about a ship? If I should tell you, do you think you would know any more than you do now?"

Captain Osborn replied: "*I have* commanded a ship, larger than your brig, and never ran her ashore, either."

THE TAMARAC

In Victorian times many long, lugubrious poems were written about disasters at sea. The reading public in those days liked nothing better than a good cry. The poets, however, seldom related a shipwreck story at first hand. One exception was an anonymous divine, passenger on the ship Tamarac bound from Liverpool to New

York and wrecked at Islip, Long Island, on January 3, 1837. His poem was published in pamphlet form in New York in 1839.

The voyage was an unlucky one from beginning to end. The sailors ascribed their misfortunes to the presence of a minister on board. It seems that ministers, like women, were considered unlucky on board ship. The first misfortune that befell was the accidental death of a murderer who had fled from English justice only to be crushed on board the Tamarac by twenty tons of iron falling on him. The ship's cook was the next victim of misfortune. He was late getting breakfast one morning and for punishment received seventy-five strokes with the carpenter's handsaw. He took this so much to heart that he afterwards leaped overboard and was drowned. Then the mate, already exasperated with bad weather and with the minister-poet, who was even then threatening to write up the voyage as soon as he reached shore, had his head laid open by a block which fell from the yardarm. The sailors were rough fellows who "cursed and raged and swore," and the mate liked his "rum and fun," according to the verses.

As they neared New York, the day was spent in drinking. No guns or rockets were fired to summon a pilot. The result was that the Tamarac was stranded "on Islip shore." For two days, the worried passengers almost froze to death within sight of land. They were finally landed without loss of life. The ship was a total wreck. The poem ends:

"And there she lays for what I know
Full of water, sand and snow."

THE WHALING BARK EDWARD QUESNEL

The homeward-bound whaleship Edward Quesnel of Fall River, Massachusetts, went ashore in a northeast storm at Napeague Beach, between Montauk and Amagansett, in May, 1839. The ship was a total loss. Part of the cargo—2300 barrels of sperm- and right-whale oil—was saved. Ten or twelve of the crew were drowned. The late Judge Henry P. Hedges went to Napeague that day after the wreck and saw the pitiful row of corpses drawn up near the beach banks in a row. The memory of the wild ocean, the wild shore, the surging waves, the grinding and groaning wreck, the crash of breaking cargo and the lifeless bodies “has followed and haunted me in the darkness of night from that day to this,” he said.

POCAHONTAS

Plum Island, which lies off Orient Point—eastern tip of Long Island’s north fork—has some spots which are still very dangerous for mariners. On Monday morning, December 23, 1839, one Captain Brown looked out of his window at the inn on Plum Island and saw something strange off the beach, a half mile to the eastward. That particular spot was, and is, the most dangerous place on the island. He hurried to the beach where to his horror he saw a vessel, dismasted and fast going to pieces on the reef a hundred and fifty yards from the beach. He could see three men, one lashed to the taffrail, nearly or quite naked and apparently dead, and two others clinging to the bowsprit. It was thick weather with a tremendous sea running which made any assistance impossible.

Captain Brown stayed at the beach for some hours and others joined him. As he watched, two of the men disappeared beneath the waves. The last man was washed off the bowsprit, but while those on shore held their breaths he grasped at a dangling rope and climbed up again. Before long he was swept into the surf a second time and was seen no more.

From trunks, papers, and fragments of the vessel that washed ashore, it was learned that she was the brig *Pocahontas* of Newburyport, Mass., Captain James G. Cook, Master; that she had sailed from Cadiz, Spain, in late October for her home port. The papers gave the crew list, twelve or thirteen men in all. Some of the bodies were found and taken to Newburyport for burial.

It was thought that the *Pocahontas* must have anchored during the night and being too close to the shore for holding her ground, must have dragged anchor and gone stern foremost onto the reef, where she thumped until the stern was stove in. "By the next day only a skeleton of the once noble vessel remained," said a contemporary account. Between that reef and the shore is a wide space of water, deep enough to float a large vessel. If she had struck only a quarter-mile farther on either side, the *Pocahontas* might have run safely onto a dry and smooth beach.

THE LEXINGTON

One of the most terrible and apparently unnecessary disasters that ever occurred in these parts was the burning of the Long Island Sound packet steamer *Lexington*. The side-wheel steamer was only five years old, well

built, strong, and fast. A contemporary account said: "She was the fastest steamboat of her day; had been commanded by Captain Jake Vanderbilt, who would rather race another steamboat than eat, drink, or be merry." When she left New York on her regular run for Stonington, Conn., on Friday, January 13, 1840, she was under command of Captain George Child of Narragansett, R.I. with Captain Stephen Manchester as pilot.

That was at three o'clock in the afternoon. Four or five hours later the Lexington was a smoking ruin, with most of her passengers drowned. The five men who lived to tell the tale were carried on floating bales of cotton far down the Long Island coast by the wind and the tide. The ship burned for eight hours. Her upper structure was completely consumed before she sank within sight of people on the shore who could give no assistance. Ten years later—in August, 1850—the charred hull of the Lexington was raised from where she lay in 130 feet of water.

Just how many went down on the Lexington no one will ever know. More than 100 certainly; many of whom came from Stonington or that vicinity. The figure has been given in different accounts, some of them contemporary, as from 118 to 161. There were 41 men in the crew. The passengers—men, women, and children—who were lost, included many prominent New Yorkers and Bostonians; also three sea captains—Captain Ichabod D. Carver of Plymouth, Mass., who was going home to be married; Captain E. J. Kimball and Captain B. T. Foster, both returning to New England to visit their families

after years at sea. Adolphus Harnden, superintendent of an express company operating between New York and Boston was lost, together with some sixty or seventy thousand dollars he was carrying for brokers in New York.

The name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was on the first passenger list of the *Lexington* to be made public. Longfellow had just sold his poem, "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," for \$25 to Park Benjamin for the *World*, in which it appeared the day after the *Lexington* burned. Longfellow had been engaged to give three lectures in New York, and had expected to take that boat, but was delayed. He wrote his father at once to let him know he was still alive.

Dr. Clarence A. Wood, writing in the *Long Island Forum* (1950) quotes Colonel Harry A. Hunt, editor of the *Sag Harbor Corrector* at the time of the *Lexington* disaster. Hunt called it "wilful, savage, horrid murder." He said: "There was not an officer of the boat who did his duty—each acted for himself only"; "the master was one of the first to desert his post."

H. P. Horton, also writing in the *Forum*, said that at the inquest, which sat for nine days, Cornelius Vanderbilt and his partners in the Sound Steamboat Company, were roundly criticized for carrying highly inflammable cotton on the deck of a passenger boat.

The *Lexington* was 220 feet long with 26 foot beam. She had no staterooms but on that fateful evening the passengers had settled themselves after dinner, about seven o'clock, in the large main cabin that doubled as a dining room and lounge to enjoy an entertainment in

which two Boston actors, Henry J. Finn and Charles Everle, were to take part.

When the steamer was three or four miles from Eaton's Neck, a little smoke was noticed coming from the casing on the smokestack and from bales of cotton piled on the deck. It was a bitterly cold evening—ten below zero—with floating ice in the Sound. It was thought afterward that the ship's boiler was being pushed to its maximum of steam because the ice slowed up the vessel's progress, and that the overheated smokestack probably ignited first the vessel's woodwork and then the cotton bales. A fresh north wind fanned the fire; pails of water thrown on it proved completely ineffectual. The boat was turned toward the Long Island shore, full speed ahead, until it became impossible to steer or to stay in the stern filled with flames and smoke. Then the tiller-ropes burned off, leaving the ship completely unmanageable. When all hope was gone, the captain said to the passengers in a collected manner: "Gentlemen, take to the boats." He went aft, "and that is the last I ever saw of him," a survivor said afterward.

William S. Mount of Stony Brook, one of the famous Mount brothers, artists, was an eye-witness of the tragedy. He said that from the beach it was expected that the ship would reach shore in fifteen minutes. Under this impression, two boats were manned with eight men and went outside the harbor, hoping to assist the passengers in landing. A few minutes later the ship turned away from the shore, out of control. "With her rudder jammed to one side she began to move in a circle, producing a draft from every quarter which drove the fire to all parts

of the vessel. As the flames spread, more and more victims were forced to take refuge in the icy waters of the Sound." One of the boats got past the ice and three miles out into the Sound; but the steamer drifted so fast and the wind blew so hard that the would-be rescuers could do nothing.

Meanwhile, crew and passengers panicked on board the burning vessel. The fire, amidships, soon prevented all communication between passengers (forward) and crew (aft). There was a rush for the four small boats. Overcrowded, they capsized. In one was Captain Child.

The five who survived owed their lives to cotton bales thrown overboard in the fire. David Crowley, second mate of the vessel, told afterward how he swam to a bale of cotton and rode on it two days and two nights, even sleeping on it. About nine o'clock on the second night he made the shore at Baiting Hollow, not far from Riverhead. He saw a light in a house nearby, the home of Mathias Hutchinson, where he was cared for. The four others who rode cotton bales were the pilot, Captain Stephen Manchester; Charles B. Smith, fireman on the Lexington; a passenger, Captain Chester Hilliard of Norwich, Conn.; and an unidentified man cast ashore some fifty miles away near Horton's Point, Southold, where he made his way half-frozen to a tavern in Southold. The two captains and the fireman had been picked up by the sloop Merchant of Bridgeport.

Coming as it did at a time when the public had by no means accepted steam as a safe mode of marine locomotion, there was a great hue and cry in the press over the disaster. Sermons were preached, and poems written on

the "Burning of the Lexington." One of the artists who painted a picture of the disaster was Nathaniel Currier, then a young man, later to become senior partner in the famous firm of print-makers, Currier and Ives. His Lexington print was sold in great numbers all over the country and helped to establish his reputation. Cotton bales from the wreck were salvaged along the Sound shores and woven into "Lexington shirts" sold as mementoes of the catastrophe.

The coroner's jury blamed steamboat inspectors for allowing the Lexington to navigate at the risk of passengers' lives and property; they censured the officers for their conduct, and for leaving the ship. Public criticism was also directed against the inhabitants of Connecticut towns directly across the Sound, where the burning ship was clearly visible, for not making more of an effort to help. Two out of the jury of fourteen exonerated the pilot, Captain Manchester, from any blame. He later commanded a steamer which came to grief only a few miles from the scene of the Lexington disaster.

THE LOUIS PHILIPPE

The story of the wreck of the square-rigged packet ship Louis Philippe bound from Bordeaux, France, for New York, which went on the beach at Mecox—between Bridgehampton and Southampton—on April 14, 1842, has a happier ending. No lives were lost, and the vessel was eventually saved by the wreckers. She carried a cargo of dry goods, champagne, trees, and shrubs. The trees and shrubs, being on top, were thrown overboard first when it became necessary to lighten the ship. They

drifted ashore and were planted in dooryards and gardens throughout the Hamptons—beech, laburnum, and linden trees were none the worse for their sea bath. A pink “Louis Philippe” rose from that ship—very double, very fragrant, with pretty pointed buds and precisely cut, dull-finished leaves, blooms in the writer’s garden every summer. It has been said that some of the beautiful elms along East Hampton’s Main Street were saplings from the Louis Philippe, but that may or may not be true.

THE RHODE ISLAND

Sequel to the Lexington disaster story is that of another packet ship bound this time from Stonington, Conn., for New York, carrying 150 passengers and crew, commanded by the one-time pilot of the Lexington, Captain Stephen Manchester. On Saturday night, November 1, 1846, the Rhode Island ran into a storm. H. P. Horton tells of the Rhode Island’s ordeal in the August, 1950, *Long Island Forum*: “Off Crab Meadow Beach she suddenly lost her rudder and became almost unmanageable. Nevertheless, Manchester succeeded in easing the ship’s drift to the windward side of Cow Neck where anchors were dropped to keep her from pounding upon the nearby rocks.

“In this position, still at the mercy of wind and sea, the Rhode Island was sighted by residents of the vicinity homeward bound from church about noon on Sunday. Word was sent to Huntington and a group of volunteers brought several whaleboats overland to the shore opposite the steamer. With Captain Selah Bunce in charge,

boats were launched and after many hours everyone aboard the Rhode Island was brought ashore."

Later, gold medals were presented to Captain Bunce and other volunteers who took part in the rescue: Charles Conklin, John B. Howell, Jacob Jarvis, Nathaniel H. Kelsey, William Spriggs, and John P. Udell.

VIII

Life Saving

THOUSANDS of lives have been saved from ships in distress along Long Island's shore front since it was first settled in the seventeenth century. Some lives were saved by men in the uniform of the Life Saving Service (later to become the Coast Guard), and some by private citizens. These same surfmen and baymen who regarded anything tossed up by the waves as a personal gift would risk their lives without a moment's hesitation to help any vessel in distress, or anyone in peril on the sea.

It is a fine thing to watch an experienced crew launch a small boat through the surf on a rough day, to see the men poised, waiting at the water's edge, and to watch their split-second timing. "We waited until a slatch made," they would explain it, a "slatch" being a brief lull in the succession of heavy breakers. Then all "Shove 'er in!" together, at the signal of the man in charge; and he scrambles aboard over the stern, the last man in, after the boat is afloat and the oarsmen in their places. It takes skill and strength, steady nerves, and teamwork, to launch a boat through a heavy surf. The men at the oars must have implicit confidence in the captain. He stands in the stern facing the breakers, and steers. They must

never look over their shoulders, just watch his face and follow his orders.

Suffolk County men were once expert whalers as well as fishermen. They pursued Leviathan from their native beaches in small rowing boats after learning the "whale designe" from the Indians. After a while, they built vessels and extended their operations until, like the New Englanders, "no sea, but what was vexed with their toils." When whaling turned unprofitable in the 1870's, New York's salt water men turned their attention to the menhaden ("bunker") fishing industry for oil and fertilizer. The "bunker" boats were at first sailing vessels, then steamers, and are now Diesel-operated. At first they employed native Long Islanders who worked up from seine-setter to captain. When the summer-resort Hamptons began to offer easier and less precarious returns for their labors most east-end men left off bunker fishing. Crews then had to be imported from Nova Scotia. These were fine, dependable, and experienced men who came to Promised Land near Amagansett in groups often comprising the manpower of whole villages, every summer, and went back in the fall. Immigration laws a few years ago put a stop to most seasonal labor from outside the country. Nowadays, colored crews are brought to Long Island every summer from the Carolinas and taken back in the fall, with white officers, generally Long Islanders, in charge of the vessels.

In the first report of the United States Life Saving Service, published 1876, keepers of District No. 3 (then comprising all of Long Island and Rhode Island) bore old Long Island names. The stations and keepers in Suf-

folk County were: Montauk Point (Lighthouse)—Jonathan Miller; Ditch Plain—Samuel T. Stratton; Hither Plain—George H. Osborn; Napeague—Elijah M. Bennett; Amagansett—Charles J. Mulford; Georgica—James M. Strong; Bridgehampton—Baldwin Cook; Southampton—Charles White; Shinnecock—Lewis K. Squires; Tiana—Edward H. Ryder; Quogue—Mahlon Phillips; Tanner's Point—Franklin C. Jessup; Moriches—William Smith; Fargo River—Sidney Penney; Smith's Point—Joseph H. Bell; Bellport—George W. Robinson; Blue Point—Charles W. Wicks; Lone Hill—James Baker; Point O'Woods—George W. Rogers; Fire Island—Leander Thurber; Oak Island (east)—Henry Oakley; Oak Island (west)—Prior Wicks; Eaton's Neck—Darius Ruland. Superintendent of District No. 3 was Henry E. Huntting.

Since maritime disasters have been so reduced, fewer men are needed and the number of Coast Guard stations along our coast is much smaller than it used to be. At the turn of the century there were thirty Coast Guard stations on Long Island. In 1929 there were twenty-eight. Today, only nine Lifeboat Stations as they are called are on active status on the whole island. These are: Atlantic Beach, Ditch Plain, Eaton's Neck, Fire Island, Fisher's Island, Moriches, Rockaway, Shinnecock, and Short Beach. Some stations were re-activated and improved during World War II, but that was only temporary. Handsome Coast Guard stations built not long ago at Georgica in East Hampton, and at Napeague Beach, are among those that stand empty.

Everything used to be done by hand or by horses. The lifeboats were rowing craft which had to be hauled along

the beach on boat-wagons. Today, all equipment is motorized—boats and beach rescue apparatus. Power has revolutionized life-saving as well as fishing. Airplanes are used to spot vessels in distress. The weather bureau warns of approaching storms; radio and radar play an important part in guarding our shores. In sailing-ship days when there were few telephones in private use, the Life Saving Service put in a telephone line. That went through in 1889 from Coney Island to Montauk Point—103 miles of telephone wire, connecting thirty stations. This speedy communication must have saved many lives.

There were no regular beach patrols until 1871, when Sumner I. Kimball was appointed Chief of the Revenue Cutter Service and reorganized life saving work. He obtained authority to employ crews for all stations for such periods of the year as were deemed necessary; and from then on until the close of World War II a beach patrol was maintained through the hours of darkness during such months as each station was open, and in daytime if the weather were thick or stormy. In May, 1898, the Superintendent of Life Saving Stations on Long Island must have found some laxity, for he came around and issued an order that life savers were forbidden to use beach wagons, bicycles, or other vehicles while on patrol duty; hereafter, he said, they must make all patrols on foot.

The old-time East End Life Savers were often experienced whalemens and liked to use the quick-rowing, handy whaleboats when they had any real work to do in the surf. The service provided self-bailing rowing boats which are still in use. Asked how he liked them,

one eighty-year-old veteran who had served in the 1890's said: "They did well enough for drill, but they were clumsy things. Took a dozen men to handle one. With that false bottom, your knees were up under your chin; couldn't row; a good wave would wash you off your thought" (thwart). "We kept our regulation lifeboat on the boat-wagon. What we really used was the five-oared, double-ended whaling or fishing boat." The self-bailer was something out of a book, not for real use, he thought: "You couldn't handle her with a severe set running. Half a dozen fishermen, sitting round a table, would have designed something very different." Present-day Coast Guardsmen might argue this point.

At first, the life saving crews were put on for a very short time; in 1870 Congress authorized the employment of crews for each alternate station for the three winter months. Gradually the term of duty lengthened, until by 1898 the men were off only two months, and on ten. Today whole crews are kept on duty the year round.

In the old days life saving combined very nicely with fishing and farming; a man could do very well at all three in summertime and have a comfortable berth in a boat-house through the slack months for fishing and farming. The atmosphere differed in different posts; but J. Howard Hand of Wainscott who spent four years at Mecox and ten at Georgica, found it a pleasant, peaceful communal life. "Captain Nat Dominy, Jr., was a good keeper," he says of his life at Georgica. "He would order a side of beef, or whatever else we needed, in large quantities. We all took turns in the cooking. Every third day we baked bread. We all learned to be good housekeep-

ers. We took life fairly easy, in between wrecks. We had music. Will Gardner used to come up with his violin; Condit Miller played one too; Everett Hand made himself a banjo and played it by ear; we all sang."

They also went ducking; the Georgica crew would invite men from the village to come up. "One morning," the late Charles Raynor Bennett, who was in that station from 1886 to 1891, said, "seventeen small boats were strung out in the ocean in front of the station and they brought ashore between five and six hundred ducks; what the gunners could not eat or give away were barrelled and sold to A. M. Payne's store. We trained bird dogs in the sand hills and shot wild geese, ducks, quail and partridge. When the occasion presented itself, we also went whaling. We kept whaling gear on hand. We could do most anything within hailing distance of the station. But one man always had to stay on watch."

"Every man had to be as good a surfman as the other," another veteran, Everett King, used to say. "Each one of us had to take his turn being captain. We had to put the boats in once a week. During World War I when I was at Hither Plain Station they sent us two sailors as replacements. Neither one had ever handled an oar or seen the ocean before. I felt sorry for them. The first time a sea kicked up, one boy just lay down on the beach and looked at it. 'I couldn't ever go off through those waves,' he said, 'I didn't know water ever got like that! It's wicked.'"

In the early days of the Life Saving Service a surfman was paid forty dollars a month and half-rations; he lived well and saved money. Everyday food was good; and on

special occasions like Christmas and Thanksgiving, some friend of the station would make it a practice to send up a dinner for all hands, with maybe ten mince pies baked in eighteen-inch earthenware pie plates to finish off with. It is still recalled in East Hampton how A. M. Payne, keeper of the general store in the 1880's, sent to the Georgica station a Christmas dinner which included a "beautiful plum duff and a two-quart can of hard sauce, well laced with good New England rum." Captain Nat Dominy, Jr., of that station was a Good Templar, never touched a drop of liquor. One night a few days after Christmas one of the crew heard somebody in the pantry, and took a look. There was Captain Nat, spoon in hand, finishing up the duff sauce. He explained: "Well, in the Good Templar rules, it says you mustn't drink it; but not a word about eating it."

"In the early 1890's," J. Howard Hand said, "the crews were off all summer from May 1 to September 1. Then after the August blow when the Panther and the Lykens Valley went down at Southampton in 1893" (seventeen were lost, and three saved, on that day) "we were sent in August 1."

The writer asked Mr. Hand to explain what the term "seventh man" meant, with regard to the Life Savers. He said there were really eight men in a crew; but besides the keeper there must always be six on duty during the dangerous months of the year (the keeper slept at the station nights, the year round). So, in case of illness or leave there had to be a seventh man whose time was shorter than the others'. "When the rest of us would go

on duty August 1, the seventh man wouldn't go on till the first of December."

Until 1848 there had been no organized effort to aid vessels in distress anywhere along the Atlantic coast of the United States, except by the Massachusetts Humane Society, a private organization founded in 1780 which established huts on the more desolate spots on the shore of that state, where survivors from wrecks could find shelter and food. By 1786 they had built a few life saving stations with boats and a little equipment for the use of volunteer crews. There was a Revenue Cutter Service, and Revenue Marine organized in 1790, with its principal object to prevent smuggling from the sea. Its vessels were our only armed force until the Navy was organized in 1794. But no life saving was done from shore except by volunteers living along the coast. The late Mrs. Elizabeth White of Southampton wrote of Long Island volunteers: "No one will ever know the many heroic rescues made nor the kind deeds done by men and women who lived close to the sea and gave their best as a matter of course to others in distress. Every garret held its spyglass on a way-high beam, and every scuttle was a lookout frequently visited. If anything unusual was sighted alongshore—a ship in peril—the family horn was blown, which signal the next neighbor passed on . . . At the sound of the rally every man left his plow or trowel or shop or sermon . . . and made for the beach.

"Housewives built fires, made coffee, and prepared stores of lint, blankets, and flannels. If the surf ran not too high the men rowed out to the ship and rescued the seamen who were often brought in half dead to be ten-

derly nursed and cared for. Scarcely a little south side burying ground, however, but bears evidence of those who were brought ashore too late."

Our fine U.S. Coast Guard service, with its well-earned motto: "Semper Paratus" (Always Prepared), operates under the Secretary of the Treasury in time of peace and under the Navy Department in time of war, or such other time as the President may direct. It was organized in 1915 to succeed the existing Revenue Cutter Service and Life Saving Service. The Life Saving Service was not the creation of a single legislative act but the result of a series of enactments dating back to 1848.

Few laymen realize that the first government-operated Life Saving Service in the United States began in the New York area, in New Jersey, Long Island, and Rhode Island, thus protecting the coasts converging upon the principal American seaport, New York City.

The winter of 1847 was a very stormy one. After some three hundred wrecks in nine years along the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, so much public feeling was aroused that Congressman William A. Newell of New Jersey made a speech in the House of Representatives which led to the enactment by Congress of a measure for providing surf boats, rockets, and other apparatus for the better preservation of life and property from shipwrecks—"up to ten thousand dollars." The first U.S. Life Saving Station was built at Sandy Hook, N.J. (later called Spermaceti Cove, changed back again to Sandy Hook in 1883). No provision was made for permanent or salaried keepers. As each station was completed (each

a boathouse 16 by 28 feet) it was entrusted to the nearest responsible person. Since no one was officially responsible for the upkeep and protection of equipment it soon fell into disuse and decay.

Eight small stations were built on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts; the first on Long Island was a Eaton's Neck, built 1849; soon there were fourteen more. In 1850, one station was built on Rhode Island. These were scantily equipped and manned only by volunteer crews. Yet on the Long Island coast alone, in the hard winter of 1850, nearly three hundred lives were saved by the "prompt and vigorous action of the hardy surfmen."

A group of New York men interested in maritime matters had formed in 1849 the Life-Saving Benevolent Association which cooperated with the federal government in improving the service. In 1854 a bill was passed which provided for additional stations along the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, with paid keepers assigned to them. The keeper's salary was at first only \$200 a year. Meager as this was, it at least gave some meaning and direction to the work under government custody and protection.

Lack of discipline and control, charges of politics and inefficiency, soon brought the new service into disrepute. The spoils system often saw incompetents chosen for the job of keeper. Up to 1870, crews were volunteer. In 1871 the work of reorganization began and genuine, experienced surfmen were brought in to replace the old inexperienced political appointees.

In 1871 Sumner I. Kimball became General Superintendent of Life Saving Stations in Washington, remain-

ing in that office until it was merged with the Revenue Cutter Service as the Coast Guard in 1915. He really created the service. A boathouse crew consisted thereafter of a keeper and seven surfmen for each station for at least the stormy months of each year—only the keeper (with the rank of boatswain) to remain on duty the year round. Regular drills were instituted, with practical instruction in the resuscitation of shipwreck survivors, a code of signals with flags, hand-lights, rockets and so forth; and patrol districts between stations were mapped. In 1875, Congress passed an act requiring records to be kept of the activities at each station, and an annual report of the whole service was published.

In 1878, Congress established the Life Saving Service as a distinct and independent organization operating under the Treasury Department.

In 1897, the rules of civil service were inaugurated for Life Savers. The “best qualified regardless of political affiliations” were chosen by district officers. And for discipline’s sake, it was felt that the keeper should not be too well known to his crew.

Politics were at least mentioned in the service, however, in the late 1870’s and early ’80’s, as a packet of old letters attests. An Amagansett Life Saving Station keeper is advised by the District Superintendent to “see that one-half of your crew are Republicans and one-half Democrats as per arrangement made last August by the General Superintendent of the Long Island service.”

By 1881, the keeper’s pay had gone up to \$700 a year, which was good money for those days. His job was the envy of his neighbors, as other letters in the same packet

show. The District Superintendent notifies the keeper in 1881 that an anonymous letter has been received about the keeper and his crew: "I must warn you that some persons in your vicinity are disposed to give you trouble" . . . "Be careful." Two other letters are an exchange between the keeper and a fellow-townsmen who lived close to the wind and more by his wits than by physical exertion. The latter felt indisposed to repay a loan made to him by the keeper because, he claimed, he had used his influence in talking up the appointment of keeper and crew to the local Life Saving Station. He suggested that if each of the other holders of a "lucrative position" should kick in \$15, and the captain would forget the \$100, they would never feel it, but it would be very useful to the writer. The captain replied: "I have never asked for any office and I do not intend that it shall ever be said that I bought or sold any. If I have anything it has mostly been got by hard work . . ." He requested the writer to settle his debt, with interest, "without unreasonable delay."

The first headquarters of the Life Saving Service on Long Island was at Bridgehampton, and the Superintendent for sixteen years was a retired whaling master, Captain Henry E. Huntting, who later served in the New York State Legislature. Once Superintendent Kimball came all the way from Washington to inquire into a little difficulty over the Amagansett station. He drove over to the station from Bridgehampton in a buggy driven by Captain Huntting. The keeper came out and stood beside the buggy. "What seems to be the trouble, Captain?" Mr. Kimball inquired. It seemed that the keeper

had refused to re-engage a certain surfman for his crew. Perhaps, Bridgehampton being so close to home, he had not stated his reasons to the Long Island superintendent. The keeper replied that the surfman in question had not been taken back "because it has been repeated to me that he remarked if I expected him to do his duty I'd have to watch him. I don't want any man I've got to watch."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Mr. Kimball. He proceeded back to Bridgehampton, then end of the rail road line, without even getting out of the buggy.

When Superintendent Kimball retired in 1915 after forty-four years of distinguished service with the Life Saving Service which at that time merged into the Coast Guard, he was granted the distinction of being the first civil employee of the government, outside of the judiciary, to be retired with pay.

During the seventy years between 1871 and 1941, records show that the combined efforts of Life Saving Service and Revenue Cutter Service saved 203,609 lives. As for the Life Savers themselves, they were often hurt in line of duty, but seldom lost their lives, because they knew what it was possible to do, and what was not. The name of only one Life Saving Service man who lost his life on duty on Long Island has been found by the writer. Charles H. Church of the Mecox station was drowned while crossing a sea puss on patrol, in December, 1903. Another man is said to have perished while going to a stranded vessel off the South Beach.

Of the thirty stations on the Long Island coast at the turn of the century only one was on the north shore—at

Eaton's Neck; and twenty-nine were on the south shore, where most of the wrecks occurred.

The Coast Guard's prime function in peace time is saving life and property at sea. Besides aiding when shipwrecks occur, it prevents disaster by clearing away derelicts and other obstacles to navigation, and maintains an ice patrol for icebergs in the North Atlantic.

On discerning a vessel standing into danger, a man on patrol (in the days when patrols were made) burned a red flare to warn the vessel of her danger. If stranded, the Coston signal let the mariners know that help was at hand. The Life Saver notified the station, then the officer in charge decided the method of rescue, whether by boat or beach apparatus. The Lyle gun will shoot a line four hundred to seven hundred yards; a breeches buoy, which is really a cork life-preserver with breeches attached, is suspended from a mast or other elevated position on the wreck and drawn between ship and shore by means of an endless whip-line. The life-car, sort of an enclosed metallic boat, can be hauled through the waves where it is impossible to elevate the line sufficiently to use the open breeches buoy. The life-car, although it was tried out on the south shore of Long Island in 1849, has seldom been used here since; but it has been used off Hatteras, sometimes with loss of life or limb.

When wooden sailing vessels were replaced largely by steel ships, it was felt that wrecks would take place farther offshore than formerly, and that more time would be available for rescue. The use of the breeches buoy, designed to bring ashore survivors from wrecks comparatively close inshore, was expected to show a decline.

Newer stations, therefore, were built on inlets to take advantage of the latest equipment. More lifeboats and picket boats, and fewer pulling boats are now used. Every station now has a lookout tower and a 75-foot signal tower. All Coast Guard stations are part of a chain of coastal communications, and so are able speedily to report disasters and call for assistance. In recent years crews normally include fourteen or sixteen surfmen under command of a warrant officer.

The most thankless job ever assigned to the Coast Guard was its duty—January 17, 1920 to December 5, 1933—of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. That duty caused some friction with the residents of eastern Long Island for the first time in the service's history. It also created some confusion within the service itself.

One or two cases are recalled here where a Coast Guardsman was given a dishonorable discharge, thus marring an otherwise perfect record, or was even sent to the Navy prison at Portsmouth, N.H., for allowing bootleggers to continue their operations unmolested. On the other hand Coast Guard men have told, twenty years later, of being told off or transferred for "being too conscientious" with regard to liquor smugglers.

There were instances when legitimate fishermen long established on Long Island were considerably ruffled at being hindered and delayed in shipping their fish to market by Coast Guard officials, strangers from New London, Connecticut, who stopped them while under way and demanded to see their papers. The fishermen, rightly or wrongly, charged that bootlegging vessels were al-

lowed to come in from Rum Row without any such searching of papers.

The prohibition law was even more unpopular in Suffolk County than elsewhere.

In 1939, the Lighthouse Service became the last service to be combined with the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard has a long and proud history. Its first components, the Revenue Cutter Service and Revenue Marine, have cooperated with the Navy in every one of this country's wars at sea since 1799. Since 1915 the Coast Guard has served with distinction in World Wars I and II and in the Korean operation. Now, in a time of more or less peace, it goes far afield from its original duties of guarding our home shores and preventing smuggling, without neglecting those services. It has become, as one Coast Guard officer expresses it, "a seagoing handyman for almost every department of the government." Its story is one of daring and skill. A Coast Guardsman learns early that the "Regulations say you have to go out, but they don't say you have to come back."

IX

1846-1875

THE SUSAN, THE ASHLAND, THE HENRY, THE CATHERINE, AND THE VIRGIN MARY

WITHIN a decade, during the 1840's and 1850's when the Irish were pouring out of their famine-stricken land and into New York City and Boston, several immigrant vessels were wrecked on eastern Long Island.

Little is known today about the Susan. With one hundred Irish newcomers on board, she went ashore at Southampton on St. Patrick's Day, 1846. Her passengers reached shore in safety and were taken to New York by stagecoach.

The square-rigged English ship Ashland bound from Ireland to Boston went on the bar off Flying Point, Water Mill, in 1846 or 1847. Captain George White, whaler, told the English captain how to work his ship off the bar into deep water.

George Cunningham of Sag Harbor said (1928) that his father, James Cunningham, had come over on that ship and settled in Southampton. He gave the same supposed date as the Susan's wrecking—March 17, 1846. There seems to be a difference of opinion. Harry B.

Squires says the Ashland went ashore in 1847. The late William D. Halsey declared that the passenger who stayed on Long Island, James Cunningham, once worked for his family and that he knew he came over on the barque Henry of London, wrecked at Mecox on June 27, 1851.

At any rate, James Cunningham was shipwrecked. His son said he found work at Flying Point at eight dollars a month. He married and had five children. A grandson, Captain Harold A. Cunningham, was raised in Sag Harbor and later lived in Greenport. He became master of the giant Leviathan in 1928 and later commanded the liner George Washington.

At one o'clock on Saturday morning, August 25, 1851, the ship Catherine of Liverpool went on the beach at Amagansett. She carried three hundred Irish immigrants and a cargo of iron, salt, and soap. The passengers were landed safely, baggage and all, except for a few of the poorest whose luggage was stowed below; they lost everything. Most of the cargo was lost or damaged. The ship soon filled with water and went to pieces. Her bare bones could still be seen at the water's edge a few years ago. The Sag Harbor *Corrector* said at the time that the Wednesday following the wreck the steamer Achilles arrived from New York and took on board passengers and their baggage; towed by the Achilles was a lighter, the Martha Stuart, which took away the Catherine's sails, rigging, chains, and anchors.

Two of the Catherine's passengers stayed in the township the rest of their lives. The ship's master, Captain Heselton, put a notice in the Sag Harbor paper thanking

the people of Amagansett for their kindness to his wife, who died a few days after the shipwreck at the home of Mrs. Henry Conklin. Patrick Lynch, bound when he left Ireland for the gold fields of California, settled down in East Hampton where his grandchildren and great-grandchildren live today.

All that we know about the ship *Virgin Mary* is a note made in the *Journal of J. Madison Huntting of East Hampton*: "Nov. 10, 1854—The French ship *Virgin Mary* came ashore at the highland loaded with immigrants." (The highland was between Amagansett and Montauk.)

THE ELIZABETH

One of the most memorable wrecks on Long Island's south shore was the bark *Elizabeth*, lost at Fire Island in 1850. Her story appears in the Lighthouse chapter.

THE FRANKLIN

On July 17, 1854, the side-wheel steamer *Franklin*, bound from Havre, France, to New York, Captain James A. Wooten, Master, went ashore at Center Moriches in a heavy sea and dense fog. She struck the outer bar six hundred feet off the beach at 8:30 in the morning. The big anchors were thrown overboard to hold her, but the chains parted and she struck hard and fast, not far off the beach. The steamer *Leviathan*, Captain Hazard commanding, saw her predicament and sailed on to New York to notify the owners. There was no Life Saving Service on the beach then, and the first thing Moriches people knew about the wreck was when the *Franklin* fired guns to attract attention.

By the time the Moriches men had crossed Moriches Bay in small boats, the Franklin's fate was sealed. She lay broadside to the beach. But the volunteer rescuers were able to help passengers and crew to land in safety. They had taken to the ship's small boats; some were capsized and the passengers dumped into the surf. Spectators dragged them to safety, then ferried them across the bay to the mainland where they were cared for in Moriches homes. By that time the last train had gone from Yaphank, so one resident, Sidney B. Topping, mounted his horse and rode toward New York to notify the ship's owners.

The Franklin carried 150 passengers, 50 in crew, foreign mail, and valuable imports. She was 263 feet long, with a 41-foot beam and 26-foot draft, of 2195 tons; a fairly new ship, launched 1850. She had a handsome, seven-foot carved figurehead, a bust of Benjamin Franklin.

On July 18, tugs and sloops came to the rescue from New York. Mail, cargo, and luggage was saved from the shore side. After several days when the storm subsided it was possible for horses and wagons to reach the vessel's side and cart things away to boats where the stuff was ferried across the bay and shipped by train from Yaphank. After several weeks it became clear that the ship could not be saved. Everything removable was sold, including the figurehead, which is now located in Maine.

The Franklin's hulk was used during World War II as a target for army fliers' machine guns. It is now a half-mile from shore and discernible at low tide. It is interest-

ing to note that the shore of Long Island at that point has receded about half a mile since 1854

THE DANIEL WEBSTER

Not much is known about the brig Daniel Webster, that went ashore at Amagansett on March 25, 1856. She was bringing from the Canary Islands a cargo of salt, rice, nuts, and fruit. One of her crew was John Lawrence, a young man from Plymouth, Massachusetts. He married an Amagansett girl, seventeen-year-old Nancy Edwards, and settled in East Hampton where his descendants live today.

THE JOHN MILTON

The story of the loss of the John Milton at Montauk on February 20, 1858, is told in the Lighthouse chapter. The mate of the Ashland, which went on the bar at Southampton in 1846 or '47, perished on the John Milton.

THE SLAVE SHIP MYSTERY

The story of a possible slave-ship supposedly scuttled off Montauk Point on or about September 18, 1858, is contained in a letter, unsigned, written evidently to the Collector of the Port in Sag Harbor the following day. The letter is in the Pennypacker Long Island Historical Collection at the East Hampton Library.

The writer tells the Customs man what he knows about the affair. Nine Portuguese seamen, he says, appeared in Sag Harbor the day before. They had been brought off Montauk by the son of Patrick T. Gould, lighthouse keeper. They paid young Gould with a Span-

ish doubloon, and also had other Spanish money. Their story was that they had come to Montauk from New London on a fishing smack; but Mr. Gould had seen them land in a good-sized boat more like a revenue cutter than a fishing smack, with fine brass fittings and superior finish. At ten-thirty the same night they hired one Nat Strong of Sag Harbor to convey them at once to New London.

"Today," the letter-writer said, "I am informed that Mr. Gould stated that another boat with thirteen Portuguese seamen passed round the Point eastward. He also saw a vessel, square-rigged, off Montauk, which suddenly disappeared. The belief is, she was scuttled. . . .

"One of the Portuguese, Parmental, has sailed from this village and is well known here. He was recognized by several who knew and spoke with him. What information you may have respecting illegal transactions may, in connection with the above facts, be made useful. My conjecture on these is, that the Portuguese have been engaged in a slave voyage, have been paid off, and their vessel brought to a point near Montauk, then scuttled and the crew landed by boats at two different points, one near Montauk and the other Block Island or Fisher's Island—to meet at New London or to separate from that point. That Parmental, being acquainted in Sag Harbor and vicinity, conducted the nine to the route to New London.

"Spanish doubloons are a rare coin hereabouts, as well as at New London, and men are *never* paid off in that currency. The wounded man may have received an accidental hurt, but the unusual haste and leaving in the

night, indicate a fear of inquiry as to the place, etc. of its occurrence."

THE GREAT EASTERN

Every fisherman on eastern Long Island knows that there is a rock off Montauk Point called the "Great Eastern." But by no means every one knows why the rock is so named, or exactly when the rock was discovered. The name comes from the great iron ship, then five times bigger than any other vessel afloat (693 feet long, 120 feet wide, of 18,915 gross tons) which struck this rock on August 27, 1862. The Great Eastern lived to become still more famous, because from it the first Atlantic cable was laid in 1866; but the rock off Montauk had ripped a hole 86 feet long and 9 feet wide in her outer hull.

The story of the great ship, which was a long series of disasters taking a toll of some twenty lives, was told by James Dugan in a series of articles in the *New Yorker* in the fall of 1953 and published in book form by Harper under the title "The Great Iron Ship" in 1954, tells how she sailed from Liverpool for New York on August 17, 1862, with 820 passengers and a great deal of freight. Ten days out, the ship arrived off Montauk Point. Quoting: "Because of the ship's deep draft, Captain Paton had again decided to come in by the Sound, this time to moorings in Flushing Bay. He slowed his engines and coasted within sight of the Montauk Light to await the Sound pilot. It was a calm, moonlit night. Two miles northwest lay the Endeavor Shoals, which, he knew, rose to within nineteen feet of the surface; it was the pilot's job to guide the Great Eastern through the tricky chan-

nel that lay between the Shoals and Montauk. Once through, she would be home free in the deeper waters of the Sound. At 1:30 a.m., the pilot's boat was sighted, and the Great Eastern moved slowly to meet him. As he was coming over the side, the men on the bridge heard a dull rumble, and the Great Eastern briefly heeled a few degrees to port. The pilot suggested that she might have touched a shifting sand shoal, and the ship continued on her way. An officer sent by Captain Paton to survey the bilge reported no leaks, and the ship made Flushing and moored at dawn, disembarking the passengers, who had been asleep during the curious incident off Montauk, on ferries for Manhattan. The ship's officers told reporters about the odd jolt, and Captain Paton hired a diver named Peter Falcon to go down and examine the hull, for the ship was now beginning to list to starboard."

The investigation revealed a great hole in the outer hull. The inner hull had saved the ship. Quoting: "Later, soundings made off Montauk revealed the presence of a rock needle, theretofore unknown, that reached to within twenty-four feet of the surface. For whatever consolation Captain Paton might derive from the fact, the Great Eastern had made a contribution to American hydrography. The needle was named the Great Eastern Rock, and still bears that name on mariner's charts."

When the Great Eastern made her maiden voyage to New York in June, 1860, people went from far and near to see her at her berth at West 12th Street. She was a great curiosity. Admission was charged, one dollar for adults, half a dollar for children. 143,764 tickets were

sold to sightseers at that time. Walt Whitman wrote about the ship. Longfellow wrote of her:

“Sublime in its enormous bulk
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk.”

Herman Melville called her “a vast toy.” Currier & Ives made lithographs of her.

The late Thomas Edwards of East Hampton left his “Memories” in typewritten form in the East Hampton library. He said that a good many people made the two-hundred mile round trip from East Hampton to New York to see the Great Eastern. “One poor chap,” he said, “found when he got there that he hadn’t enough cash left to go over the ship, so returned with only a view of her from a distance.”

The Great Eastern was designed by Isambard Kingdom Brunel, one of the most imaginative and clever naval architects of his day. He intended her for the Far Eastern trade, and expected her to carry 4,000 passengers, which she never did. He expected her to be unsinkable which, perhaps, she was—but everything else happened to her but sinking. She had six masts and five funnels, more than any ship has carried before or since. Brunel himself had a stroke on the day the Great Eastern was supposed to sail on its maiden voyage and died before she actually departed. There was a ghost story about a riveter having been sealed up alive between her hulls and a general belief that his ghost had put a jinx on the ship. The story was not a sailors’ superstition, for a workman’s skeleton actually was found inside the ship’s shell when the great white elephant was finally broken up in 1889.

S. J. WARING

When the S. J. Waring, a 400-ton sailing vessel, was stranded on the bar coming into Stony Brook on the north shore of Long Island in 1864 she had a story of Civil War bloodshed at sea behind her. Few details of the story are available. She had been chartered during the war as a transport by the Federal government. She was chased and caught by a Confederate privateer. A negro cook was left on board by the Confederates, to serve the prize crew of five Southerners. The cook, so the story goes, managed to get them drunk, killed them all, and sailed the vessel alone part of the way back to New York before he met a Union vessel and was given aid. Later in the same year the vessel went aground at Stony Brook.

PILOT BOATS

Large ships have for more than a hundred years employed pilots to guide them into the Port of New York. Today the piloting business is in the hands of a closed corporation, the New York Pilots' Association, just as it is in the other great ports of the world. Within living memory, however, the business was a free-for-all and there was great competition among pilots.

Several pilot boats were shipwrecked off the south shore of Long Island, in sailing-ship days. These were two-masted schooners, a hundred feet long or so, modeled after a mackerel-catcher, built sharp for speedy sailing; they would go far out to sea, looking for customers. Speed was a decided advantage; but their sharp

build was also a great disadvantage if one was unlucky enough to go ashore in a blow, because it would go deep into the soft sand and, more than likely, stay there. A pilot for the Port of New York was supposed to be an expert; but the wind and the weather are sometimes too much for even the experts.

In 1866, Pilot Boat No. 24, the Abraham Leggett, went ashore off East Hampton. No lives were lost but the boat was a total wreck. On March 9, 1867, the pilot boat William Bell went ashore at Amagansett.

AMSTERDAM

A spot at Montauk which was named for a wreck is Amsterdam. This particular bit of beach is a favorite with surfcasters for striped bass in the fall. Off here, two miles west of the Lighthouse, the British iron steamer Amsterdam went on the rocks in a dense fog on October 21, 1867. She was 280 feet long, bound from Malaga, Spain, to New York with a cargo of raisins, grapes, lemons, Spanish lead, and Malaga wine. Her boiler can still be seen at low tide; black, deeply bedded in the sand, it looks like a whale's back.

THE PACIFIC

For generations, boys ranging the beach at East Hampton or Wainscott have occasionally picked up in the sand a clay pipe, colored like a meerschaum by the action of sun, sand, and salt water. These were great treasures. The pipes were probably deposited on Long Island on June 3, 1871, when the ship Pacific, bound from Glasgow to New York, went ashore at East Hamp-

ton opposite the dune where the Sea Spray Inn stands today. She went on the beach with all sails set, a beautiful sight, so old people used to recall. No lives were lost; the ship was lightened of her cargo—tiling and clay pipes—and got off at high tide, with the help of Nathaniel Dominy. That was on a Sunday morning. The one church in East Hampton at the time—Presbyterian—never had such a small congregation; everybody was at the beach, and everybody got a “beach pipe.”

ALEXANDRE LA VALLE

On January 23, 1847, a French steamship, *Alexandre La Valle*, went ashore at Old Town, Southampton, loaded with brandy, ale, porter, French wine, potash, and rags for paper-making. Officers and crew, thirty-three in number, were saved. The vessel finally went to pieces after six months' work had been wasted trying to save her. Her iron hull could be seen at low tide for many years afterward. Some choice brands of liquid refreshment found their way into local cellars.

Captain George G. White of Southampton, a retired whaleman who had worked himself up from cabin-boy to the quarterdeck, assembled a volunteer crew which rescued the men on board the *La Valle*. In an article about Long Island in *Harper's* magazine (1878) Captain White was described as “a man who is ready to lead where any one dares to follow.” He was often called upon to take command of lifeboats. His crew fought their way to the *Alexandre La Valle* through heavy seas, making three trips to the stranded ship before they had rescued the whole crew. The officers of the *La Valle*,

which hailed from Nantes, France, were highly entertained by Southampton people and appeared quite unconcerned about the ship. The captain, E. Courtoir, was replaced by a Captain Eudal who arrived from France late in February.

A cannon from this ship and later (1893) an anchor and chain from the wrecked Lykens Valley were preserved on the property now that of St. Andrew's Dune Church in Southampton. The nucleus of this church building was the first small Life Saving Station built in Southampton in 1851.

Fact and Fancy

IN ADDITION to the very real dangers of fog and tempest and faulty ship construction or faulty human performance at sea, there is also an occasional incident at sea or along shore which while probably not supernatural is hard to explain. Two incidents said to have taken place in Gardiner's Bay about one hundred and fifty years apart and reported in New York newspapers, cannot be substantiated but are worth repeating.

The New York *Gazette* published on March 18, 1754, a letter written on Plum Island the preceding February 4. It told of a ghostly naval battle witnessed the day before by several men of unquestioned veracity. These men were drawing seine for menhaden in the waters between Gardiner's Island and Plum Island.

The eye-witnesses described "an Appearance like three ships full rigged, with their sails spread, the largest of which had a Pendant at her Main-Top Mast Head; the Persons who saw it were so near them that they could plainly discern the Men upon the Quarter-Deck, as also their Yards, Tops, Blocks, Rigging, and other appurtenances belonging to ships; and in a few minutes they

seemed to engage each other; they could see the Smoak of their guns, but hear no Report.

"In the Time of their engagement they put about several Times, and the large ship haul'd up her Courses; the whole was performed with the utmost Dexterity, as tho' they were navigated by the most skilful Mariners; and thus it continued for the space of a quarter of an hour and then by Degrees vanished away. As we look upon it to be a supernatural Production so the Consequences of it we shall not pretend to determine."

The above was discovered and contributed to the Long Island *Forum* for April, 1954, by Dr. Clarence Ashton Wood.

A second apparition seen in Gardiner's Bay was reported in the New York *Sun* for March 22, 1882. It had taken place the previous summer. The *Sun* writer had joined a menhaden fishing schooner at Promised Land for a short outing. The mate said solemnly when he came on board: "I hope we don't go off Montauk Point. I've seen ships sailing around in the night in a dead calm, out there." The *Sun* writer laughed. Two nights later they came to anchor in Gardiner's Bay with a load of fish on board. It was a still, stifling night. The mate and the vessel's guest stretched out on deck. The New York man awoke with a jerk. The mate, shaking like a leaf, pointed out over the rail. "A big schooner was bearing right down on us at a ten-knot rate," the story ran, "and not a breath of wind in the bay."

When the ship should have crashed into them, the *Sun* writer said, it dissolved into thin air. He said that it could have been a phosphorescent light from the men-

haden—the bay was full of them—but he never felt quite sure.

Perhaps what the bunker-fishermen in Gardiner's Bay had witnessed was the same phenomenon once described to the writer by the late Henry Chase Filer of East Hampton. Mr. Filer was in the Life Saving Service some seventy years ago. Patrolling the beach between Hither Plain and Ditch Plain stations at Montauk one night in a driving snowstorm, he saw a pale light burning on a pole which had been set up near where the Spanish brig Braganza had been wrecked. At first sight, it looked just as if the wrecked ship had a light on her masthead. When he came up to the pole, Mr. Filer hit it with his stick and the light drifted off.

It was probably St. Elmo's Fire, a discharge of electricity seen occasionally in stormy weather at sea at a masthead or yardarm, or on land at the end of some pointed object such as a church steeple or tree. It is generally accompanied by a crackling or fizzing noise. The name St. Elmo is an Italian corruption of St. Erasmus, patron saint of sailors in the Mediterranean; and the appearance of St. Elmo's Fire is supposed to be lucky.

XI

1875-1900

THE GREAT WESTERN

LESSER known today than the Great Eastern but designed by the same man, was the steamship Great Western of Bristol, England, which also came to grief off Long Island. The Great Western was the first ship, solely steam-propelled, to be used for regular ocean crossings. She was 264 feet long, of 5,000 tons and carried both passengers and freight and was very popular because of her speed, unusual for those days. She took thirteen days and three hours for the westward voyage, twelve days and ten hours eastward.

She came near being the first ship to cross the Atlantic to New York entirely by steam, arriving in New York in the spring of 1838 only six hours after the Dublin packet Sirius, a 703-ton vessel so hopelessly overloaded that it was little short of a miracle that she did not founder. When Samuel Cunard arrived in New York in 1839 to organize the Boston branch of his new steam packet company, he came by the Great Western. In 1840 his first four small vessels were built on the Clyde.

Forty-six years after her first trans-Atlantic trip, the

Great Western was no longer a sensation. By that time she was devoted solely to freight. On January 26, 1876, going from Messina, Italy, to New York with a cargo of fruit, she became a total wreck on the beach at Fire Island, two miles west of Lone Hill at Sayville. No lives were lost; all thirty-six on board were saved. (The Life Saving Service report—Lone Hill Station—called her only a 2000-ton vessel in 1876.)

THE HELEN G. HOLWAY

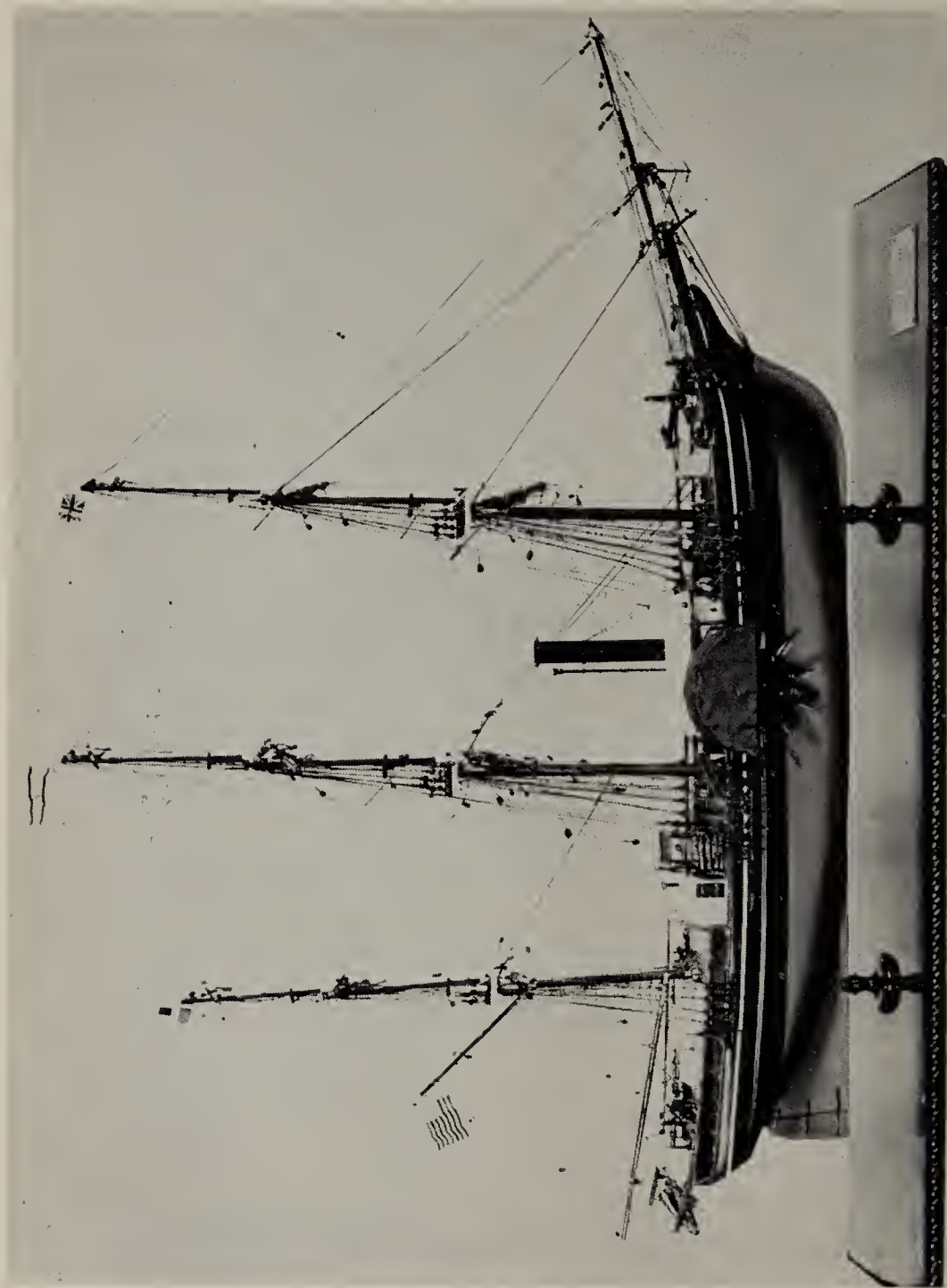
On April 4, 1876, the Helen G. Holway of Machias, Maine, a schooner of 223 tons with a crew of seven, was wrecked a few miles east of Fire Island Inlet. She was bound from Cienfuegos in Cuba to Boston with a cargo of sugar and molasses. She grounded about 125 yards from the beach. The crew took to their boats and tried to row ashore, but capsized. All but one were drowned.

THE ANNIE C. COOK

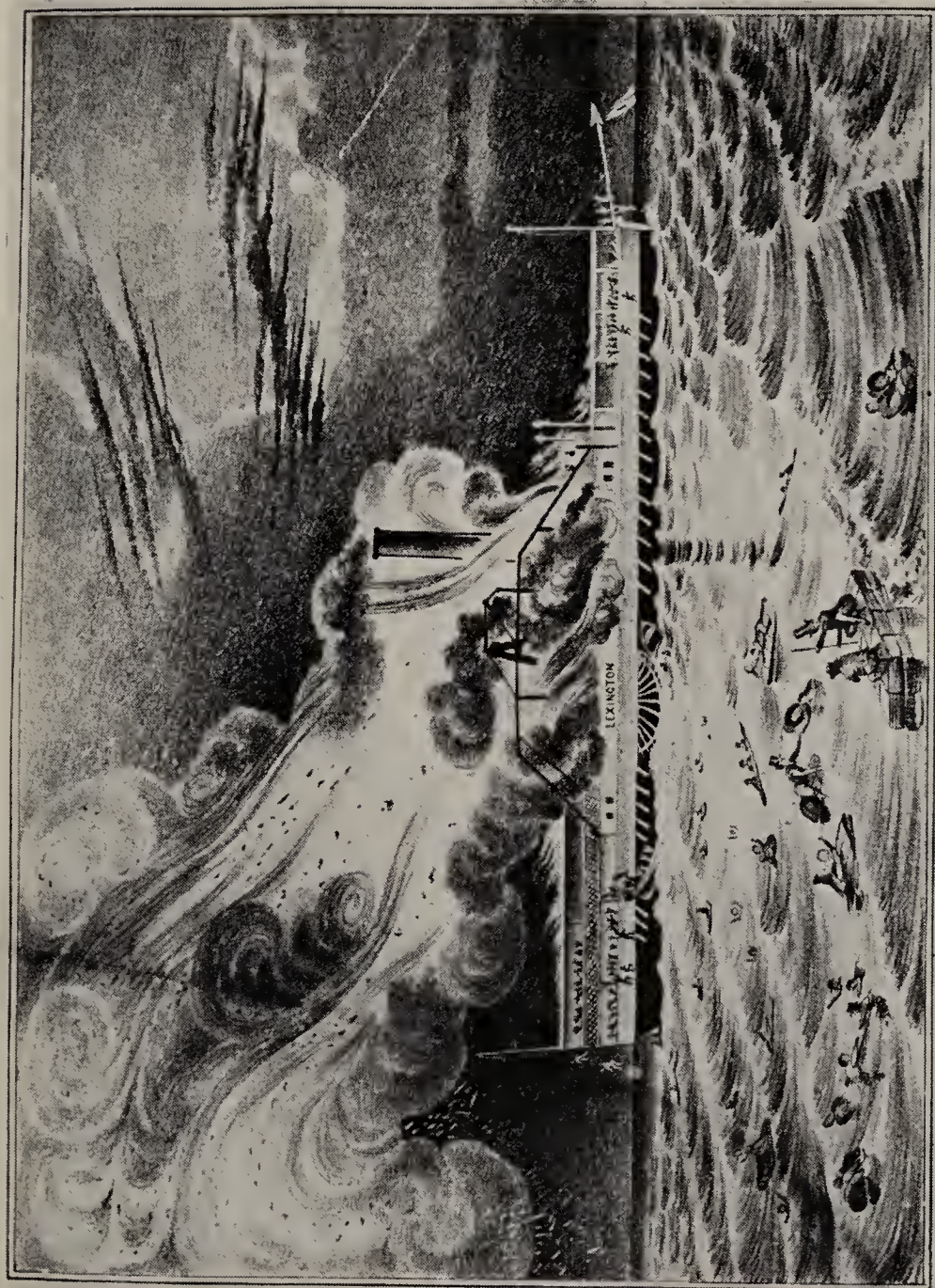
The Liberty Pole for Southampton Village from 1876 to 1930 was once one of the masts of the schooner, Annie C. Cook, wrecked off Shinnecock Point, Southampton, on November 19, 1876. The 223-ton schooner and its crew of nine were bound from Bonair in the West Indies to Providence, R.I., with a cargo of salt. No lives were lost. The salt melted away; the vessel's timbers lay upon the beach. (The mast—Southampton's first Liberty Pole, erected in the centennial year of the birth of our nation—was set up at the foot of Job's Lane in what was later called Monument Square.)



HMS SYLPH Model of British 22-gun sloop of war wrecked Jan. 16, 1815, on Shinnecock Shoals with loss of more than 115 lives. Courtesy, *National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England.*



THE SAVANNAH First ship to use steam in crossing an ocean, 1819. Lost with all on board, 1821, at Fire Island, New York. Model above made by Capt. H. Percy Ashley. *Courtesy, Marine Museum, City of New York.*



Young & Lobb, Rochester, N.Y.

LEXINGTON

*Awful Conflagration of the Steam Boat
 Eve. Jan. 13th 1840 by which melancholy occurrence over 100 PERSONS PERISHED.*

In Long Island Sound on Monday

Courtesy, The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.



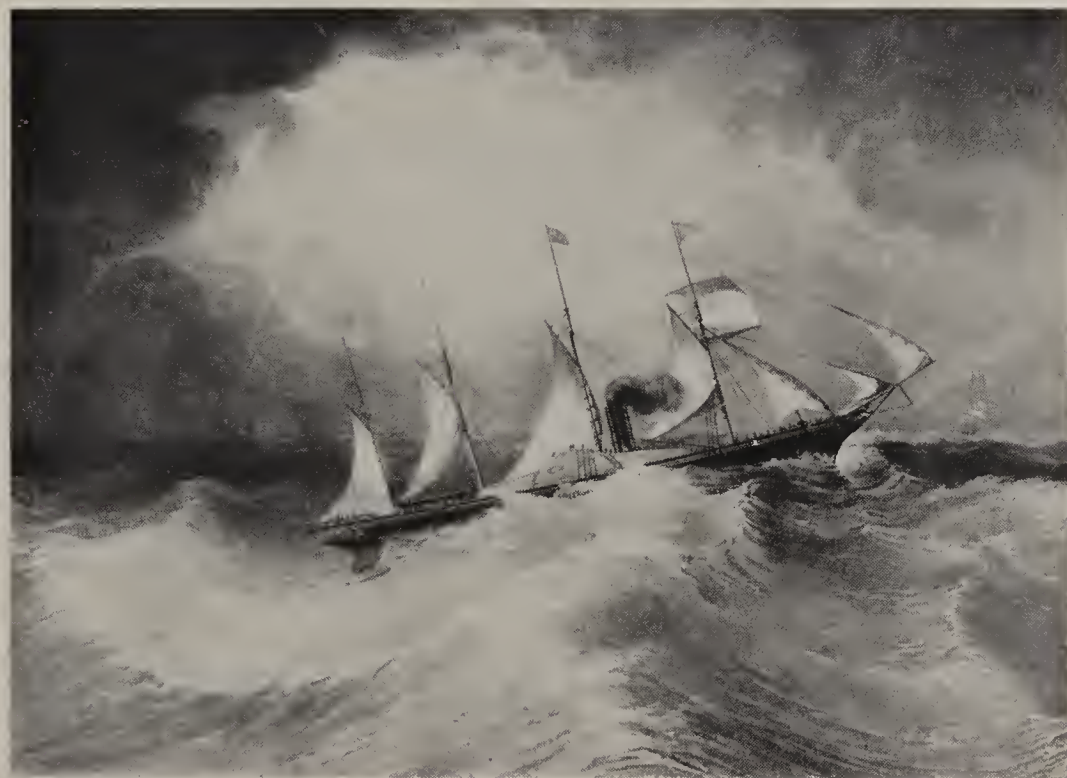
THE FRENCH PACKET, LOUIS PHILIPPE Wrecked 1842 at Mecox. From painting by Frederick Roux. Havre, France, 1843. *Photograph lent by Harry B. Squires, from print in Cator Collection, Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Md.*



END OF VOYAGE Photograph of unidentified wreck taken many years ago; marked "near First House, Montauk". *Courtesy, East Hampton Free Library.*



THE GREAT EASTERN World's largest ship, 1862, when she was damaged on a rock since called by her name off Montauk Point. *Courtesy, The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.*



THE GREAT WESTERN First ship solely steam propelled to be used for regular ocean crossings, 1838. Turned freighter, she was wrecked at Fire Island Jan. 26, 1876. *Courtesy, The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.*



Dreadful calamity off the Long Island coast. The ill-fated ship "Circassian" ashore off Bridgehampton Dec. 30, 1876, breaking in half with a terrible crash, during the fearful storm. Crew are in the rigging and lashed to the iron mast. *Contemporary newspaper sketch, from Harry B. Squires' collection.*



SINKING OF THE STEAMSHIP OREGON OF THE CUNARD LINE

By collision with an unknown Schooner off the Coast of Long Island, on her voyage from Liverpool to New York on Sunday Morning, March 14th, 1886, and Rescue of the Passengers, Officers and Crew (Rescued) by the Steamship FULDA of the North German Lloyd's Line, Pilot Boat Phantom and Schooner Fannie A. Gorham

Courtesy, The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.

Sinking of the steamship "Oregon" of the Cunard Line.



THE GLUCKAUF German tanker bound from Stettin to New York, stranded on outer beach opposite Patchogue, 1893. From Harry B. Squires' collection; the original in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April, 1897.



THE BARK, ELMIRANDA Bound New York to Portland, Maine, stranded 1894 off Wainscott; crew member coming ashore in breeches buoy. *Courtesy, J. Howard Hand.*



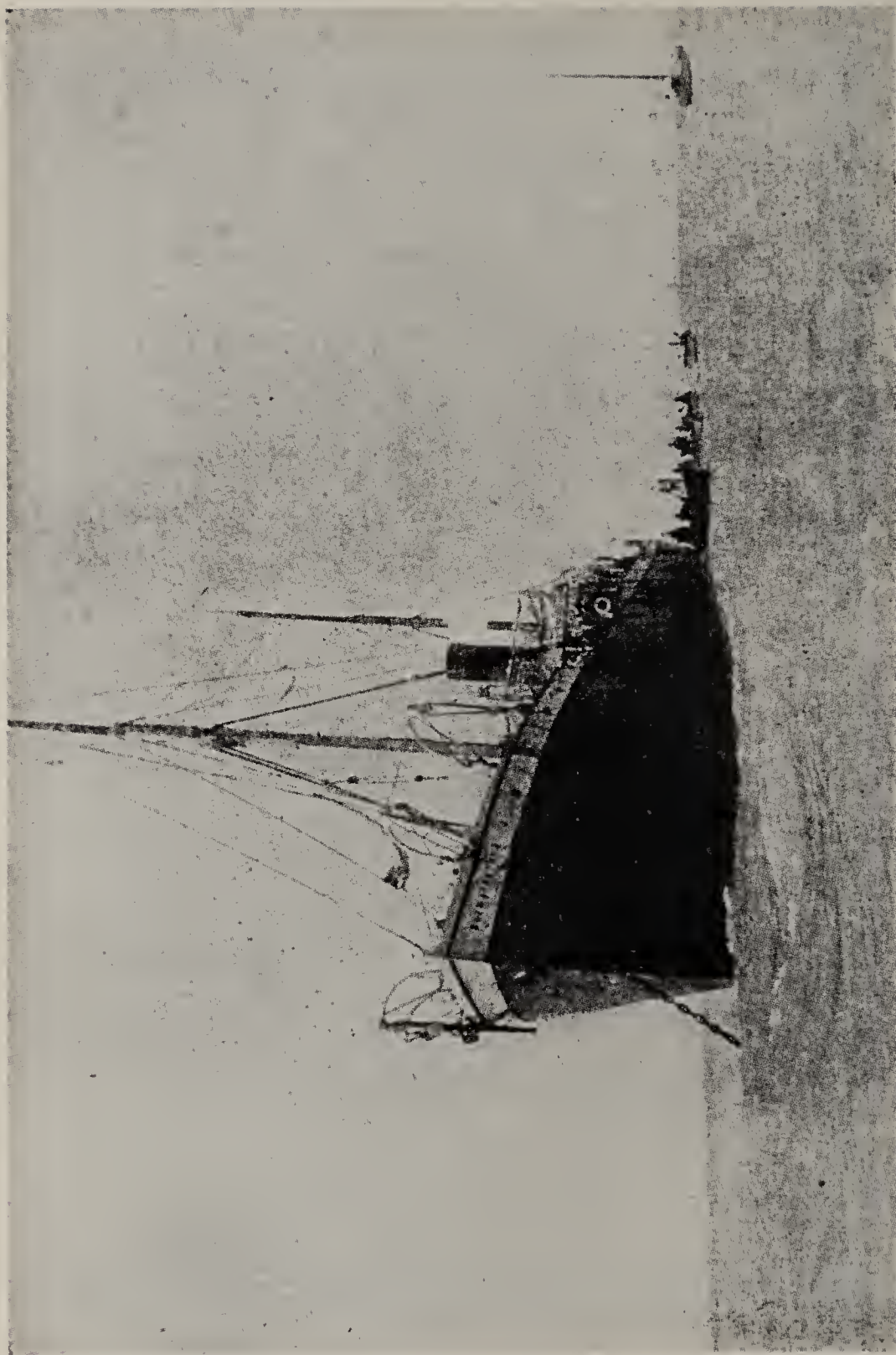
THE SCHOONER, LOUIS V. PLACE Lost at Lone Hill, Sayville, February 8, 1895. The painting shows Capt. W. H. Squires and five crew men frozen in rigging; two men saved. *Courtesy, J. Howard Hand.*



THE BEACH PATROL Engraving from Harper's Weekly for Jan. 6, 1894. *Courtesy, New York Public Library.*



MECOX LIFE SAVING SERVICE CREW Bridgehampton, 1897, as pictured in New York Times. Left to right: Mortimer H. Cooper; John N. Hedges, the Keeper; Edwin F. Stephens, No. 1 man; Thomas Tyndall; Frank M. Talmage; Carl Hedges; J. Howard Hand. *Courtesy, Harry B. Squires.*



BUENA VENTURA Wrecked at Montauk, 1906, three lives lost. On April 22, 1898, she was a Spanish freighter carrying mails and despatches and was captured by U.S.S. Nashville. From *Harry B. Squires' Collection*.



FIGUREHEAD, BARK, BELLE OF OREGON Wrecked at Westhampton, Feb. 2, 1902; crew of four perished. *Courtesy, The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.*



THE LARCHMONT Joy Line steamship sunk in Long Island Sound after collision 1907, with loss of 131 lives.



PRINZESS IRENE OF NORTH GERMAN LLOYD Aground on outer bar, 1½ miles east of Lone Hill Life Saving Station on Fire Island in heavy fog, April 6, 1911, 2100 on board, bound for New York from Naples. Life boat going off. A. Noble Chapman photograph. Courtesy, Queens Borough Public Library.



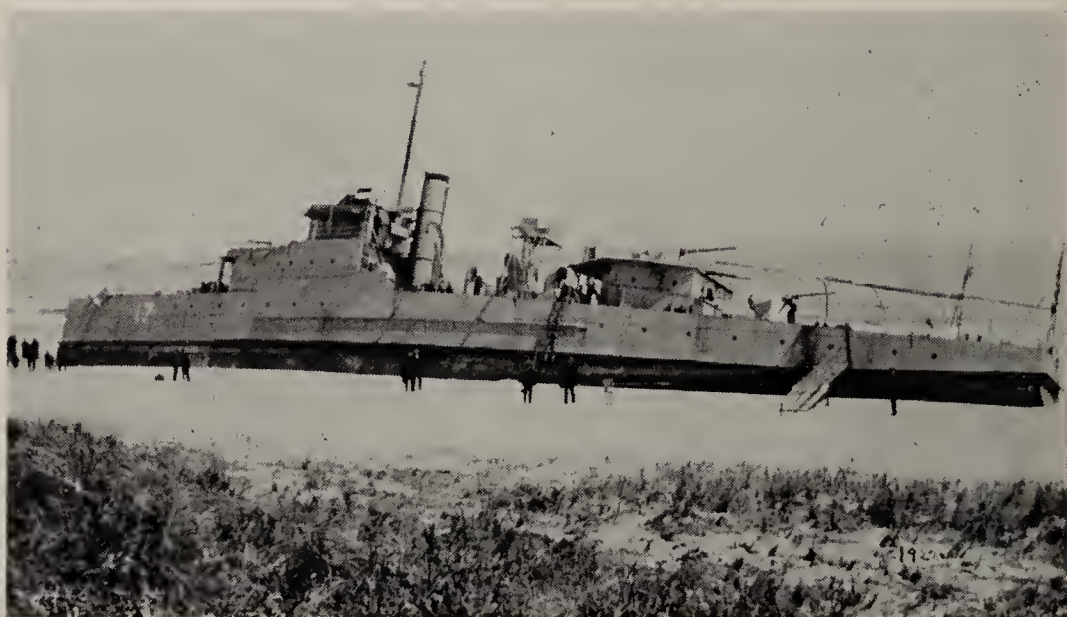
CLAN GALBRAITH Norwegian freighter high and dry on beach near Water Mill July 22, 1916. She was sunk in English Channel by a German submarine in 1918. *Courtesy George E. Winters.*



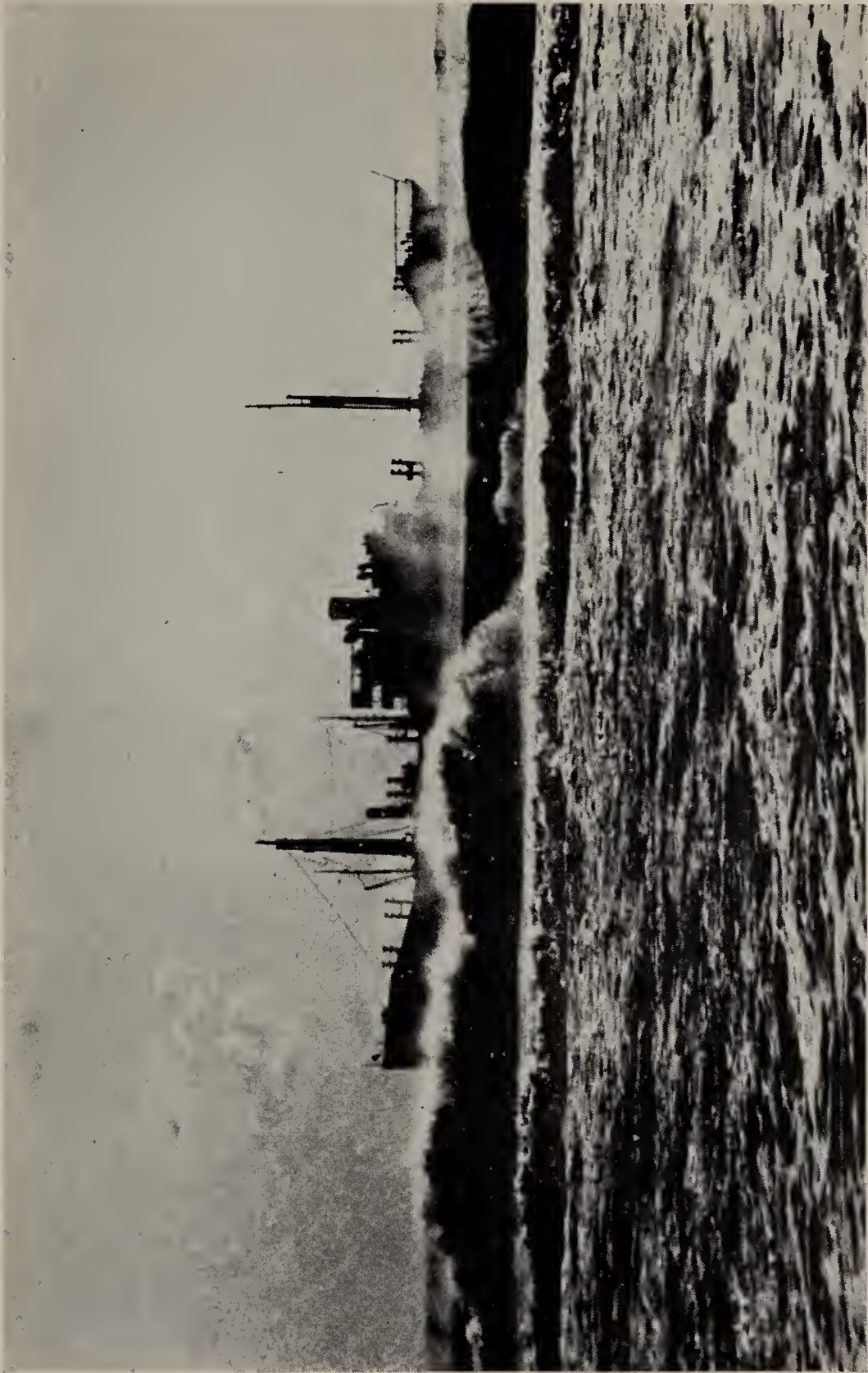
THE KERSHAW, Merchants and Miners Line. Stranded at East Hampton March 12, 1918.



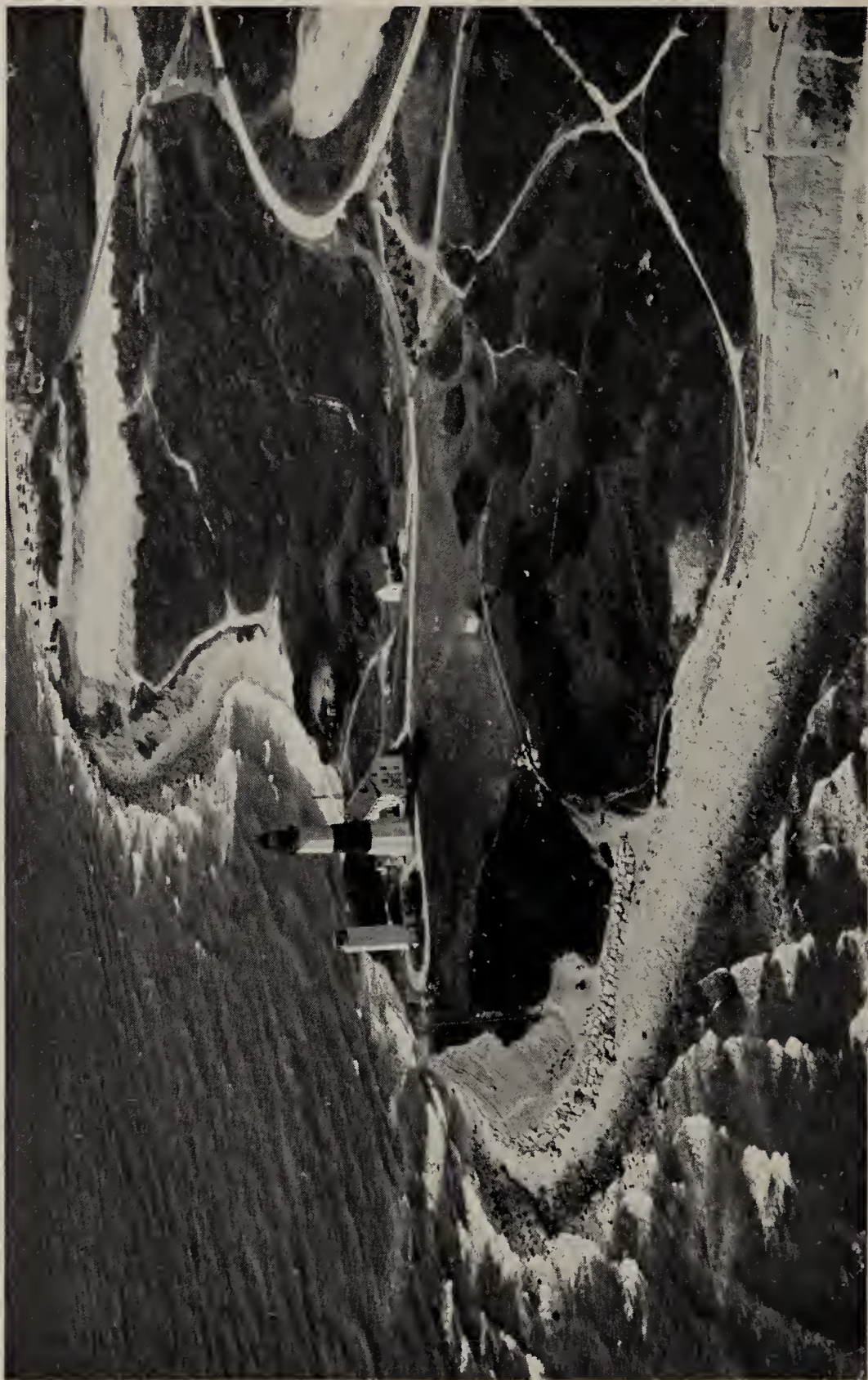
U.S. ARMY TRANSPORT NORTHERN PACIFIC Carrying wounded soldiers home from World War I, aground off Fire Island January 1, 1919.



U.S. EAGLE BOAT NO. 17 Submarine chaser high and dry on beach between East Hampton and Amagansett, 1922. *Courtesy, Mrs. William F. Geil.*



THE FREIGHTER, WILLIAM R. PAGE On bar at Westhampton January 4, 1931.



MONTAUK LIGHT From the air. *Dave Edwardes Photo.*

THE CIRCASSIAN

The loss of the Circassian on the night of December 30, 1876, on the outer bar off Mecox with twenty-eight of the thirty-two men on board has been told and re-told; this was especially remembered among Long Island wrecks because ten young Shinnecock Indians were among those drowned when the ship went to pieces, thus practically wiping out the pure-blooded members of that tribe. From onlookers' testimony, the loss of life seems to have been needless.

The 1741-ton, full-rigged iron ship, 280 feet long, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet draft, carrying an assorted cargo, had been in trouble several times before, during her twenty-odd years. During the Civil War she sailed under British registry as a blockade-runner, probably carrying cotton to England in exchange for supplies furnished the Southern states. While engaged in this business she was captured by the Northern Navy, about 1862-3. She carried heavy cannon, and was subsequently used as a supply and mail ship. On her last voyage she was sailing along the Long Island coast toward New York, from Liverpool, again under British registry. Her grounding, so her Captain, Richard Williams, afterward claimed, was due to a compass error. She ran on the bar about 400 yards offshore, some twenty rods west of the Mecox Live Saving Station, at 10:35 on Monday night, December 11. On board the Circassian at that time were forty-nine people; the ship's company of thirty-seven, and twelve passengers whom she had taken aboard at sea a day or two before from a wrecked vessel named the Heath Park.

The Mecox keeper, Baldwin Cook, immediately discovered the vessel's predicament but because of the weather (a heavy surf was running) and tide, decided to wait until dawn before beginning any rescue operations. Meanwhile he summoned the stations on either hand, Southampton and Georgica.

The Journals at the Mecox and Georgica stations from December 12 through January 2 describe the weather and operations in aid of the distressed vessel. By 10:30 a.m. the tide was down but a strong set was running to the westward and the surf was still heavy. The lifeboat was launched. "Made seven trips in all, filled the boat once, and broke five oars," the record states. Captain Huntting, District Superintendent of the Life Saving Service, supervised the rescue in person. All hands on board were sent to New York, except sixteen of the stranded ship's company, including its master and officers, who remained upon the scene.

The Coast Wrecking Company was engaged to save vessel and cargo, and commenced operations under direction of Captain Perrin, an agent of the company, and its local agent, Captain Charles A. Pierson. Captain John Lewis of New York, a former master of the *Circassian*, was put in immediate charge of the work on board, assisted by three engineers from New York, and twelve local men, ten of whom were Shinnecock Indians living on the Reservation west of Southampton. These, with sixteen of the ship's regular crew, stayed on the *Circassian* during salvage operations. Captain Luther D. Burnett of Southampton was also employed by the wrecking

company to run boats back and forth while lightening the ship.

The ship was in a bad position, "lying across the bar with her bow to the southwest, on ground amidships, and balancing somewhat like a rocking horse," as Edward H. Moeran wrote in the September, 1942, *Long Island Forum*. Her position doubtless had much to do with her subsequent loss.

Salvage operations went on without any trouble for over two weeks. People came from far and near to see the stranded ship. William D. Halsey, who was a boy at the time, said: "it was no use trying to have school." Mr. Halsey told who went off in the first crew to help the Circassian: Baldwin Cook, Captain Gurdon Ludlow, Samuel Cook, John A. Sandford, Edwin Forrest Stephens, Samuel Howell, Erastus E. Halsey, and Hiram Sherrill of East Hampton. (J. Howard Hand, a boy of five at the time, said his great uncle John Sandford added Henry Ludlow's name.)

Friday, December 29, came in cloudy, with an easterly wind. By nine a.m. the wind had veered to southwest, blowing hard. The Wrecking Company people felt sure the storm and its attendant high tide would help release the ship from its position astride the sand bar and would move her into deep water. They refused to let a lifeline be run from ship to shore for emergency use, fearing it might hamper operations. By ten a.m. the storm was worse. The lighters could no longer be operated and the cargo gang came ashore. Their leader, Captain Burnett, "an unexcelled surfman," urged Captain Lewis to bring his men ashore. "This is your last chance," he said, "for

no vessel can withstand the coming storm. My boat will be the last to come out here." Captain Lewis refused. He was so sure he could get off on the next high tide, and all hands would be needed to handle the sails when she rode clear of the beach. The Indians were good surfmen, some of them whaling veterans. They knew the situation perfectly well and, as Mr. Halsey wrote: "would probably have gone ashore then, but for the 'false courage' dealt out to them at this time."

At seven p.m. the air was thick with snow. Tremendous seas were running. The ship was seen rolling and pounding heavily on the bar. Those on shore saw a distress signal. It came too late. At eight p.m. the gear was in position to attempt rescue by lifeline and breeches buoy. Meanwhile, the ship had moved not out but in-shore, and lay in a worse position than ever. Suddenly the wind (the Life Saving record read): "chops round to the southwest with rain and blowing heavily, which brought everything to the leeward and forced us to shift our position." Time after time, the men on shore tried to get a line to the ship. By midnight the mainmast had fallen and the sea broke constantly over the Circassian's deck.

It was a fearful night. According to local stories, the doomed Indians could be heard at intervals above the howling wind and roar of the waves, singing hymns and praying as they hung in the rigging. Now and then the moon came through the clouds, and they could be seen. "It was an experience that went with the onlookers to their last day," one man said. At two a.m. the sailors had left the foremast for the mizzen-rigging. A little after

three o'clock, the ship's hull broke in two. It was thought afterward that so much had been taken from under her center hatch that she became too heavy at either end; this, added to her bad position on the bar and the storm, proved just too much. At four a.m., the iron mizzenmast careened to port, and settled into the sea with the men still clinging to the shrouds.

Nobody on shore expected to see any one of the thirty-two men alive after this. But Captain Huntting organized a lantern squad of some twenty men to patrol the surf to the east, about forty yards apart, on the lookout for survivors. A great shout went up as the rescuers carried up the beach four men who had jumped off the ship clinging to a hastily-made buoy. One of these four died soon afterward. The three who lived were the ship's first and second officers, both from overseas, and a Wrecking Company seaman from Newark, N.J. Mrs. Henry L. Cul-lum, 95, of East Hampton, says a cabin boy also survived and that she heard him lecture on the wreck later at Clinton Academy.

Life Saving station crews kept a systematic watch on the shore and frozen bodies were picked up all the way to Montauk Point. The bodies of Captain Lewis and the three engineers were taken to New York. The ten Indians were buried on the Shinnecock Reservation. The remaining fourteen were buried in the Old South End Cemetery in East Hampton, not far from the common grave of the sailors from the John Milton.

THE JAMES A. POTTER

The wreck of the three-masted schooner James A. Potter of Thomaston, Maine, bound from Pensacola, Florida, to Boston with a cargo of yellow-pine lumber, is a story with two parts. The first part is found in records of the then new Life Saving Service. On December 22, 1878, the 348-ton schooner with a crew of eight came ashore about four in the morning, three-quarters of a mile east of the Mecox Life Saving Station. Though the weather was clear a heavy sea broke close against the dunes so that it was difficult for the life savers to put their apparatus in place opposite the vessel. However, by six a.m. they had the Lyle gun set up and shot a line over the topmast stays and took the crew off in the breeches buoy. Only one man was lost; he had been washed overboard just after the schooner struck.

Evidently the schooner, abandoned, floated off the bar on the next high tide, for the late Everett J. Edwards recalled in February, 1950, how she came ashore at Amagansett. He was a small boy at the time. He said: "Mother kept watch, two or three times a day from the scuttle in the roof of our house at Amagansett." (The spyglass she and her husband, Captain Joshua B. Edwards, used to keep an eye on whatever went on at the beach, is still in the family.) "She saw a three-masted schooner, sails all set, ashore in range of Uncle Jesse Edwards' house on the dunes. My father went down. The tide was low; he waited until the sea made a break, so he could go aboard of the schooner. There was bare sand on the east side of her, but a sea swept round the bow on the west

side. It was winter, and making ice. The sea caught him. He dug his hands into the sand and stayed there, letting the sea run right over him before he raised up, or it would have swept him away. He boarded her. When the insurance adjusters sold her cargo he bought the pine timber. She was the James A. Potter. The name-board was nailed on Tom Rose's cornhouse for years."

Mrs. Norton Griffing now has that name-plate. Daniel Miller's country store at The Springs has a counter made from James A. Potter pine; fences and outbuildings were made from it in Amagansett and East Hampton; a carriage-house built from it by Jeremiah Conklin is now a pretty cottage. Details of the schooner's wrecking and the whereabouts of its bits and pieces made talk for months around the modern counterparts of the oldtime cracker-barrel—the fire house and the news store—after the subject was revived in 1950.

The spot where the James A. Potter came ashore for the second time was just about the same place where German saboteurs landed in a rubber boat in June, 1942, and buried in the sand explosives with which they planned "to blow up America."

THE COLUMBIA AND THE PHANTOM

Somewhere in the late 1870's or 1880's, the pilot boat Columbia disappeared mysteriously off Fire Island one dark night, leaving no trace. Charles Burr Todd in his "In Olde New York" (1907) has a Fire Island chapter which is fascinating but tantalizing, since it gives almost no dates. Mr. Todd visited Fire Island in 1885 and talked with Peter Keegan, Western Union telegraph operator

there, whose job it was to report the arrival of steamers several hours before they were due at their docks in New York. Mr. Keegan, on that job since 1878, had seen many wrecks from his window commanding a view of ocean, inlet, bay, and the long line of beach. He said: "I suppose I saw the last signal of the gallant fellows on the pilot boat Columbia . . . That night I sighted the Alaska and reported her; a few minutes later I saw a pilot boat setting her signal; then suddenly the latter's lights went out, and I saw the steamer lying to and cruising about as if searching for something. She did not leave until daylight, and reported being in collision with some vessel. The most singular part of it was that not a trace of the Columbia or of her crew was ever discovered." Just a year later, the Western Union man said, the pilot boat Phantom foundered at sea in a blizzard off Fire Island, and all hands were lost.

THE MARGARETHA

The ship Margaretha of Bremerhaven, Germany, bound to New York with a general cargo, twenty-two persons on board, was wrecked a mile and a quarter east of Smith Point Life Saving Station (Brookhaven) on January 27, 1882.

She came ashore about seven a.m. and grounded about 275 yards off the beach. A strong westerly gale was blowing, the weather was thick and the sea too heavy for a boat to go off. The life savers shot a line to her with some difficulty—the set going so strongly to the eastward was carrying the wreck along shore—and got the crew off in the breeches buoy.

THE DAYLIGHT

The brig Daylight of New Haven, Conn., carrying a cargo of raw sugar and casks from the West Indies, came ashore at Georgica Inlet, East Hampton, in a fog on June 1, 1882. The Georgica Life Saving Station men took off Captain Thomas Gibson, his wife and daughter, and the crew in the breeches buoy. The ship was saved. When the owner, a Mr. Armstrong who had a fleet of thirteen cargo vessels, arrived, he said: "That's the first mistake Tom Gibson ever made. He must have been looking for a short cut to New Haven. I'd put him in command of my best ship tomorrow."

THE CHARLIE HICKMAN

The 905-ton bark Charlie Hickman of St. John's, New Brunswick, bound from Liverpool to New York loaded with empty barrels and coal, came ashore around eight in the evening half a mile east of Forge River Life Saving Station (Center Moriches) on December 22, 1884. It was thick weather, with a strong south wind and heavy sea running. After several attempts, the life savers shot a line to the vessel. Fifteen out of the crew of sixteen were brought ashore safely in the breeches buoy; the sixteenth, a boy, was swept out of the seat as he was being hauled to the beach.

THE CUNARD STEAMER OREGON

Probably the largest vessel given up as a total loss off the south side of Long Island was the Cunard steamer Oregon from Liverpool that sank off Center Moriches on

Sunday, March 14, 1886. The Cunarder carried 845 people, including passengers and crew, and was proceeding under a full head of steam toward New York when at 3:45 a.m. she was struck by a deep-laden three-masted schooner. Three holes were stove in the big ship's side. The two vessels drifted apart in the darkness after the collision. People on the Oregon could hear the despairing cries of the schooner's crew, as she settled and sank. No one ever knew the schooner's name, or who went down on her.

The steamship also began to fill. Her engines stopped running. The North German Lloyd steamship Fulda, the pilot boat Phantom, and a schooner, the Fannie A. Gorham, came to her assistance. By 11:30 a.m. all passengers and crew had been taken off safely. Captain Cottier was last to leave his ship. At 1:30 Sunday afternoon the Oregon went down, head first, with a great noise, in sixty feet of water.

She became a hopeless wreck. Six divers were at work that spring and summer getting out the mail and the cotton cargo, while the ship went to pieces.

The Oregon was built in Glasgow, Scotland; she was 360 feet long, 40 feet wide, 24 feet deep, of 2,373 gross tonnage. She was probably one of the largest and fastest vessels afloat in her time. She once made an Atlantic crossing in six days, ten hours and forty minutes, westward; and another, eastward, in about the same time.

THE JAMES T. ABBOTT

According to older residents in the neighborhood, there was something fishy about the 200-ton brig James

T. Abbott of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, commanded by a Captain McCloud, bound from Turks Island ostensibly for Vineyard Haven, Mass., with a cargo of salt. She went ashore at Wainscott on June 24, 1886. Salt, they say, was a very convenient cargo to claim because it could disappear so easily in the sea.

Local newspapers at the time reported that the vessel broke up quickly. It was thought she was rotted from being in the ice trade to the West Indies.

"She was run ashore for the insurance," was the opinion of a local observer. "She was rotten all right, rotten as punk; an old vessel. There was very little surf when she came ashore. The crew jumped off the bowsprit onto the sand. The owner was on board; he was one of only three white men, the other six were crewmen from the West Indies. They brought off some gin and bay rum. There was no salt on board."

THE LEWIS A. KING

On December 18, 1887, a two-masted schooner, the Lewis A. King, came ashore high and dry a mile and a half southwest of Montauk Point. She struck at 12:30 a.m. on a Sunday at a spot called Stony Brook, Montauk. She was a vessel of 142 tons burden, Captain H. C. Farnham, master, bound from Boston to New York loaded with dates and pipe-clay. The captain had lost his bearings, he said, and mistook the lighthouse at Montauk for Watch Hill Light on Rhode Island. The crew of five men and the captain's sister came ashore in the afternoon without assistance. The lighthouse keeper did not notice the ship ashore until a crewman appeared there; nor did

the Life Saving Station men, since the beat of the station men at Ditch Plain, three miles to the westward, did not extend that far. Nobody was alarmed about the vessel; she was new and in good condition.

A couple of weeks later the Scott Wrecking Company of New London came over; but they asked more than the captain was willing to give for pulling off the vessel, so they went away.

On January 28, 1888, the East Hampton *Star* reported that the Lewis A. King was still in position. It was almost two years later—in November, 1890, that she was reported to have broken up.

Meanwhile, the dates, in 300-pound sacks, were salvaged, and date pudding was a favorite dessert in eastern Long Island for many months.

THE GEORGE APPOLD

The George Appold of Baltimore, a freight and passenger steamer bound from Providence, R.I., to Newport News, Virginia, wrecked at Montauk in 1889, is best remembered for her interesting cargo. The Appold carried one hundred barrels of New England rum, a great quantity of calico in ugly colors, some rather coarse clothing, and heavy, cheap shoes. Farm wagons came to Montauk from Amagansett and the nearby Hamptons to share in whatever might wash ashore. Thrifty mothers wore house dresses, aprons, and sunbonnets for years, made from a certain chocolate-brown calico with white rings on it, or another pattern in red and yellow; and made it into little girls' school dresses. Elderly women today recall with tears in their eyes how they loathed

those dresses, made of Appold calico. There was a great time matching up the shoes. Children hated to wear them, because their copper toes marked them as "wreck shoes." Bits of the calico are still in evidence; it went into patchwork quilts when the dresses wore out.

The night of January 8-9 was clear and calm when the George Appold came ashore at high tide at 1:30 a.m. a mile and a half west of Montauk Lighthouse, close by the spot where the schooner Lewis A. King had struck in 1887. The Life Saving Station men at Ditch Plain blamed the ship's second officer for carelessness; they said the man at the wheel of the Appold was the very same man whom they had warned off the very same rocks in the same boat, two years earlier. "Extraordinary steering," they called it.

Nobody was unduly alarmed that night, however. A lifeboat went off and brought one passenger ashore, but there seemed no immediate peril.

The next night a storm came up. The stranded vessel was lifted by the waves and dashed on a rock. She began to fill, from a hole in her bottom. Captain and crew decided to abandon her in the face of the increasing gale. A line was rigged from boat to shore and all hands were taken off with the breeches buoy.

The George Appold was a wooden ship of 1456 tons burden, clipper-bow build, schooner-rigged, painted black with a red band round her funnel; Captain William Fields was master. Her cargo was insured; the vessel was not.

The East Hampton *Star* for January 12, 1889, said that Wrecking Master Charles A. Pierson of Bridgehampton

visited the scene the first day; the following day he returned home, leaving the vessel in charge of Samuel T. Stratton of Third House, Montauk, who was underwriters' agent for the locality. The Appold would undoubtedly be a total wreck, Mr. Pierson said.

She had gone to pieces, the same paper reported on January 26. Part of the cargo not removed by the wrecking company was washed ashore. Quoting the newspaper: "Several parties obtained a whole wagon-load of shoes, boots, stockings, hats and underwear, enough to last them their natural lifetime. Small boys stowed bundles of stockings, etc., under their coats. Isaac Conklin's house on Montauk was broken into, and goods stored there by the wrecking company were stolen. The Coast Wrecking Company's agent, Mr. Pierson, will try to compel people to return the goods."

On February 2, a sale of wreck goods was reported. Theodore M. Stratton of East Hampton was auctioneer; people who had carted off the plunder were induced to return it by an offer of receiving half the sale price.

CANNIBAL INDIANS

The story of the English 2800-ton steamer Wingate, disabled off Georgica, East Hampton, on March 14, 1889, on its way to New York from Alexandria, Egypt, comes at third-hand, since none of the men who were in the Life Saving Station then is now alive; but it is worth repeating for the idea of America that a handful of Cockney sailors had, sixty-five years ago. Some British today with better opportunities than those poor sailors have an almost equally fantastic notion of this country.

The late Charles Raynor Bennett of East Hampton was on lookout at the Georgica station that day. He saw a big vessel offshore, evidently disabled. He saw her flag run up, a yellow pennant with a black J, and it was upside down which meant distress. Then he saw a lifeboat lowered. "I called down to Captain Nat," he said, "and he sent a crew out to meet the men in the ship's lifeboat.

"They were the most wretched-looking set of men I ever saw in my life, and they acted queer, very nervous. When they came ashore they walked across the beach and up the beach-bank in single file, the Captain ahead. When the English Captain reached the top of the bank and saw the station with U.S. LIFE SAVING STATION in big letters over the door, he said 'Thank God!' We asked him what was the matter. Then he told us what they had thought. They had planned to 'give one bloody leap for shore, then we'll run.'"

The Captain said they had drifted for several days without a rudder, just wallowing, the steamer's crank-shaft broken. He had a very old map. All it showed of East Hampton was the steeple of the 1717 Presbyterian Church—no Life Saving Station of any kind anywhere along the coast. (That map, Mr. Bennett said, was tacked on the wall at the Georgica Station as long as he could remember.) The men were hard-lookers, full of scurvy, their hands all raw from the cold. They had been so long without fresh water or food, they said, that they decided to come ashore, in spite of the Indians they expected to encounter. "They figured they might as well be et up by cannibal Indians as die out there of starvation," Mr. Bennett said.

The steamer carried rags from Egypt for use in paper manufacture, and bones; not the cleanest kind of a cargo. At the station, the Captain asked where he could send a telegram to New York, so a rig was hitched up to take him on that errand. He left orders for his crew to clean up. They cried with pain when they washed, and the blood ran out of their poor cracked hands. The Life Saving men gave them clean dry clothes out of a chest kept for that purpose. The Captain had orders in a couple of days to go to New York. The crew stayed at the station for a whole month. The first morning, some of the English crew came down to breakfast in their shirtsleeves. The Captain sent them back for their coats. That seemed funny to the easy-going Americans.

In New York, the Captain must have related his fears; and "perhaps we did look like wild Indians," Mr. Bennett used to say. "We always let our beards grow long in wintertime, to keep our necks warm on patrol; sometimes we would come in with our beards frozen to our clothes. It was tough traveling on the beach. We dressed in any old thing, so long as it was warm. I think the Wingate is the reason the government first issued a uniform to the Life Saving Service, so we wouldn't scare shipwrecked sailors."

The uniform issued shortly after the Wingate incident included navy blue "barn-door" pants (that buttoned at each side; but not bell-bottomed); a gray turtle-neck sweater with U.S. Life Saving Service across the front in blue; a cap with the same inscription; and a reefer much like the pea-jacket the Navy wears today.

The Wingate was towed to New York by the Bermuda steamer, Orinoco. The Georgica crewmen did a small, but thorough, job of bettering international relations.

THE OTTER

The breeches buoy, which saved so many lives, was unsuccessful during rescue operations at the wreck of the schooner Otter of St. John's, New Brunswick, a mile and a quarter east of the Bellport Life Saving Station on the morning of January 13, 1891, and two men were lost.

The Otter, 198 tons, with a crew of seven, was bound from St. Kitts in the West Indies to New York with a cargo of salt. She stranded at dead low water about two hundred yards off the beach in the heaviest line of breakers, just before two a.m. A high sea was rolling in from southward, effect of a gale a day or two before, but the wind had shifted to the west-northwest off the land and was blowing fresh.

The captain said afterward that he had made Fire Island Light bearing northwest about ten miles distant and as the schooner's sails and rigging had been badly weakened, he knew they would never stand up against such a breeze going in by Sandy Hook, so he decided to keep off and work around Montauk Point and reach New York through Long Island Sound. Worn out with two days and nights of bad weather, he went below and lay down all dressed for some sleep, giving the course to the mate. The mate failed to call him at midnight when he went off duty. The first the captain knew of the vessel's danger was when the wheelsman shouted down the companionway: "We're ashore!"

The Otter's stern swung in a little as she struck, putting her port side quarter nearest shore. In this position great seas broke on board, sweeping the deck, and the crew had to take shelter well aft on the port side. About three a.m. the glow of a Coston signal on shore let the anxious sailors know that their plight was known to the Life Savers.

The signal was from a Bellport man on patrol. He called the Smith Point and Blue Point stations. The Bellport men got the beach apparatus in place, it being too rough to launch a boat. The gun was fired and the line landed on the schooner's main boom topping lift. The sailors seized the line; they quickly clapped on and hauled off the whip, lashing it to the mainmast just below the jaws of the main gaff, the mainsail having been lowered soon after the vessel struck so they could do this. The operation of attaching the tail-block to the mast was, however, a difficult and dangerous one since that was the point where the seas broke on board with the greatest violence. Some time passed before the mate and two sailors could make it fast. The hawser followed. In the darkness, while this rope was being attached to the mast a foot or two above the whip, it became twisted around one part of the whip, causing the latter to work badly. The men on shore had great difficulty in drawing the breeches buoy back and forth, and it was so dark they could not tell why. When the signal was given that the hawser was fast on board, the buoy was sent off and rescue work commenced. No further hitch occurred until three sailors had been landed safely on the beach. Then there was a slight disarrangement of the gear which had

fatal results for the next man to get into the buoy, a colored sailor named Williams.

He had placed himself snugly in the buoy, when his weight made the hawser slip down the mast until it rested on the whip. The hawser therefore sagged to the rail—too low down—so that when the Life Saving men tried to haul the buoy ashore it caught inside the bulwarks. Trying to free the whip, the people on shore ran the buoy back to the mast two or three times. Meanwhile poor Williams, unable to climb out, was being smothered by the seas tumbling on board in rapid succession and was finally washed out of the buoy. The mate, perched above him on the jaws of the gaff, was powerless to help. He said afterward that the last he saw of the sailor he was hanging head down with one leg in the buoy. With the next wave he disappeared. The captain believed Williams to have been killed by a spare spar which had broken adrift and was thrashing violently about on deck. His body was found eleven days later in the ship's hold. Once Williams was out of the breeches buoy the Life Savers had no difficulty pulling it over the rail and ashore.

By this time it was daylight so the rescuers could see what they were doing. When the buoy was sent off again, those still on board signalled for it to stop at the schooner's rail. With great risk, the mate got into it and was drawn safely to shore. Now only the captain and a sailor named Robert Adams were left on board. The captain called to Adams to go next, telling him to take his time and be careful. Adams carried the captain's chronometer. He worked his way forward along the rail until

he reached the main rigging where the buoy hung ready for him to climb in. Stepping down from the shear pole onto the rail, he delayed just a moment to stamp his feet and beat his hands for the air was freezing cold. This brief delay proved fatal. He made a spring for the buoy and got one leg into it, when a big wave dashed on board and washed him away. A good swimmer, he struggled for a few moments to regain the vessel and the Captain tried to get forward to throw him a line. But a succession of heavy seas swept him out of reach and he was lost.

The captain waited for a slatch between the seas, which had increased in violence with the rising tide, and managed to get into the buoy. He was hauled ashore about seven a.m.

None of the cargo was saved. The vessel soon broke up.

COCONUTS

Surf-casting fishermen like a special spot on the beach at Montauk for striped bass; they call it Coconuts. It lies between the Ditch Plain Coast Guard station and the Point. The name comes from the wreck of the Elsie Fay on February 17, 1893. Her name-board is in Clinton Academy at East Hampton. She was a schooner of 172 tons, carrying a crew of seven, bound from Grand Cayman in the West Indies to Boston with a cargo of logwood and coconuts when she went on the rocks during a heavy snowstorm. The crew was rescued by breeches-buoy.

When the ship struck the rocks, so they said afterward, the ship's mascot, a parrot, screamed: "We'll all go to

Hell together, boys!" The parrot was found frozen stiff on shore the next morning.

When the Elsie Fay went to pieces, the surf was full of coconuts bobbing up and down. "Montauk people had coconuts in every style for about a year, and were sure to be given coconut cake whenever they were invited to a company meal in Amagansett or East Hampton," older people recall.

THE FANNIE J. BARTLETT

The Long Island Rail Road carried on its timetable for some thirty years a mysterious stop called "Fannie Bartlett," or simply "Bartlett." Few passengers had any idea what it meant. The stop was between the Amagansett and Montauk stations.

The name came from a shipwreck. The three-masted schooner, Fannie J. Bartlett, bound from Philadelphia to Boston, became a total wreck on the beach at Napeague on January 16, 1894. Her crew of ten were saved.

The Long Island Rail Road, which ended on the south shore at Bridgehampton up to that time, was being extended to Montauk in 1894. The first passenger train ran through to the Montauk station on Fort Pond Bay in 1895. There never was a village at the stop listed as "Fannie Bartlett." It was simply a flag-station with a platform for the convenience of fishermen who shipped fish from there, and for the Life Saving Station men at Napeague who would walk from there to the station. Nathaniel Dominy, Sr., of East Hampton had a fishing shanty at Napeague for years. It was doubtless he who first nailed up the wrecked ship's name-plate and chris-

tened the new flag-stop. Captain Samuel S. Edwards of Amagansett says: "The Long Island Rail Road really used to run accommodation trains. There were two other flag-stops between Amagansett and Montauk. One of them had a regular platform like Fannie Bartlett's, fish were also shipped from there. That was where the automobile road crosses the tracks today, east of George's Inn; and another stop was where the track went into a branch at Promised Land. The Bartlett stop was at the east end of what we call The Pines."

The East Hampton *Star* for January 26, 1894, said of the Fannie J. Bartlett: "Seas are now running over her whole length and she is filled with water. She is loaded with 1250 tons of coal, and was worth when she struck about \$50,000. Captain Hutchins owned a half interest in the boat, which he has well covered with insurance."

THE JOSEPH F. LOUBAT

The Joseph F. Loubat, a pilot boat, came ashore in a fog just east of Amagansett on January 16, 1894, in the same spell of bad weather that beached the three-masted schooner Fannie J. Bartlett just a little way farther east toward Montauk. The Joseph F. Loubat came over the bar and was fast in the surf. A Chapman Wrecking Company tug came to her assistance, but meanwhile a heavy sea had set in, and the wrecking tug would not send a boat over the bar to put a hawser on the vessel. But Captain Joshua B. Edwards of Amagansett, retired whaler, former Life Saving Station keeper, and still actively engaged in fishing at that time, was ready and willing to go to her from shore. Lewis S. Parsons of Ama-

gansett had a "gam" recently with George Mulford who was in the Life Saving Service in 1894 and they recall details of that day. "Cap'n Josh did some nice work in the surf with his little homemade dory," they said. "He had his son Bert with him, and Charles Mulford. They went off over the bar to the wrecking tug and brought ashore Mr. Chapman, one of the tug's owners, and the tug's captain. It was very rough coming ashore and but for very quick work on the part of the Amagansett men they would have capsized in the surf. The wrecking tug planted a two-ton anchor offshore outside the bar, with a heavy line attached to it; this line was pulled on board by the volunteers who boarded the pilot boat in the surf. The twelve men on the pilot boat (including the crew of six) were brought ashore just at night in the little dory; the Captain, Arne Petersen, was last to leave. Next morning, the Loubat was lying afloat just inside the bar; she was pulled over the bar and taken away by the tug.

THE ELMIRANDA

On April 21, 1894, a three-masted bark, Elmiranda of Portland, Maine, came ashore at 12:30 a.m. off Wainscott. She was a vessel of 622 tons, had just completed a voyage from Scotland and was going to Maine for repairs, carrying 1100 tons of coal from New York, commanded by Captain John Williams. She was named for two sisters, Elmira and Miranda.

She was first sighted by J. Everett Hand of the Georgica Life Saving Station, who notified Georgica and Me-cox and signaled the vessel. At daybreak the line mortar was used and a line made fast to the mizzenmast. The

crew of ten and the captain's son were brought ashore in the breeches buoy.

J. Howard Hand remembers that wreck very well. "It was my first experience handling the breeches buoy," he says, "and my hands were raw from it. The second mate walked out on the yard and fastened the whipline aboard. The ship's cook had got into the captain's cabin during the excitement and got hold of a bottle of Aquavit. By the time it was his turn for the breeches buoy, the tide had commenced to rise; the vessel was rolling toward shore with every wave, and that slacked up the hawser at the onshore side. When we got the cook as far as the surf, two big waves came along and buried him right up. But we got him ashore all right. He had a parrot inside his coat and the bottle of Aquavit tied round his neck. The parrot got wet. We put the cook into the old red fish-house by Wainscott Pond and he was fast asleep in no time. Condit Miller, who was in the Georgica station then, bought the parrot for two dollars. It used to swear like a pirate. Another sailor carried a monkey ashore."

That was on a Saturday morning. By Sunday, the vessel lay inside the bar with fifteen feet of water inside her. A dense fog blanketed the shore. She had left New York on April 9 and had made heavy weather ever since. A few days out, one sailor had died of exposure.

A tug and lighter arrived on the scene the following Tuesday morning. Fifty tons of coal were thrown overboard and the *Elmiranda* was eventually taken off. Her pennant was obtained by W. Tyson Dominy and flew

over his public bathing beach pavilion at East Hampton in the 1890's.

THE LOUIS V. PLACE

Stormy and extremely cold weather prevailed along the Atlantic coast from Florida to New England during the 7th, 8th, and 9th of February, 1895. On the morning of the 7th the storm center was in the vicinity of Charleston, S.C. Twenty-four hours later it was the Massachusetts coast, with a marked increase of intensity. The temperature on February 8th in Florida was lowest on record, while in New York City it stood at zero. The wind blew at seventy-two miles an hour at Woods Hole, Mass.; sixty-eight at Block Island, and fifty-three at Sandy Hook. Snow fell all along the coast from North Carolina to Canada on the 7th and 8th. During the four days, February 6th to 9th inclusive, there were casualties within the scope of the Life Saving Service to twenty-nine vessels of various descriptions, carrying crews aggregating 129 men; but from none of the vessels were any lives lost except from the schooner Louis V. Place, wrecked on the morning of the 8th off Sayville, an eighth of a mile east of Lone Hill Life Saving Station. Only one man on board lived to tell the story.

She was a three-masted schooner of 735 tons, four years old, 163 feet long, of 36-foot beam and 14-foot depth, carrying a crew of eight. She had left Baltimore for New York on January 28 with 1100 tons of coal. When they passed out of the capes at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay in the forenoon of Monday, February 4th, the wind blew fresh west-southwest. The air was

crisp and clear, but the water rough. Soon after the schooner cleared the capes, the wind veered to the north-northeast, blowing hard, and the sky became overcast with thick clouds. All the light canvas was furled and the vessel stood on her course for the rest of the day and that night under her lower sails only. On Thursday morning, the 5th, the gale had increased to such force that the sails were reefed down except the foresail, which was so stiff with ice that the sailors could not handle it. The air was now biting cold. The rigging, sails, and entire hull of the vessel were sheathed with ice so that it was very hard to keep her under control. But she held her course through that day and night. On the morning of the 6th the weather moderated somewhat, so the reefs could be shaken out of the sails and the ice beaten off and she could make better progress up the coast.

On the morning of the 7th, however, the gale shifted to north-northeast again, blowing very hard; the sky was very cloudy. Sails were reefed again. The schooner labored heavily along until two a.m. on the 8th when the storm hauled to the westward, causing a wild and dangerous cross-sea.

By this time the men were worn out after four days and nights of exposure and very much discouraged. By seven a.m. on the 8th, the *Louis V. Place* was little more than a drifting iceberg, almost wholly unmanageable, her running gear frozen on the blocks, her sails stiff as boards, her deck sheeted with ice. Her position was almost totally a matter of conjecture. Her master, Captain William H. Squires, 58 years old, a man of long seagoing experience and unblemished record, having received a

gold watch some time before for bravery on the high seas, believed they were not far from Sandy Hook, New Jersey. The air was so thick with snow that nothing could be seen at any distance. Claus Stuvens, the German mate who had shipped on the *Place* only a month earlier and who told the story afterward, reported to the captain that the schooner was leaking badly, the water was gaining, and work at the pumps would soon be useless.

Captain Squires cast the lead. It showed about eight fathoms of water. He concluded he would drop anchor and try to ride out the storm. He called all hands aft, gave each a ration of whiskey, told them to dress warmly and put food in their pockets, then try to clear away the ice-bound anchors. Try as they would, this proved impossible. So they cut all the halyards, hoping the sails might run down and slow their progress toward land. But the sails, rigid with ice, stayed upright. "We're going to beach her!" the captain shouted. "Stay aft. When she strikes, jump into the rigging. And God help us all!"

The schooner was headed full on shore, with the pumps still going. When she hit the bar, the crew fled for their lives into the rigging. Waves broke over every inch of her hull. Five minutes before her stranding, the schooner was sighted by a surfman from the Lone Hill Life Saving Station. He ran to the station, telephoning the two adjacent stations for help. His own keeper and crew were busy at the wreck of a four-masted schooner, the *John B. Manning*, stranded some hours earlier halfway between Blue Point and Lone Hill stations. In spite of the storm, they had rescued everybody on the *Manning* and she was later taken off and saved. The life

savers came back from that job tired and frost-bitten, only to see another stranded vessel three or four hundred yards from the beach.

The tide was now at flood. The heavy surf was filled with a grinding mass of porridge ice two feet deep. The wind blew furiously. The beach was strewn with cakes of ice six or eight feet deep in places. No human power could put a boat afloat or take it through the angry sea of broken ice. The Lyle gun and breeches buoy were their only hope.

Claus Stuvens, one of the two men brought ashore alive—the other was Soren J. Nielson, a Dane, who died later in the Marine Hospital on Staten Island—told how they clung for thirty-nine hours to the rigging exposed to the full fury of gale and sea and cold, while their ship-mates, one by one, froze there or were washed away. The captain and the cook were first to go. The men in the rigging watched with sinking hearts the life savers' efforts. The life lines were shot aboard the vessel again and again, but nobody had the strength left to go down on deck and make them fast.

At one p.m. the snow shut the Louis V. Place from sight of those on shore for three hours. Then for a few minutes she was visible, and they saw that only four men remained hanging in the ropes, whether dead or alive, they could not tell before the snow closed in again.

Stuvens and Nielson, hanging close together, kept one another awake and alive by kicks and blows. Late the first afternoon Stuvens realized his companion hung limp in the ropes. He fell upon him, beating him over the face and body with a rope's end until he awoke. Stuvens was

the stronger; but for him, both men would have died where they hung on the mizzenmast.

All night long, fires burned on the beach. The watchers huddled around them hoping for a break in the storm so they could launch a boat. When daylight broke, two more men were frozen in the rigging, swaying to and fro in the gale. The gun was fired again and again, until at three p.m. one of the men in the crosstrees climbed down, tried to haul off the line, but was unable to do so he crept feebly back into the rigging. It was plain that the sailors could not help themselves.

Poor Stuvens, still trying to keep a flicker of life in Nielson's exhausted body, saw a bustle on the beach at sunset. The lifeboat was taken to the water's edge. It could not be put through the ice-laden surf. Once Stuvens yelled: "The wind's changing! There's a tug trying to get to us through the ice!" A big steamer might have made it. But after several trials the tug's captain gave up. She stood off to safety.

About midnight on the second night the wind was right and the ice with the retreating tide set up a slow outward movement. It was now or never. Keeper James S. Baker of the Lone Hill Station was at the helm; Keepers William N. Miller of Point O'Woods, Frank Rorke of Blue Point, and the six Lone Hill surfmen were in the lifeboat that half-rowed, half-pushed, went out with the ice. They were spurred on by a faint shout from the wrecked vessel's rigging. Stuvens tried to undo himself and the then unconscious Nielson; neither man was conscious by the time the returning lifeboat hit the shore two hours after it had left—and cheers rose from the on-

lookers. Dr. Frank Overton of Patchogue waited to tend the survivors, whose awakening flesh caused intense suffering, and to tend the life savers for exposure and exhaustion. Stuvens was frostbitten but otherwise in good shape. He died a natural death in 1902.

The life savers—men from three stations and the District Superintendent—won fame and special awards for rescue work under frightful conditions.

Eight stones were erected in memory of the crew of the *Louis V. Place* in the small Lake View Cemetery near the lace mills at Patchogue; but only five bodies actually lie there. The captain was buried in Southold, L.I., beside his first wife and two daughters, and the cook, John J. Horton, was never found. Soren Nielson was buried in Brooklyn. The captain's body washed ashore at Tiana Beach two weeks after the tragedy, not far from his birthplace and not far from Ponquogue Lighthouse where he had been assistant keeper as a young man. For several years, each February 8th, the ship's American flag was raised at half-mast over the graves in the little Patchogue cemetery. The flag is now owned by Captain Squires' son, Harry B. Squires, who was a boy at the time of the shipwreck.

THE J. W. HAWKINS

The steamer *J. W. Hawkins*, an old fishing vessel, parted at the seams off Montauk on January 28, 1896. She was bound for Cuba, loaded with arms and ammunition for the Cuban insurgents. Guns, ammunition, and coal were thrown overboard. Of the 120 persons on her, ten were drowned. Newspaper accounts of the wreck at

the time sound skeptical and mysterious; few details became known.

THE NAHUM CHAPIN

It took only three hours after the 596-ton, three-masted schooner Nahum Chapin struck the outer bar at Quogue at four o'clock in the morning of January 21, 1897, for her to be smashed to pieces by the sea. Driven by a 51-mile gale with rain and sleet, she struck the bar head on under nearly full sail.

She was sighted by Harry Carter of the Quogue Life Saving Station, who was on beach patrol. He hurried to the station and in a matter of minutes the crew had the apparatus on the beach where they were joined shortly by crews of the Tiana and Potunk (Westhampton) stations. At daylight—6:30—the life savers could see all hands in the foremast rigging and the jib boom, including a woman and a child. Lines were fired over the stranded vessel, but those on board could give no help, with the mountainous seas sweeping the deck. No life boat could be launched in that sea. One by one, those on board the Chapin were swept away as the ship listed more and more and they came within reach of the waves. By seven o'clock not a soul remained on board, and not one reached shore alive. The masts were snapped off; a tangled mass of spars, timbers, and rigging churned around the shattered hull for no more than fifteen minutes. Then it all disappeared beneath the waves.

The vessel, owned in Rockland, Maine, was going from Baltimore to Boston with a load of coal when she ran into the gale. The captain was a capable navigator;

nobody knows what had happened. The captain, his wife and child, and eight crew men were lost. Part of the wreck finally drifted in shore, and was carried to the westward near Quogue bathing beach, where it was set on fire and burned.

Five sailors from the Nahum Chapin were buried in the Patchogue cemetery in a plot adjoining that where the men from the Louis V. Place lie. Together it is called the Sailors' Plot. It was donated by Mrs. Augusta S. Weeks.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR TRANSPORT PRAIRIE

When the United States Army transport *Prairie*, carrying four hundred sick soldiers from Cuba to recuperate at Camp Wikoff, Montauk, struck on the bar at Napeague Beach on August 26, 1898, crews from all the nearby Life Saving Stations went to help the men ashore. Dysentery was the trouble with most of them, and some had yellow fever. One man died on the beach immediately after landing. The ship was refloated the following day.

XII

1900-1954

THE AUGUSTUS HUNT

EIGHT LIVES out of the ten on board her were lost in the wreck of the four-masted schooner Augustus Hunt on January 22, 1904. She struck just before midnight, a mile and a half west of the Quogue Life Saving Station, about where the Nahum Chapin had met her fate seven years earlier. She too was a collier; a solid, seaworthy vessel twenty-one years old, 1200 tons burden, commanded by Captain William H. Conary with a crew of nine, on her way from Norfolk, Virginia, to Boston. Conary was really the mate, her regular skipper, Captain Blair, being ill in Boston.

The last reliable word of her position was thirty-one hours before the wreck, when she passed the northeast end of the lightship at Five Fathom Bank off the New Jersey coast. It was foggy, but no soundings were made. Nobody on board, apparently, knew where she was or had any suspicion of danger until, under full headway, her keel plowed hard on the bar off Quogue. A few hours later all that was left of her was a mass of debris strewing the beach for several miles.

Only five or ten minutes before the schooner struck, the forward lookout reported a light ahead. The mate thought it was the light of a steamer. The second mate was sent forward by the captain who was in his cabin at the time, to examine more closely; while he was so doing, the vessel stranded. The light they saw turned out to have been Ponquogue (Shinnecock) Lighthouse.

A moderate gale was blowing from the southwest, but the sea was very heavy; all hands had been called out earlier in the evening to furl some of the sails, leaving the foresail, mainsail, and four head sails standing. These drove the Hunt so far and deep into the bar that she held fast while the sea swept her from stem to stern, breaking halfway up the spars. All on board rushed for the shrouds. The two men who survived, George Ebert and Carl Sommers, were out on the jib-boom.

Levi Crapser of Wainscott, seventh man of the Quogue station, first spotted the vessel. He met Herman Bishop, on patrol from Westhampton (Potunk Station) and told him what he had seen. Then he hurried to the station. "Next time we looked, we couldn't see it. About that time, I thought Crapser was going to get his walking papers," Bishop recalls. "The others couldn't see her at first; but to me she looked like a mountain."

Crews of three Life Saving Stations assembled, Quogue, Potunk, and Tiana. Then the fog shut in so thick that the men on the wrecked vessel could not see the shore, nor could the life savers see them. No signal came from the wreck. It appeared that her lights had been extinguished by the shock as she crashed onto the bar. Only occasionally, through the roar of the surf, those

on shore could hear the cries of the ten men out there. The Lyle gun was fired from shore, but failed to find the invisible target. At three a.m. an attempt was made to launch a lifeboat through the wreckage-filled water, but without success. Between six and seven o'clock a great crash was heard which, the survivors stated, was three masts falling. Ten minutes later the foremast went overboard, carrying every man who had taken refuge there. Only those in the jib boom remained. The surfmen tried to use the gun again; but the boom began to break. The three men there crept in desperation to the forecastle and from there the two who were afterward rescued jumped overboard onto a piece of floating wreckage. The third simply disappeared.

The wreck lay beyond the range of the Lyle gun; but when a large piece of her deck carrying the two survivors drifted within two hundred yards of shore, the gun was fired within their reach. George Ebert, mate of the Hunt, tried to reach shore hand over hand along the rope, but fell into the sea. At a critical moment Surfman William F. Halsey, Jr., later captain of the Quogue station, with a line tied around his body rushed into the breakers, clambered onto the piece of wreckage and in imminent danger of being crushed to death pushed his way to the nearly exhausted sailor and dragged him toward the beach until near enough to hand him over to other life savers. The other sailor was still on the wreckage but on the outer end and a long way from the line. He tried to reach the place where the other man had left the line, but collapsed. Surfman Frank D. Warner then jumped into the water and rescued the drowning man. Both

Halsey and Warner received gold medals from the government for their heroism.

What remained of the Augustus Hunt was sold where she lay to Silas Tuttle, a Quaker, for \$15.

THE BENJAMIN C. CROMWELL

Two life savers from the Blue Point Life Saving Station, Surfmen Frank B. Raynor and Albert Latham, received gold medals for bravery in rescuing members of the crew of the three-masted schooner Benjamin C. Cromwell which went on the bar five hundred yards offshore and a quarter-mile east of the Bellport Life Saving Station about 2:15 a.m. on Monday, February 22, 1904. Five of her crew were lost. The vessel became a total wreck.

The Cromwell, Captain Harvey McClearn, master, was twenty-one years old, of 616 tons gross burden. She left Charleston, S.C., on February 14th bound for Fall River, Mass., loaded with hard pine lumber, part of which was carried on deck. As she rounded Cape Hatteras she encountered a succession of gales from the northward and was obliged to jettison considerable of her deck load. On the 21st, a southeast gale set in, and fog. The last light seen was Diamond Shoal lightship. No soundings were taken. When the ship struck bottom on Long Island, the officers supposed her to be forty miles offshore. She was under single reef spanker, whole mainsail and staysail, with two jibs, and was heading straight as she could for shore.

It took some of the watch below almost fifteen minutes to get on deck. By that time the ship had breached

to and obviously would break up soon. Torches were burned fore and aft. Surfman Jayne of the Bellport station replied with his Coston signal and asked both the Blue Point and Smith Point stations for assistance.

It was too rough for a lifeboat, and too foggy for them to see the vessel clearly, but they kept firing the Lyle gun until McLeod, one of the survivors who was in the mizzen rigging, hauled it on board until it fouled among the wreckage and would move neither forward nor backward. The vessel by now was partially dismembered by tremendous seas. In spite of the danger from floating lumber and wreckage the life savers tried to launch their boat. Within forty or fifty yards of her the current sweeping her bow bore them to the eastward. They could now neither reach the wreck nor, without extreme danger of capsizing, turn around. They had simply to back in, stern foremost, to the beach where they landed safely. Refusing to give up, they took the boat on its wagon to a point westward of their first launching, to counteract the set. Just as they were launching a second time, the mizzen mast, mainmast, and foremast fell in quick succession. Just before the spars fell, the crew took to the quarter-deck. A man was seen drifting toward shore on a piece of the cabin top. As he neared shore, Surfmen Raynor and Latham dashed into the surf and dragged him to the beach. The vessel was by now completely broken up. Six other men were drifting shoreward. The surf boat was again launched; but the breakers beat it back among the broken spars and timbers, throwing out one of the life savers who barely escaped with his life. The Lyle gun

was again tried, firing over wreckage carrying the sailors who did not pick up the line which soon became hopelessly tangled with the floating debris. One man had already disappeared. Four more were swept off and lost to sight. Only two ever came near enough shore to be rescued by the life savers.

Nothing of the Benjamin C. Cromwell, or her cargo, was saved.

THE BUENA VENTURA

One man's bravery made memorable the loss of the coal barge Buena Ventura off Montauk early in December, 1906. The vessel had been the first prize ship captured by the United States in the Spanish-American War in 1898, hence her Spanish name. When she met her end, she was serving as a coal barge, in tow of the tug Walter A. Luckenbach.

She foundered a mile and a half east of Montauk Lighthouse. Three in her crew were drowned. Two were taken off the masts unconscious, by a seaman from the tug. He volunteered to do the job alone in a dangerous sea. After all the others had refused, Mitchell R. ("Jack") Bruso, a Greek, stepped up to Captain John Daly and offered to go. A fierce northeast gale was blowing. Bruso rowed a small boat to the sinking barge and rescued Captain Olle Owarsond, whom he found with his clothing frozen to the topmast. He rowed back and put the helpless captain onto the tug. Without a moment's hesitation, covered with ice from head to foot, he put out again and released a seaman, Charles Martin, who was frozen to a floating hatch. Bruso's shipmates looked on while

the little boat looked likely at any second to be swamped by the towering seas.

THE LARCHMONT AND THE HARRY P. KNOWLTON

The Joy Line steamer Larchmont went to the bottom in twenty-three fathoms of water, on the night of February 11-12, 1907, between Montauk Point and Watch Hill, R.I., after a collision with the 189-foot, three-masted coal schooner Harry P. Knowlton. There were 170 persons including passengers and crew on the Larchmont; 131 were lost; 93 bodies were recovered altogether, 90 of them taken from the sea by Block Islanders. No rocket was sent up. Block Islanders slept peacefully through the disaster. The schooner became unmanageable after the collision and fetched up east of Watch Hill. Both vessels were a total loss.

THE GOWANBURN

One life was lost in connection with the stranding of the 4,000 ton British steamer Gowanburn twelve miles east of Fire Island Light on March 14, 1907. The drowned man was a member of the wrecking crew. His loss demonstrated the fact that it takes special skill and long experience to maneuver a rowing boat through the surf.

The Gowanburn, carrying a \$160,000 cargo of chrome ore and wool from London to New York, ran on the bar in a thick fog directly in front of the Blue Point Life Saving Station, late in the afternoon. Dayton Hedges, now of Havana, Cuba, was then "seventh man" at the Blue Point Station, and recalls the incident.

Life savers from Blue Point, Lone Hill, and Bellport stations went to the aid of the ship's master, Captain Forbes, under direction of Keeper Frank Rorke of Blue Point. They worked all night bringing ashore by breeches buoy and lifeboat the Chinese crew. "Dirtiest bunch I ever saw," Mr. Hedges says. By daylight the life savers were tired and hungry. The "seventh man," being youngest, was set to preparing a breakfast of steak and mountains of pancakes for his fellow life-savers. He also cooked up a huge kettle of rice, thinking to please the Orientals. Rations came out of a life-saver's pay in those days. When the shipwrecked were fed, it was not on the government, but on the boathouse crew. No one ever went hungry from a boathouse, however. The Chinese, set down to their national dish, refused to eat. Through a spokesman, they demanded beef and pancakes like the Americans.

Around noon on March 15 the tug Rescue, first boat of the wrecking fleet sent to attempt the re-floating of the Gowanburn, arrived on the scene and operations were turned over to the wreckers except that the breeches buoy was left in position. All three life saving crews went in for dinner.

The Rescue stood by some distance astern of the Gowanburn, sending off to the steamer a boat thirty feet long and eight feet beam, manned by a crew of seven. This craft was not the regular boat used for wrecking purposes, but one picked up at the company's New York station on emergency. As it proved, the men who operated it were also out of place in such a dangerous locality, lacking the boatmanship required to cope with the surf.

Although the tide was nearing flood and seas were rapidly increasing, the boat's crew succeeded in passing twice from tug to steamer without mishap. The third and fatal trip was begun about two p.m., when the Rescue undertook to place a hawser aboard the Gowanburn. All went well until the small boat, with the hawser trailing astern, came within about 175 feet of the steamer. Then the steering oar was struck by a breaking wave knocking the steersman, Edward Johnsen, headlong into the sea. His fellow wreckers were confused by the accident. One did have sufficient presence of mind to seize the steering oar, which had fallen inside the boat, and to direct the others to back oars. When they attempted to do this, however, the boat swung round broadside to the seas and shipped considerable water. This threw them into a panic. Forgetting their shipmate's peril they pulled for the beach with frenzied energy, breaking one oar on the way and losing another.

Weighted down by heavy rubber boots and thick clothing, the man in the water tried to swim for the oar that one of the boatmen had lost, but before he reached it a shout diverted his attention to a ring buoy thrown from the steamer. He turned toward it; then seemed to become confused. The seas broke over him; he soon gave up the struggle and went down. His cap floated on the water and misled people on the shore to think he was still on the surface. Meanwhile, the boat from which he had been thrown reached the beach, having come in as fast as the frightened occupants and the onsetting surf could bring it.

After dinner, Keeper Rorke had some messages to

deliver to Captain Forbes, so he sent Surfman Maurice Baker of the Blue Point crew off with them in the breeches buoy. It was while the keeper stood directing the working of the buoy carrying the surfman out over the water that the accident occurred. The keeper noticed the wreckers' boat in the water being poorly handled. When Surfman Baker reached the steamer's rigging he noticed something wrong. Immediately after the wrecking boat and its frightened crew hit the beach, Rorke with one of his own surfmen and three from Lone Hill jumped into the unwieldy boat and shoved off. Surfman Edward Baker, an expert swimmer, removed boots and clothing, prepared to dive if any trace of the man could be seen.

They recovered Johnsen's cap, the lost oar, and the ring buoy, but found no sign of the man himself. The tide was making, and surf increasing rapidly. "One sea we couldn't dodge broke fairly over our heads," Keeper Rorke said afterward, "partly filling the boat and wetting us to the skin. But we got back ashore without further mishap."

It was not until March 20 that a fisherman found Johnsen's body washed up, half a mile east of Blue Point.

The investigating officer praised the promptness and daring of the life savers and called Keeper Rorke's handling of the steering oar and maneuvering of the boat a "marvel of surfmanship."

The Gowanburn was floated by Merritt & Chapman tugs and lighters on March 23 and towed to New York.

THE CHIPPEWA

Shortly after midnight on June 23, 1908, the Clyde liner Chippewa, Captain B. Macbeth, bound from Jacksonville, Florida, to Boston, struck on the rock point just east of Ditch Plain Life Saving Station at Montauk in a dense fog. She had lost her bearings and came onto the rocks with great force. A big hole was stove in her bottom. Carl Hedges was keeper of the Ditch Plain Station then. He discovered the ship before daylight and telephoned for tugs. Alone at the station, since it was summertime and his crew was off duty, he quickly mustered up a scratch crew including some civilian neighbors; it was the law that any man asked to do so by a Life Saving Station keeper must serve in an emergency. The men took the dory through the heavy surf with some difficulty and boarded the Chippewa. No immediate danger was felt that day. The same men went off early the next morning. They were at breakfast in the captain's cabin when a big sea stove open the cabin door. "Let's go!" said the captain, and made his way on deck without letting go of the ham bone in his hand. One of the civilian helpers, Floyd Lester, was in the act of lifting a portion of ham to his mouth when the wave broke. He found himself in the dory still holding a fork and preserves it to this day as a memento.

An estimated forty-five persons left the ship safely that morning. By that time nobody entertained much hope of saving the ship; she sat astride a big rock with eighteen feet of water in her hold. The Chippewa was built in 1905, 275 feet long, 40 feet wide, 2155 tons

burden. She carried a cargo of yellow pine lumber, 39,000 watermelons, some alligators, and seven ostriches.

The lumber and the watermelons were thrown overboard and the sea around the Point was soon dotted with salvaging boats. A crew of twenty-four stayed on board the ship but on July 18 when a storm came up, the crew took to the rigging. They were taken ashore in the breeches buoy by the Life Saving Station men. The operation took all day, the captain coming off last. On August 4 the vessel was hauled off.

THE MILES M. MERRY

She was a four-masted schooner hailing from Bath, Maine, which by a strange coincidence grounded twice, nearly two years apart, on exactly the same spot. The second time, she stayed there.

She was on her way from Boston to New York when she grounded the second time, on February 17, 1909. She was a vessel of 1589 tons with a crew of eleven, 215 feet long, commanded by Captain J. O. Farrow. Commander E. T. Osborn, U.S.C.G., Retired, of East Moriches, tells the story. The first grounding, he says, occurred at 7:45 p.m. September 10, 1907, exactly south of the Moriches Life Saving Station. She was loaded with coal. That time, she was hauled off the following day with no great damage by a wrecking crew headed by Captain Edward G. Denison of the tug Ira J. Merritt. The morning she came ashore the second time, Surfman Earl Suydam had the last west patrol from the Moriches Life Saving Station. On reaching the place where Moriches Inlet is today, he saw the schooner

caught between the outer bar and the beach. First she would hit the beach and then float seaward until she hit the outer bar, all the time working to the eastward. This process continued until she arrived at the exact location where she had stranded two years before. There she stuck, in spite of the efforts of the same Captain Denison and his crew of twenty men.

After the wrecking crew had worked for about three weeks trying to get her off, a terrific easterly gale came up, driving high seas over the schooner. She broke in two. Both crews were rescued from their dangerous position by the Moriches life savers commanded by Captain Charles T. Gordon and assisted by the Potunk and Forge River crews. In appreciation of the Life Savers' services, Captain Farrow gave them what could be used of the ship's metal, rigging, sails, and so forth. On March 15, 1909, the ship's hulk caught fire and burned to the water's edge. Her name-board is in the Mariners' Museum at Newport News, Virginia.

THE ONTARIO

The Ontario, a Merchants' and Miners' Line steamer bound from Baltimore to Boston under command of Captain William J. Bond, fought fire for three days and three nights before she was beached on April 10, 1912, on the south side of Montauk Point within 1,000 feet of where the George Appold of the same line had met her end in 1889.

The seventy-two passengers and crew were taken off safely. A wireless SOS reported "uncontrollable fire—southwest gale—heading for Montauk Point." This was

picked up by the Scott Wrecking Company of New London, Conn. Meanwhile Captain Carl Hedges of the Ditch Plain Life Saving Station had rigged up the breeches buoy, the surf being considered too high for launching a lifeboat. Presently the Hither Plain crew did manage to launch a boat, and came alongside of the burning vessel. The passengers were transferred to the tug and taken to New London. David Miller of Ditch Plain was injured during the rescue work. Shortly after the transfer had been made, an explosion took off the steamer's deck, so that only her hull remained.

The Ontario was eight years old; 315 feet long, of 42-foot beam, 31-foot draft. This was Captain Bond's second experience with fire at sea. He commanded the Kershaw in 1905 when she had a fire.

Much of the cargo—shoes, peanuts, whiskey, resin, turpentine, cotton, and tobacco—was thrown overboard. The hulk was hauled off in May.

THE BESSIE C. BEACH

The three-masted, 341-ton schooner Bessie C. Beach of New Haven, Conn., Captain Mackay, bound from St. John's, New Brunswick, to Philadelphia, came hard ashore just east of what is now called Devon, Amagansett, on December 6, 1912. That spot was simply called the Highlands in those days.

Her crew of six were saved. The 32-year-old vessel broke up. She carried a cargo of spruce lath which was strewn all over the beach.

Her 45-foot topmast became part of Amagansett's

village flagpole. Captain Joshua B. Edwards hoisted the first flag on it. The flagpole was in use until 1948.

THE CLAN GALBRAITH

The Clan Galbraith, which went on the beach near Flying Point on July 22, 1916, "was probably the largest sailing vessel ever grounded along this coast," wrote Ernest S. Clowes in the *Bridgehampton News*, August 25, 1944. She was a four-masted Norwegian iron bark, of upwards of 2000 tons. She lay for about two weeks so near the shore that it was possible at low tide to reach dry shod the rope ladder hanging over her side. Her crew of twenty-two were perfectly safe and the salvage people floated her off finally, undamaged. Her graceful hull and tall masts stood out on the flat eastern Long Island landscape. So many visitors came that the beach "seemed like Riverhead Fair in the old days."

That was during World War I. She was sunk later by the Germans.

THE KERSHAW

The cry "Ship ashore!" had not been heard in East Hampton for many years when the Merchants' and Miners' liner Kershaw struck on the outer bar just off the public bathing beach in a heavy fog about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night, March 12, 1918. The steamer Kershaw, a 1767-ton vessel, was bound from Newport News, Virginia, and Baltimore to Providence and Boston with a general cargo, 121 passengers, and crew of forty-three. (The U.S. Coast Guard log says thirty-four in the crew were taken off by breeches buoy; others are known to

have come ashore by boat.) Most of her passengers were Naval Reservists bound for active duty. That night, SOS signals were sent out and patrol boats responded, but there seemed no immediate danger.

Hubert B. Tuttle, keeper of the Georgica Coast Guard Station, was on the scene at 2:40 a.m. on Wednesday with his own crew, which was soon joined by those from Mecox and Amagansett. The weather was considered too rough to launch a boat. By low tide, at three p.m., the fog had cleared up and the Coast Guard had shot a line to the ship. They were signalling the distressed vessel and, because it was wartime, awaiting orders from Washington. Five Navy scout boats, four-stackers, were standing by about a mile offshore, but none had lowered a boat.

At five o'clock the beach was full of spectators as it had been all day. The late Everett J. Edwards, lifelong fisherman who knew that particular shore in all weathers, visited the beach again as he had done at intervals since seven a.m. "As soon as I hove in sight," Mr. Edwards told the writer, years afterward, "Owen Bennett, then No. 1 man at Georgica, came running up to me and asked if I would go off in the boat with them.

"It was past low water then. The sea had steadied up a little, but it would have been the best time to go at dead low water; the tide had now been rising for two hours. I asked, 'What's the reason you didn't go off at the proper time, on low water? Now, the sea's liable to break anywhere within fifteen rods. Anybody knows that at dead low the sea breaks in practically one spot.'

"The answer was, 'We hadn't got our orders then.' I

asked what Captain Tuttle thought; and Owen said, 'He says it's too rough.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'If I'm going, Captain Tuttle will have to ask me.' Owen himself could have taken the boat off, he knew our surf as well as I did; but the captain, his superior, was from up-island and new here. The captain did ask me, and promised to do exactly as I said. I said 'That will surely have to be the case if I'm going; it's too rough to have two captains.' So we proceeded down to the boat, and found the other Coast Guard crews had left. It was five-thirty then, nearly night. We found ourselves one oarsman short, as part of the Georgica crew had also returned to the station.

"I looked around among the crowd, trying to see a man to take the other oar, someone qualified to handle it properly. I noticed several duck down behind some women's skirts, out of range of my eye, when they saw me looking toward them. I spotted one man I knew could do it, and beckoned to him. He came, and assured me he would. But his wife was there, and she objected. Then I continued looking around, and asked 'Any volunteers to pull that oar?'

"A husky young fellow named Leslie Gray said he could. I told him to put on a cork jacket." According to two of the men still living who were in the boat that day, the big, clumsy self-bailing Coast Guard boat was rowed by eight men—Owen Bennett and William H. Collins, on the after thwart (pronounced after thought), David Loper, Andrew Jacobs, Edward Lester, Leslie Gray, and, "farrard," Forest Dominy and Donald Penny. Mr. Edwards' story continues:

"We shoved the boat down to the water's edge . . . we made it all right, didn't take in a drop of water.

"We went off alongside the bow of the ship, which had by that time worked over the bar into deep water inside. We took aboard about ten of the passengers, service men, and took them out over the bar to one of the government boats. That was the first load. Not a government boat had come over the bar until they saw us come from shore. They were rowing by, in great big ten- or twelve-oar Jersey boats. After we had made it, one or two of them mustered up courage to come in there. Orders had come to take off the service men aboard, to put them on Navy boats, or land them. We came back and got another load aboard. Darkness was coming on. It was too rough to be out there after dark. I decided that the proper thing for us now was to go ashore.

"So we left the Kershaw with the second boatload. But when we were in the middle of the surf, a small sea caught our boat under the stern. She started to run. She ran clear ashore until the bow struck the sand. The shore was steep; a sweeping sea from west struck on her quarter. She rolled, and dumped all hands out of her. There were twelve passengers sitting on the thwarts, besides the crew of eight, which made her topheavy. Her steering oar struck me, cutting me on the back of the head; lucky it didn't kill me. I jumped clear of the boat, being in a cramped spot and not wanting to be under her. As soon as we had gathered ourselves up and I saw everybody was clear of her lee gunwale, I sung out 'Right her up!' very sharp; we took hold of her and righted her before the next sea came, took her high up on the beach.

Tuttle said to me: 'I feel awful bad to think we upset her on shore.' I felt my head for a day or so. Owen strained his side a little. What a smart man he was in the water! Will Collins was cut and bruised up some. It was blowing strong no'theast.

"The next day, it blew a gale and rained; much worse weather. The Coast Guard began at nine a.m. to land the crew by breeches buoy rigged to the top of the bathing pavilion where the Red Cross fed people with sandwiches and coffee as they came ashore. The Kershaw wigwagged ashore for someone to come off in a boat and get two old people, the steward and stewardess, who were unable to go aloft to get into the breeches buoy. They asked me to go and I didn't want to. It was too rough. Nobody could have gone with oars only, that day. But we got a power Jersey boat carted along from Egypt Beach; the Hulse boys—Wines, Forrest, and Royce—went with me. A set was going along to the westward, fast as you could run. Captain Tuttle asked to go off as a passenger; he and Royce sat down in the bottom, well aft, to keep her bow out. Forrest and Wines each had an oar, to assist if the engine should fail in the surf.

"We laid along inside the false bar, until we came to a sea puss through it. There we waited for a slatch. When I thought the proper time was coming, I let her go out in the sea puss. No stopping then! We just made it, because we met two big seas just before they broke, which nearly threw our boat over backwards. The seas were at least fifteen feet high; our boat was on end. The boys were pulling and the power going—good men, those Hulse boys. We went off to the eastward of the vessel.

Swung off the leeward, took aboard the old couple, and next came down three drunks from the crew. When the third came, I informed the captain on the bridge that was all of that sort we were going to take, it was too rough.

"I bid my crew to put them in the bottom of the boat and sit on them. We did take a couple more passengers, but they were sober. (The Kershaw had rum in her cargo.) That was all I dared take. We landed them on the beach safe and sound, after waiting for some time for a chance to go ashore. My father-in-law met us and said 'Ev, I never expected to see you again alive.' I knew we came close. That day, the Navy boats didn't come round at all, they never launched a boat.

"The second night, the storm was coming on worse than ever so everybody, even her captain, came ashore from the Kershaw.

"The third day the Port Engineer stayed on board alone, because of the insurance. The next day the sea smoothed down. The Merritt-Chapman tug and lighter went alongside and proceeded to unload her cargo. She had rum, cotton, vegetables, peanuts, cigarettes, oysters, shoes, pianos, and flour. The flour was in hundred-pound sacks which floated ashore; some industrious men with scallop-dredges got enough to last for years, it was wet only a quarter-inch in. The liquor was in barrels and bottles. Fishermen stopped fishing, to trawl for whiskey. Windrows of peanuts lay alongshore. Every little boy and girl in town filled pockets and bags with them. Team-loads of fresh green spinach and parsley, saturated with salt water, were carted away to East Hampton

dinner-tables. It all provided great excitement for three weeks. The ship was only two-thirds unloaded when, on the twenty-first day, they pulled her off at high tide."

An investigation brought out the fact that Captain J. M. McDorrman's orders to keep the vessel on her course east-northeast had not been carried out. Somehow the course had been changed four points. She sheered off while an inexperienced apprentice wheelsman was asleep; and the young man on watch was new with the line and did not notice the change.

Mr. Squires, who walked over from Bridgehampton to view the Kershaw as she lay off the beach, says she was sunk on June 1, 1928, in a collision with the Dollar Line ship President Garfield off Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Two officers and five of the crew perished at that time; twenty-nine seamen were saved.

THE U.S.S. SAN DIEGO AND THE TRANSPORT NORTHERN PACIFIC

The south shore of Long Island was the scene of two shipwrecks connected with World War I.

One was the United States cruiser San Diego, sunk by German mines planted (probably by the famous submarine Deutschland) between ten and twenty miles offshore of the Point O'Woods and Lone Hill Coast Guard stations. The San Diego was sunk on July 10, 1918. Fifty men went down on her. Commander E. T. Osborn, U.S.C.G. Retired, of East Moriches, remembers that one boat-load of survivors from the San Diego rowed ashore somewhere near the Lone Hill Station.

After this disaster, most of the German mines were

exploded by our naval forces. Two of these mines after being cut from their anchors, went adrift and came ashore on the beach, one at the Moriches station and one at Quogue. Commander Osborn personally worked on the one at Moriches. After its detonator had been removed, he carried it in his own boat to East Moriches, where it was turned over to naval authorities.

On the night of December 31, 1918, and January 1, 1919, the transport Northern Pacific carrying 2,518 passengers, mostly wounded soldiers, and a crew of 451 was on her way back to New York from France when she ran aground on Fire Island Beach. It was three o'clock in the morning, the weather bitter cold, with a bad sea running and some fog. She landed high on the bar about two hundred yards offshore. There was some fear that she might break up of her own weight, but shifts in wind and tide soon swung her aground broadside to the surf and lodged her securely, deep in the sand.

Coast Guard men from several stations and naval vessels were soon on hand and with great difficulty lines were run for the breeches buoy. The most severely wounded were brought ashore as soon as possible by that means and in surf boats; the others waited to be removed to other vessels when the sea calmed down.

John Vanderveer of Patchogue, at home on furlough from the U.S.S. Celtic, went to the wreck and led a rescue party into the surf when a life boat capsized. He saved H. L. Carter (later Lieut. Commander, U.S.C.G.) of the Lone Hill Coast Guard Station who had been in the capsized boat.

Coast Guard crews stayed in tents on or near the beach for three days, working day and night. Chief Boatswain's Mate Thomas G. Fenner, in command of the Smith's Point Station, said he hoped never to go through such an experience again.

U.S. EAGLE BOAT 17

At three a.m. on May 19, 1922, the submarine chaser (Eagle Boat) No. 17 came ashore off Further Lane, East Hampton, in a heavy easterly storm. Captain Hubert B. Tuttle and his men from the Georgica Coast Guard Station took off the crew of twenty in the breeches buoy and also Commander Withers of the Norfolk Submarine Base and forty of his men who were on board. By nine a.m. all were on shore.

During the next week, the vessel worked four hundred yards to the westward; she stood broadside to the beach, high and dry. She became a total loss.

THE MADONNA V., THE NORTHCLIFFE, AND THE WINIFRED H.

Just before Christmas in 1922—on December 21—a schooner, the Madonna V. of Halifax, N.S., came ashore east of Napeague Coast Guard Station in a howling gale. This was in the prohibition era, and the schooner's cargo, several hundred cases of choice liquors, aroused more than ordinary interest. "Rum Row" lay off Long Island then. Under cover of darkness bootleggers in fast motor boats would go out to the vessels from the West Indies or Canada. They brought the contraband ashore in secluded coves where they were met by trucks which

carried it to New York. It was not healthy for the peace-loving citizen to pry into goings-on after dark at the beach in those days.

The small, thirty-year-old Madonna V. soon began breaking up; but her cargo, so the local paper for that week stated, was "being salvaged by willing hands." Lifelong teetotallers and even deacons of the church risked pneumonia in the December surf to bring it ashore, prompted no doubt by the inherited custom of "wrecking" and old New England principles against waste of any kind.

The captain and crew of eight of the Madonna V. said they were bound for St. Pierre, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from the Bahamas. They got off safely and were made comfortable at the Coast Guard Station, where they were detained for an interview with the Customs people to determine whether or not they were violating prohibition laws.

Wreckage from the schooner was strewn along the beach for miles to the westward.

The Northcliffe, a three-masted schooner, perhaps another "rum-runner" although that was surmise and she left no trail of evidence like the Madonna V., went on the bar west of Georgica Coast Guard Station on May 16, 1923. She was from Nova Scotia; a vessel of some three hundred tons. Her captain, William McClouch, said he had lost his reckoning during a fog and southwest gale, and that they were bound from Turks' Island in the West Indies to Buckport, Maine, with a cargo of four hundred tons of salt.

Local men who remember her well said the North-

cliffe had been seen cruising off the Wainscott beach for a day or two. They think she was purposely run ashore, and that she hadn't a thing in her except a little whiskey. No salt. A Wainscott man saw her sails close in, the day she came ashore, when the fog lifted a bit. He called to a neighbor and they ran down to the beach. The seven men from the schooner were already ashore, bag and baggage, huddled up in the lee of the beach banks. The Captain asked to be directed to the nearest telephone.

The vessel was a total loss. W. Tyson Dominy and Joseph Miller bought the wreck as it lay; its compass is in the East Hampton Historical Society's Museum in Clinton Academy.

On November 14, 1930, the prohibition laws were still on the books when the fifty-foot Winifred H. came ashore at Napeague Beach carrying 1100 cases and bags of whiskey, which were confiscated by the Coast Guard. Again the surf was full of busy people retrieving the precious stuff. The vessel was high and dry at low tide. She was reported to have been stolen from a Sayville, L.I., owner by bootleggers.

THE RARITAN SUN

On July 14, 1935—a Sunday afternoon—the 189-foot motor tanker Raritan Sun struck the rocks between Montauk Point and the Ditch Plain Coast Guard Station, in a thick fog. A gaping hole was punctured in her engine room aft and her cargo of petroleum began to seep out.

The Coast Guard got a line aboard her from the cliffs to the bridge of the ship and rigged the breeches buoy,

but feeling no immediate danger the crew stayed on board. Two cutters tried to pull her off at the next high tide, but the hawsers broke. On Monday night, Captain S. J. Jenkins and his crew of nine were brought ashore in the breeches buoy. It was feared that nothing could save the vessel. But she was saved eventually, and the seeping oil which it was feared might spoil Montauk fishing that summer soon cleared away.

THE 1938 HURRICANE

No one on Long Island during the hurricane of Wednesday, September 21, 1938, will ever forget it. The oldest inhabitant could recall nothing like it. The same is true of the Connecticut and Rhode Island shores. The storm caused the loss of more than fifty lives in eastern Long Island or nearby waters.

A wind velocity indicator on the Vanderbilt yacht at Greenport, Long Island, that day, registered 100 miles an hour; then it broke. One fishing captain in the Sound off Northport during the storm found his barometer registering 28 (30 is normal). He had never seen it so low, and could hardly believe his eyes. Amateur barometer readings in East Hampton on that day went from 29.70 to 27.95, the latter an all-time low for this area. Eastern Long Island bore the brunt of the storm. It hit at high tide, which increased its severity. The ocean tides were from ten to eighteen feet above normal, and the tide reached thirteen feet above normal at New London, Conn., where the next day large boats were found sitting on the railroad tracks. The wind was east when the storm began and it blew from every point of the compass,

between three and five p.m., with velocities generally above 75 miles an hour.

Warning of the storm preceded it by only about an hour. The sky turned a strange yellowish color, then grew black as night. Then the wind came, and the rain. Hundred-year elms toppled like ninepins. Roofs blew off. Houses blew into ponds. People living in dune summer homes took to boats, or escaped through water up to their necks. Cars were buried up in the sand.

Westhampton Beach suffered the greatest loss of life of any village on Long Island.

Most vessels took to cover. Some went down; some were cast up on shore.

The 92-foot menhaden fishing steamer *Ocean View* out of Promised Land (Amagansett) foundered off Six Mile Reef in the middle of Long Island Sound. Sixteen men on board her escaped with their lives. Six were lost. The vessel was never found.

The *Ocean View's* crank-shaft broke, the captain, William Swift of Fairport, Virginia, said afterward. They were heading toward Promised Land and the fish factory with 125,000 "bunkers" on board. They kept going in the teeth of the storm, until within sight of Plum Gut. They wanted to beach the vessel on Long Island. By about 3:30, the doors had been torn off the engine room, she was all adrift, out of control. The seine-boats somehow unhooked themselves, and somehow the men got into them. Sixteen men of the Southern crew crowded into one. It almost made shore safely near Madison, Connecticut, but a great sea took them right over a concrete sea-wall, boat and all, and one man was crushed on the

concrete. The second boat was swamped ten minutes after it was launched, and finally drifted ashore at East Marion on the north shore of Long Island. From this boat, the captain and a crew man, George Jones, finally swam ashore; they were in the water until eleven p.m. George Jones, a colored man from Virginia, is now a captain on one of the menhaden boats off the Carolinas. The five men lost from the capsized seine-boat were the Ocean View's pilot, Roy Griffin of Shelter Island, Chief Engineer Kermit Forsett of Round Pond, Maine, and three men from Virginia.

Four East Hampton men, Samuel Edwards, Gilbert Edwards, Herbert Field, and Vivian Smith, were lost from the Edwards' small fishing boat in Gardiner's Bay. The beam-trawler Tacoma broke from her mooring in Fort Pond Bay; Seth Scribner and Claude Burrows went out to look after her and were lost.

The Jean & Joyce, 110-foot schooner, foundered at Hedges' Banks, off Sammis Beach in Gardiner's Bay. Captain Louis W. Vatcher of Halifax, N.S., and his crew of six bound from New York to Halifax with coal were saved. The schooner was a total loss.

Historians said after the 1938 storm that the only one on record which paralleled this one was that of September 23, 1815. In 1815 the Montauk Lighthouse was so damaged that the light went out for a short time. A brig, the Orion from St. Petersburg for Providence, was wrecked at Montauk. Windmills were destroyed. Roofs were blown off all over eastern Long Island. New England suffered, Rhode Island especially. Huge waves carried ships through the streets of Providence.

The East Hampton *Star* said editorially in September, 1951 (following the Pelican disaster):

"Old salts did not have to be told by radio what the weather was going to be. They would step outdoors before daylight, sniff the weather, look at the vane on the barn, then come in and take another look at the barometer; and *they knew*."

Well, they usually did. In the case of a real hurricane, the kind that occurs in these parts once in a hundred years or so, they might not. In the case of the hurricane of 1938, menhaden steamer Captain Joshua B. Edwards 2nd of Amagansett, who was fishing that summer on the Elizabeth Edwards out of Promised Land with his cousin, Captain Richard L. Edwards (they rode out the storm in the Sound, and put in at Northport at a sand and gravel pit, when the worst of it was over) says that his brother Captain Kenneth Edwards and Walter Strong of East Hampton were fishing in a small boat outside Montauk Point on that day when Mr. Strong took one look at the sky and said "That's a hurricane coming up, when the sky's yellow like that. I know—I've seen them." He had served in the Navy in Pacific waters. They made for Promised Land as fast as they could, and reached there just in time.

Eastern Long Island, along with the rest of the eastern seaboard of the United States, was visited by two hurricanes in quick succession in 1954—on Tuesday, August 31, and Saturday, September 11. These severe storms dubbed "Carol" and "Edna" because they were third and fifth in a series originating in the Caribbean area, resulted in no such tragic disasters as occurred in 1938.

This was due probably to greatly improved communications. This time, small boats were smashed at their moorings or cast up on the shore, but there were no fatalities in Long Island waters.

THE PELICAN

A disaster which need not have happened, and which may in time result in better regulations for party-boat fishing, was the capsizing of the 42-foot excursion boat, Pelican, off the north side of Montauk Point, within sight of the Lighthouse, on September 1, 1951, with the loss of forty-five lives. Nineteen people were saved. The boat was overloaded, so an investigation brought out; and proper safety precautions were not observed. The captain, Edward Carroll of Great Kills, Staten Island, was among those lost, so he could never answer to the charges. But his 23-year-old "mate," Robert Scanlon, answered what he could at the inquiry which followed.

Captain Carroll was the boat's owner and skipper. The Pelican went out at ten in the morning carrying sixty-two passengers and crew of two. Most of the excursionists had come from in or around New York for an inexpensive outing on the Saturday before Labor Day. They were "city folks," mostly of small means, who placed implicit confidence in the excursion boat system and in the captain and crew of whatever craft they boarded. The Long Island Rail Road has run special fishing excursion trains from the city to Montauk for years; many people also drive out.

That morning, the weather was not good. It blew hard northeast and seas were heavy. At eleven a.m. the

Captain decided to cancel the fishing and head back to the dock. There was some disagreement with his decision. At any rate, it appears that they were ten miles east of Montauk Light when one of the boat's two engines failed. The Captain had his hands full, for his "mate" and sole helper was really a short order cook and knew nothing about engines. They had a rough time, limping along with the one engine (the port engine was out) and the boat wallowing when it met the riptide off the Point where the Atlantic Ocean meets the more placid Block Island Sound. When the third of three big waves struck the Pelican on her starboard side, the passengers panicked. That was at 2:15 p.m. The boat capsized. Some were thrown into the water. It turned out that only one passenger had the foresight to put on a life jacket, although there were plenty of them on board. No order to put them on was ever given. Some people were trapped below in the cabin.

Three other boats were fishing within a quarter-mile of the Pelican, and picked up people in the water. Captain John L. Behan of the Bingo II, who rescued twelve of the nineteen survivors, received a Coast Guard citation at a dinner given a few weeks later. The capsized boat did not sink, but drifted to the southward. When she was towed in later, half-submerged, to the East Hampton Town Dock at Montauk, ten bodies were found in her cabin. Twenty-eight had been found by September 20. It was a gruesome sight to see, day after day, helicopters hovering over the water, going up and down trying to locate bodies of the victims. Some bodies were never recovered.

This was the worst disaster that ever occurred in the neighborhood of Montauk Point.

Coast Guard officers said at the inquiry that the Pelican should have taken only twenty passengers, instead of sixty-four.

The Coast Guard asked Congress, a month after the disaster, for a new law regulating small-boat operation. A committee of the National Party Boat Owners' Alliance, Inc., has been working for more than three years for the enactment of practical legislation governing the construction and operation of party fishing boats. Captain George Glas, President of the Montauk Boatmen's Association and a director of the Alliance, read at a meeting in March, 1955, a new bill submitted to Congress.

There was, and is still (1955), virtually no government control over small boats going out into the open ocean. The Coast Guard regulations provide no passenger limit for boats under sixty-five feet long or of fifteen gross tons except to require a sufficient number of life preservers. The Pelican's tonnage was fourteen.

The local paper said editorially at the time: "*Safety First—Take No Chances* is a rule that should hang in every pilot house. The feeling of responsibility should come from within, and not from the law makers."

Actually, the party-boat captains at Montauk are now doing what the law has not yet done. They are posting cards on each boat stating the maximum number it should carry, allowing thirty inches of lineal rail space per passenger, and they refuse to take any more. The Coast Guard and Customs regulations for over-tonnage vessels (over fifteen gross tons) allow ten square feet of

“available space” per passenger. This does very well for a sightseeing or strictly passenger boat; but is impractical for fishing boats, since “available” deck space might be nine feet from the rail. The self-imposed regulation now adopted by all members of the National Party Boat Owners’ Alliance, Inc., on the east coast allows comfortable deck space and would work out for fewer passengers than the government formula. It started at Montauk. The captains have gone to Washington again and again and hope that the 84th Congress will pass workable legislation guaranteeing, as far as it is possible, safe pleasure-fishing.

XIII

Troubled Waters

THE CRY "Ship ashore!" no longer rings through East End village streets. If it did, few native Long Islanders have the equipment or the know-how to go through the surf to aid a vessel in trouble today. Disasters still occur off the Island but they are generally dealt with professionally after Coast Guard planes and fast boats have been alerted by modern communications. Radio compass, radar, ship-to-shore telephone, helicopters, and amphibious craft also play a part in rescue operations. Ships in distress today are apt to be farther off the land; vessels no longer hug the shore as they did in the sailing-ship era. The incidence of ship strandings has decreased tremendously within the past half-century owing largely to continuously improving ship construction and equipment. Danger from fog or storm, however, can never be ignored. As one old surfman put it: "Anybody who says he's not afraid of the sea is a fool!"

Eastern Long Island, in its exposed position at an intersection of the sea lanes approaching the world's greatest port, offers its inhabitants a front seat at whatever drama the Atlantic may stage.

Each one of the marine casualties listed at the end of

this book has a more or less dramatic story behind it. Only a few of the stories have been told here. Of the vessels mentioned, 134 are unnamed and known only by the most meager details. Some of the unnamed may eventually be identified by readers. Curiosity is whetted, for instance, by an item given by James Truslow Adams, 1916, in his "Memorials of Old Bridgehampton." He mentioned without giving either name or date a Lloyd liner which, he said, had come ashore at Mecox after drifting bottom up all the way from Cape Horn where it had capsized with the loss of all on board. The writer has been unable so far to obtain further information on this.

In wartime, marine casualties were generally kept out of the papers by censorship. In some cases a vessel has remained simply "missing" to this day. During World Wars I and II, ship's spars sometimes floated in on the tide. Odds and ends of wreckage along the beach gave evidence of enemy submarine or mine action. People on shore, and even participants, seldom knew what had happened until long afterward.

In the summer of 1942 enemy submarines were particularly active all along the east coast of the United States. The war in the Atlantic, vividly described by Nicholas Monserrat in "The Cruel Sea," was very evident along the beaches on Long Island; they were sometimes unpleasant and frightening. Life-preservers and life-rafts came ashore along with boat-timbers and other gruesome reminders that we were in a state of war. Heavy oil from nameless torpedoed vessels floated in with the seaweed. It crusted the sand on the water's edge and caked on the

bathers' feet. Marine birds washed ashore dead, their wings made so heavy with oil that they could not fly.

Early in January, 1942, the 10,000 ton tanker *Norness*, of Panamanian registry, was sunk by a submarine sixty miles southeast of Montauk Point, with one man lost. Later that month an Allied vessel, the *Coimbra*, was sunk twenty-five miles off Quogue; no details were published.

Coast Guardsmen on patrol carried guns and traveled in pairs for the remainder of World War II, after the surprise landing of four German saboteurs on Long Island early in the morning of Saturday, June 13, 1942, had caught them unarmed. Up to that time, strangely enough in wartime, they had carried only flashlights in addition to their Coston signals and time-clocks. Thereafter until May, 1945, one of each pair of patrolling Coast Guardsmen carried a rifle, the other a .45 automatic.

The saboteurs landed at Amagansett, only 105 miles by rail from New York City.

Within twenty-four hours rumors of the landing had spread around East Hampton Township, but the tale was so fantastic that few believed it until J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, made the announcement on June 27 that German submarines had actually come close inshore and deposited four trained saboteurs at Amagansett on June 13 and four more on June 17 on a lonely stretch of beach at Ponte Vedra, Florida; that the Germans had rowed ashore in collapsible rubber boats, carrying large sums of money, civilian clothing, and explosives which they had buried above the water line. They had, according

to their confession, a two-year program of destruction aimed at American industry and utilities. The F.B.I. announced that all eight had been arrested. The arrests were made on June 20, 22, 23, and 27. Six of the men were subsequently executed. Two, who turned informer, were given respectively thirty years and life.

The melodramatic story has since been touched upon in books and moving pictures. It stirred up a controversy between the F.B.I. and the Coast Guard in 1942 and is still good for a heated argument among civilians who may or may not be "in the know." It was rumored at the time that the submarine which left the four at Amagansett had been sunk afterward some ten miles offshore. This has never been confirmed as far as the writer knows.

The evening of Friday, June 12, 1942, was very foggy. It was impossible to see beyond the breakers. A small group of Cub Scouts of which the writer was "Den Mother" had gone to the public bathing beach at East Hampton for a late afternoon picnic. One Cub ran up to the bathing pavilion and reported the sound of a Diesel engine. He could not figure that out, as it sounded so much like a beam-trawler, but he knew no local fishing craft would be inside the bar. The picnic party stood at the water's edge and listened but could see nothing off there. Later that night, around eight o'clock, the same sound was reported by a summer resident of the vicinity where the submarine was to land. She was drawing her blackout curtains when a Coast Guard patrolman stopped to chat and she asked him what that unusual sound could be. The Coast Guardsman replied that must be one of the new Navy patrol boats.

Shortly after midnight, Surfman 2nd. Class James C. Cullen left the Amagansett Coast Guard station for his six-mile eastbound patrol. He had gone only a few hundred yards when a stranger dressed in civilian clothes loomed up out of the fog. Then he saw two more men in bathing trunks wading in out of the water. A fourth came along shortly dragging a heavy bag which, he said, contained clams. The man in civilians told Cullen he would not kill him if he would keep his mouth shut, and offered him \$300 bribe money (this turned out to be \$260). Cullen took it. The German fixed him with a hypnotic stare and asked: "Would you know me if you saw me again?" Cullen said "No." Then the Coast Guardsman raced back through the fog to the station and turned over the bribe money. Carl Ross Jenette, BM 2nd. Class, who was in charge, telephoned Warrant Officer Oden and Chief Boatswain's Mate Warren Barnes. Four Coast Guardsmen took .30-caliber rifles and explored the dunes. Captain Barnes arrived on the double. He had one glimpse of the submarine through a rift in the fog, and they heard the steady Diesel throb going eastward.

The Army and Navy were alerted and before dawn soldiers had joined in the search. At dawn Captain Barnes and his men found German cigarettes in the sand, a pair of wet bathing trunks, and freshly disturbed wet sand. They dug, and brought up four wooden, tin-lined cases of explosives. Buried German clothing and an overseas cap with a Swastika on it were also found.

It was not revealed until July 15 how the saboteurs had made their getaway from Amagansett. A week or so after the men had been captured and had confessed, the

F.B.I. sent men to call on Ira Baker, Long Island Rail Road station agent at Amagansett. He verified the men's statement that they had bought four tickets to Jamaica, L.I., and had taken the early morning train on June 13. He still had the clothes the Nazis said they had left under the hedge by the station. He had tossed them into a trash can intending to burn them.

Coast Guardsman Cullen was promoted to Coxwain and given a medal. The F.B.I. has an exhibit of mementoes of the saboteurs' landing, at Washington headquarters.

There are angles on the incident which are still debatable. Some people in this area will always think the Germans were signalled in from shore.

Another curious thing is that the Civil Defense unit had held just a short time before a "dry run" of an exactly similar incident—a supposed landing from a submarine—on the beach at East Hampton only three miles westward of the spot where the real landing took place. The imaginary landing had been spotted from the beach and Civil Defense headquarters in Riverhead, the County Seat, was notified. Riverhead in turn called out the East Hampton organization. "Minute men" brandishing rifles, led by Village Chief of Police Francis Leddy ran down and scoured the beaches looking for the imaginary men landed from the enemy craft. That was how the Civil Defense would work—in theory. But when the actual landing occurred at Amagansett the Coast Guard paid no attention to Civil Defense but communicated only with the regular services. It is not impossible that if the Civil Defense had been notified according to plan,

the willing workers in East Hampton would have, by sheer force of numbers, been sure to encounter the four strangers who were walking, unbelievable as it may seem, along the Montauk Highway to the Long Island Rail Road station where they sat comfortably from about five a.m. until Station Agent Baker who lived upstairs with his wife and family came down at 6:45 and sold them tickets to Jamaica. They told Mr. Baker they had come down for the fishing but the weather was so bad they decided to go back to the city. They were the only passengers leaving Amagansett on the train at 6:51.

In the meantime, the Civil Defense was sleeping peacefully and the Nazi explosives had been buried in the sand at the foot of a road appropriately named Treasure Island Drive.

Two ship sinkings took place on the last day of World War II. These were not properly "ships ashore" on eastern Long Island, but they did take place at the mouth of Long Island Sound and not far from Montauk Point and since they are but little known to the general public, may be included here. These sinkings which represented the closing action in the five and one-half year battle of the Atlantic occurred about sixty miles from the spot where more than one hundred lives were lost and two hundred men injured in the blast on the Navy carrier Bennington on May 26, 1954.

The story of that last submarine battle is told by Everett Rattray:

"I think it was May 8 or 9, 1945, that I first heard of the incident, which is not mentioned in any of the regular histories of World War II. A friend of mine in the

East Hampton school was telling about a visit he had paid on May 6 to a relative serving with the Coast Artillery at Camp Hero, Montauk Point. He described the confusion which resulted, during his tour of the big fire-control tower at the Point, when a German submarine was reported in the mouth of Long Island Sound, between Block Island and the Rhode Island shore. There was some cause for confusion. Everyone considered the war as good as over (rumors that it was were abroad) though a U-boat had been sunk that same morning off the Grand Banks. At any time that would have been a strange and dangerous locality for an enemy submarine to operate in. I remember surf-casting the day after, north of the Point, and watching the great numbers of vessels steaming in and out of the Sound over the very spot where, though I did not know it then, a German U-boat had gone down for the last time perhaps twelve hours before.

"The commander had courage to go where he did. Perhaps he knew the war was ending and wanted to go out in a blaze of glory like his Fuehrer. He was at one time within four miles of Point Judith, ten miles of Newport with its dangers of a destroyer base and the OCS, ten of the Naval Air Station at Westerly, Rhode Island, within range of the sixteen-inch guns at Montauk Point, and not very far from New London, with all its naval activities. Perhaps he was on his way to pay a professional call at the Electric Boat Company yards at Groton. More likely he was looking for a shot at some of the fat targets leaving New York by the back door—Long Island Sound. He got a ship that afternoon of May 6,

but it was not too fat a target. At the time I heard that a large coal barge and tug, or perhaps a tug and a coal hulk, had been sunk. Certainly there was coal there. I have heard complaints often enough from fishermen who have 'tore up' otter trawls on the wreckage and recovered chunks of coal with the remains of the bag-end of the trawl. About a year ago there was a bit in the New York Herald Tribune stating that the wreckage of the sub sunk that night had been found. A destroyer out of Newport had picked up the boat on sonar and divers were sent to find out what it was. A lot is forgotten in seven or eight years.

"I had always been curious to find out what really happened on that May afternoon and evening in 1945 . . . But finally I found it in a new and excellent book 'United States Destroyer Operations in World War II' by Theodore Roscoe, published by the United States Naval Institute at Annapolis.

"The Schnorkel submarine, U-853, arrived in eastern Long Island Sound late in the day of May 5, 1945. In the afternoon of the next day she sighted and sank the 5,300 ton collier Black Point—not much to trade a large, modern submarine for. In a very short time all sorts of patrol craft, Navy and Coast Guard, and aircraft, were on the scene. Three ships, the destroyer-escort Atherton, the destroyer Ericsson, and the Coast Guard frigate Moberly, were sent south from Task Group 607, which was entering the Cape Cod Canal bound from Gibraltar to Boston. Within three hours of the torpedoing, Atherton and Moberly located the sub lying quietly on the bottom about five miles southeast of the sinking, about ten miles

south of Point Judith and five miles east of Block Island. The destroyer-escort and the frigate depth-charged most of the night, until debris proved that the U-853 had been pounded open.

“Divers found the submarine the next day, but no survivors. At two forty-one that morning the surrender of Germany had been signed at Reims. The Atlantic war was over. The last ship had been torpedoed, the last U-boat sunk, three thousand miles from Danzig.”

In war or peace, almost anything might happen off the shore of eastern Long Island. From inborn custom most people living in the coastal towns visit the beach nearly every day to “take a look,” especially when the surf runs high and dangerous. They are not looking for rich wreckage, as they might have been generations ago. The only treasure anyone is likely to pick up is an armful of driftwood or a few shells. They are not taking the place of the Life Savers who no longer walk the beach patrol. It is just that no one living here can ever be unaware of the sea, which is never twice the same.



Chronological List of Vessels in Distress Off Suffolk County 1640-1955

Including, wherever possible, date of wreck, type and name of vessel, place of origin and destination, place wrecked, and results.

1640-55: Vessel, Name unknown; Southampton.

May 8, 1657: Ship, PRINS MAURITS; Fire Island, 160-180 saved, vessel total loss.

1660-76: Ship, Name unknown; East Hampton; at least one saved (Samuel Sherrill).

1668: Ship, JOHN & LUCY; Montauk.

1678: Ship, Name unknown, Montauk.

March, 1699: Ship, ADVENTURE, 350 tons, 22 guns, from London and East Indies; sunk between L.I. and Block Island.

Nov. 23, 1701: Sloop, MARY, from Quebec; Montauk.

1704 (about): Ketch, SOCIETY; driven ashore in Suffolk Co., cargo confiscated by Gov. Nicolls.

July 7, 1710: Frigate, HERBERT; ashore on east end of Long Island, passengers Palatine immigrants from Germany, all safe, cargo damaged.

July 29, 1723: Sloop, Name unknown; East Hampton; some drowned, five came on shore "one of which was John Christopher." (E. H. Town Records, Vol. 5); vessel total loss.

April 1, 1765: Schooner, NEWPORT; Setauket, crew saved by whaleboat.

1770: Ship, Name unknown; Bridgehampton.

March 20, 1771: Brig, Name unknown, from Newfoundland; Quogue; five lost.

March 6, 1776: Ship, SALLY; Montauk, sixteen saved. Owned in N. Y., had been captured by British; the captain, mate

- of Asia man-of-war, and fourteen others taken to N.Y. under guard.
- 1776-83: Ship, Name unknown; Brookhaven.
- 1779: Brig, MIDDLETOWN; Sag Harbor; naval battle.
- Jan. 22-29, 1781: British frigate, AMERICA; lost for a few days between Gardiner's Bay and Rhode Island; returned safely.
- Jan. 22-29, 1781: British war vessel, BEDFORD; dismasted in snowstorm between Gardiner's Bay and Rhode Island; repaired March 9.
- Jan. 22-29, 1781: British frigate of 74 guns, CULLODEN; Fort Pond Bay; no lives lost.
- 1786: Brig, PEGGY, of Bermuda, Captain Thomas Thompson; Montauk Point; seven lost, three saved.
- Dec., 1790: Brig, SALLY, of Stamford, Conn. from West Indies; Eaton's Neck Reef, ten (all) lost; vessel total loss; cargo, molasses.
- 1700's: Ship, CAPTAIN BELL; Montauk.
- Jan. 6, 1796: Brig, Name unknown, Hamburg to N. Y.; Ram Island; forty saved, vessel total loss.
- Jan. 17, 1800: Brig, OCEAN, Bremen to Phila.; off L. I.; captain lost, passengers and crew saved.
- Aug., 1800: Schooner, THREE FRIENDS, of Massachusetts; Captain David Darling; wrecked on eastern L. I.
- Oct., 1800: Schooner, FAIR AMERICA, of Newport, R. I.; wrecked on eastern L. I.
- Dec., 1800: Schooner, POLLY, of North Kingston, R. I., bound Wilmington, N. C., to Newport; south side L. I.; one lost, three saved.
- Dec. 5, 1800: Sloop, TRAVELER, bound St. Thomas to Sag Harbor; Westhampton; one lost, three saved.
- March 17, 1801: Schooner, SALLY, Phila. to Boston; south shore L. I.

- Jan. 23, 1802:* Fishing sloop, Name unknown; owner Abraham Merrifield of Sag Harbor; on shore near Plum Gut.
- June 2, 1802:* Brigantine, ANN, of Norwich, Conn.; "back side of L. I."; total loss.
- 1802:* Ship, Name unknown; Gardiner's Island.
- Jan. 1, 1804:* Brig, LITTLE JANE, Havana to Boston; ashore between Ram Island and Napeague Pines; Benjamin C. French, master.
- Jan. 8, 1804:* Sloop, Name unknown; Ram Island; one lost; vessel total loss; cargo of rum, butter, and books.
- Jan. 26, 1804:* Schooner, Name unknown; Gardiner's Point; at least two lost; cargo rum, coffee, and sugar.
- Feb. 24, 1804:* Schooner, GLADIATOR, Captain Joseph B. Manning; east side Gardiner's Island; two lost.
- March 18, 1805:* Ship, ONEIDA, Captain Freeman Mabray, from Havana to Newport; East Hampton; cargo sugar and coffee lost, ship in fragments on beach. Crew saved.
- Jan. 6, 1806:* Brig, VERNONI, Captain A. Clark, West Indies to New London; Westhampton; cargo saved, vessel lost.
- Jan. 6, 1806:* Schooner, Name unknown, from Rhode Island; Westhampton.
- Nov. 9, 1806:* Brig, LUCRETIA, Captain Morris, Malaga for New York; Westhampton; vessel lost, cargo principally saved.
- Nov. 14, 1806:* Schooner, ANTELOPE, of Richmond, Va.; William Beaty, master; on bar at East Hampton; three saved by those on shore by ropes; schooner wrecked.
- Dec., 1807:* British ship ALEXANDER, Dembara for New York; Southampton; captain, supercargo, and one seaman lost, buried at Southampton; chief mate badly hurt cutting away mast. Vessel and cargo of sugar and cocoa lost.
- June, 1808:* Ship, CORN PLANTER, Captain Gillies, Liverpool to Philadelphia; Southampton; got off with aid of Southampton people.

Dec. 20, 1808: Brig, FOX, Captain Daggett; Philadelphia for Boston; East Hampton; cargo saved.

Dec. 20, 1808: Schooner, WILSON, Captain Abbott, from Nevis for Boston; Southampton; vessel went to pieces; cargo, rum and fruit, mostly saved.

Dec., 1808: Brig, BETSY, Captain Donnell of York, Maine, bound Norfolk for Boston; Westhampton; cargo tobacco and staves principally lost.

Oct. 28, 1809: Swedish brig, FAHLUM, Newport to New York in ballast; struck rock off Plum Island; went down off Cedar Island near Sag Harbor.

Dec., 1809: Schooner DOLLY, Captain Richards of Kingston, Mass., bound Boston to Baltimore; on fire at Southampton; crew of ten left in long boat; vessel total wreck; cargo rum, hemp, fruit.

March, 1810: Ship, HUDSON, Captain Spink, from Isle of May to Newport; South Beach near Moriches; cargo salt; probably total loss.

Sept. 15, 1810: Schooner, SALLY, Captain Ebenezer White from Wethersfield, Conn. bound New London for Barbadoes laden with horses; wreck found on beam ends, no one on board, w. of Southampton Sept. 18 by sloop ORPHA, Captain Meader, from St. Bartholemew's for Nantucket. Captain, mate and one seaman lost; four saved from wreck by sloop LADY WASHINGTON, New London to Norfolk.

Nov. 10, 1810: Piragua, Name unknown, of Moriches; Moriches; three lost.

Dec. 24-25, 1811: 100 vessels said to have been driven ashore on north side of L. I.

Dec. 24-25, 1811: French ship, MARIA LOUISA, 230 tons; Gardiner's Island; some of crew lost, some saved (Miss Sarah D. Gardiner, in her *Memories of Gardiner's Island*, 1947, gave above ship with date Dec. 25, 1812). Probably

- same as *Dec. 24-25, 1811*: Ship, MARIA L. STOWELL; Gardiner's Island, three lost, eighteen saved.
- Dec. 24-25, 1811*: Sloop, ROSETTE, Captain William Wells; lost in L. I. Sound in snowstorm going from Southold to N. Y. with all on board.
- Dec. 24-25, 1811*: Sloop, TRAVELER; Eaton's Neck, four lost, two saved.
- 1812-14*: Smack, JUPITER, Captain Eliphalet Beebe; burned by British in War of 1812, near Orient.
- Sept., 1813*: Small fishing boat, Name unknown; near Fire Island, all eleven lost, boat total loss. (See p. 150, Thompson's History of L. I. for names).
- 1813*: Brig, Name unknown, off Old Inlet, Bellport.
- 1814*: Sloop, WOODCOCK, owned and built by U. S. Senator John Smith; Fire Island; burned by British sloop-of-war NIMROD of fleet blockading Long Island in War of 1812.
- Jan. 16, 1815*: British 22-gun sloop-of-war, SYLPH; Shinnecock Shoals, est. 127 lost, five or six saved, vessel total loss (British Admiralty says of 121 on board, at least 115 were lost).
- July, 1815*: Brig, LIVE OAK, Captain Yarnell, "Gunpowder Ship," Shinnecock Beach; no lives lost, vessel total loss; cargo, 900 kegs powder, linen and woolen goods.
- Sept. 23, 1815*: Brig, ORION, Seth Talbot, master, bound St. Petersburg and Cronstadt to Providence; wrecked Montauk in hurricane; crew safe, cargo of hemp lost, 200 tons iron saved.
- Sept. 23, 1815*: Vessel, Name unknown, owned by Captain Spencer; lost Patchogue.
- Dec., 1815*: Brig, LEDA; Southampton; Captain Forsyth, master, from Norway to N. Y., cargo of linen damaged.
- Oct., 1816*: Sloop, TWO BROTHERS, Captain Luther Hildreth, New York to Sag Harbor; ashore on Truman's Beach; vessel lost, crew and cargo saved. ♦

Oct. or Nov., 1816: "Money Ship," Name unknown, Southampton, est. ten lost, two saved.

1816: Five packet boats lost between Sag Harbor and New York.

February, 1817: Sloop, MORGIANA, Captain Matthew Sayre, Havana to Sag Harbor; Fireplace Point, wedged in ice; cargo coffee, sugar, honey.

March, 1817: Brig, FRIENDSHIP, Nathaniel Knowles, master; Boston to Wilmington; Montauk; cargo sugar, paint, brick, leather, and pleasure wagons.

April, 1817: Schooner, LYDIA, Captain Johnson; Quebec for New York; run on shore at Old Man's, L. I. Sound; all saved.

July 15, 1819: Brig, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Captain Sheldon; bound Alexandria, Va. to Providence, R. I.; w. of Southampton; cargo of flour, saved.

Jan. 17, 1820: Ship, HELEN, from France to N. Y.; Southampton; eight lost, six saved.

Sept. 3-5, 1821: Schooner, GLORIANA; Bellport; eight other vessels in same locality lost in storm, twenty-one men lost.

Nov. 5, 1821: Ship, SAVANNAH; Fire Island; bound from Savannah, Georgia, to N. Y.; eleven (all on board) lost; vessel total loss.

Sept. 28, 1823: Sloop, VICTORY; Mattituck, total loss.

1823: Spanish schooner, LIGERA, Cuba to N. Y.; Shagwong Reef, Montauk; seven lost, two saved, vessel total loss.

Dec. 25, 1824: French ship, NESTOR; Fire Island; ship total loss; cargo of dry goods.

Dec. 29, 1825: Brig, SYLVESTER HEALY, Captain Halsey Gardiner, St. John's to New York; Gardiner's Island; cargo coal; crew saved, vessel bilged. A week later, five men lost when small boat from her capsized in Bay.

Jan., 1826: Sloop, FAIR AMERICAN, St. Bartholemew's to New Haven; Shinnecock Inlet near Southampton; cargo saved, ship lost.

March 20, 1826: Schooner, SUSAN, of Machias, Me., from Savannah to Providence; struck by lightning 100 miles off Montauk Pt.; cargo of cotton burned; run ashore Montauk 22nd, burned to water's edge. Crew saved.

Oct. 7, 1826: Sloop, MARIETTA, Captain Nathan F. Sayre, Sag Harbor to New York; capsized off Mattituck; captain and six passengers lost; vessel lost; cargo salt and paving stones.

Jan., 1827: Sloop, CONSOLATION, Captain Huntley, Bermuda to New London; Gardiner's Island.

Sept. 20, 1827: Packet sloop, DAVID PORTER; Eaton's Neck; all saved.

1828: Brig, MARS; near Georgica, East Hampton; total loss; said to have been a slave ship, ballasted here with molasses.

Sept., 1827: Sloop, WAVE, Captain Eldredge, struck rock in Plum Gut; nine saved.

Nov., 1827: Sloop, ELIZA ANN, of New Haven; Southold; all perished.

Feb. 23, 1828: Brig, ANGENORIA, Captain Jones; Havana for Providence; Canoe Place; brig lost, cargo molasses.

Jan. 2, 1829: Sloop, ENTERPRISE, Newport to New York; Plum Island; four lost; sloop bilged.

Jan. 2, 1829: Schooner, Name unknown, from Bath, Maine under ballast for New York; Plum Island; two lost, three saved; vessel lost.

Feb. 14, 1829: Brig, THOMAS of Boston; Malaga to New York; East Hampton; passengers and crew saved; cargo wine and fruit saved; vessel lost.

March 18, 1829: Schooner, GREEK; Baltimore for Salem; East Hampton; cargo flour and corn.

July, 1829: Schooner, ADELIA, Samuel Sleight, master; Boston to Norfolk; Bridgehampton; cargo nails, groceries, dry goods landed; schooner lost.

Jan. 25, 1830: Ship, Name unknown, Fire Island Lighthouse.

March, 1830: Schooner, LINCOLN; Quogue; vessel total loss.

1830: Vessel, LUCY ELLEN; Quogue.

Dec., 1832: Schooner, BABCOCK, Philadelphia to New York; East Hampton; vessel and cargo of coal total loss; crew saved.

Dec., 1832: Schooner, PACKET of Kennebunk, John H. Perkins, master; from Norfolk, Va., to Boston; East Hampton; cargo flour, tar, iron, tobacco and corn cast ashore; got off in a few days.

Oct. 9, 1833: Schooner, JAMES STARR, Captain Herman H. Rogers of Philadelphia; Great Gull Island; got off later.

Nov., 1833: Sloop, IMPERIAL, Captain David Brown of Sag Harbor; Plum Gut; struck rock and sank; cargo brick and lumber; vessel lost, crew saved.

Nov., 1833: Schooner, JANE ANN, Edward Robinson, master; New York for Boston; Race Point, Fisher's Island; flour, cargo, saved; schooner lost.

Nov., 1833: Sloop, GAZETTE, Captain Webb of Southold; capsized between Hog Neck and Shelter Island; cargo bricks; crew safe.

May, 1834: Brig, RICHARD, Nathaniel Kennedy, master; New Haven to West Indies; s.e. shore Gardiner's Island in fog; cargo flour, saved; vessel got off.

July, 1834: Brig, JOHN BERGEN of Philadelphia, bound to Boston; Patchogue; vessel and coal cargo lost.

1834: Brig, Name unknown; Smith Point (now Mastic).

May 29, 1835: Brig, TRIUMPH; from Mobile to Boston; Montauk; cargo saved, cotton and staves.

June, 1835: Sloop, CATHERINE MARIA, Captain Joseph Penny; capsized off Greenport; all saved; cargo stone.

- June, 1835:* Sloop, MORNING STAR, Captain Joshua Rogers; capsized off Oysterponds (Orient); all saved; cargo stone.
- Before 1836:* Brig, Name unknown, Old Inlet, Brookhaven, total wreck.
- Before 1836:* Vessel, SYRACUSE, on bar off Brookhaven, drifted to mouth of Old Inlet, cargo salt. The two vessels piled up and almost closed the inlet.
- Jan., 1836:* Brig, HENRIETTA, Captain John W. Downs; Martinique for New Haven; Quogue; in ballast; \$7300 in specie saved; brig lost.
- June 20, 1836:* Brig, ELIGIBLE, Captain Charles Kelly; St. John's to New York; Bridgehampton; volunteers rescued nineteen; vessel and cargo coal lost.
- Jan. 3, 1837:* Ship, TAMARAC, bound Liverpool to N. Y.; Islip; no lives lost; vessel total wreck.
- Feb. 8, 1837:* Brig, BON PERE, Captain Cuffee; Marseilles for New York; Moriches; passengers and crew safe; brig bilged; cargo brandy, wine, fruit.
- Feb., 1837:* Brig, Name unknown, New York to Portland; Southold; on rocks; crew saved but badly frozen.
- May 24, 1838:* Brig, TOM CRINGLE; Matanzas, Cuba, to Providence; Southampton; vessel total loss.
- Nov. 25, 1838:* Schooner, POTOMAC; L. I. Sound near Smithtown; capsized; all on board lost, vessel also.
- May, 1839:* Whaling ship, EDWARD QUESNEL of Fall River, Mass.; Napeague; est. eight or ten lost; unknown number saved; vessel total loss; cargo 2300 bbls. whale oil.
- June 15, 1839:* Schooner, EMPEROR, Captain Dyer; Philadelphia for Boston; foundered twenty-five miles off Southampton; all safe.
- Dec. 23, 1839:* Brig, POCAHONTAS; Cadiz, Spain, to Newburyport, Mass.; Plum Island; eleven (all on board) lost; vessel total loss.

Dec., 1839: Schooner, ELIZABETH, New Brunswick to New York; Sagaponack; one lost; vessel total loss.

184—: Wrecking schooner, MARTHA STEWARD; Pantigo, East Hampton; vessel total loss.

Jan. 13, 1840: Steamer, LEXINGTON; Eaton's Neck, est. 126 lost, four or five saved (contemporary account says 150 lost, four saved).

1840: Boston-N. Y. packet, RECIDE; Eaton's Neck; all lost.

March 29, 1840: Brig, Name unknown; from Palermo, Italy to N. Y.; Fire Island Beach; eleven (all) saved.

Nov., 1841: Schooner, CHARLES & HENRY, Captain Eldridge Philbrook; Camden to New York; ashore Old Field Point in snowstorm; four lost, two saved; cargo lime.

April 14, 1842: Square-rigged French packet ship, LOUIS PHILIPPE; Mecox; no lives lost; cargo trees, shrubs, dry goods, champagne.

1842: Whaleship, PLATO; Montauk.

March, 1844: Brig, REBECCA C. FISHER, Captain Thompson; from Porto Rico for New Haven, Conn.; Shinnecock Inlet; all safe; cargo, molasses (lost), sugar (saved).

March 17, 1846: Ship, SUSAN; Southampton; 100 Irish immigrants saved, taken to N. Y. by stagecoach.

Nov. 1, 1846: Steamer, RHODE ISLAND; off Huntington; 150 saved.

Nov. 30, 1846: Steamer, ATLANTIC; Fisher's Island, eighty lost.

Dec. 8, 1846: Brig, ROLLA, Captain Ingalls of Salem; bound for West Africa; Canoe Place; had lost both masts Nov. 23, rigged jury masts; crew saved, vessel total loss.

March 3, 1847: Vessel, Name unknown, Montauk (north side) six lost.

1847: English ship, ASHLAND; Southampton; several hundred saved.

March, 1848: Schooner, Name unknown, Montauk.
Nov., 1848: Schooner, Name unknown, Baltimore to Boston;
 Ketchabonac (Westhampton); cargo flour and corn.
March 3, 1849: Vessel, Name unknown, six lost, bodies driven
 ashore Montauk, buried at Amagansett.
1849-1858: Ship, ARGO; Center Moriches.
 “ “ : Ship, PERSIAN; Center Moriches.
Abt. 1850: Brig, MAJESTIC; Center Moriches, cargo, oil of
 peppermint.
May 6, 1850: Ship (collier), Name unknown; Montauk.
July 19, 1850: Bark, ELIZABETH; Fire Island, near Point
 O'Woods; ten lost, twelve saved.
1850-1880: Five ships wrecked at Montauk or Napeague:
 Whaleship, FORRESTER; Brig, MARCELLUS; Bark, ALGAE;
 Lightship, NANTUCKET; Brig, BRAGANZA.
June 25, 1851: Bark, HENRY, of London; Mecox; 104 saved;
 cargo, chalk and linseed oil; ship total loss.
Aug. 25, 1851: Ship, CATHERINE, of Liverpool, from Dublin
 for N. Y.; Amagansett; 300 Irish immigrants saved; ship
 total loss.
1852: Schooner, MARTHA C. TITUS; Sagaponack; vessel total
 loss; cargo flour and porter.
Feb. 12, 1852: Ship, CONSTANTINE, Havre to N. Y.; Babylon;
 225 saved; vessel total loss.
Feb. 17, 1853: Schooner, Name unknown; Napeague.
Aug. 25, 1853: Schooner, SUSAN M. YOUNG; East Hampton;
 total loss.
Sept., 1853: Hermaphrodite brig, PRAIRIE; Georgetown, D. C.
 to Salem, Mass.; Sagaponack; crew and vessel saved.
Sept. 24, 1853: Sloop, CABINET; Miller's Place; vessel total
 loss.
July 17, 1854: Side-wheel steamer, FRANKLIN; Havre to N. Y.;
 Center Moriches; 190 saved, vessel total loss.

- Nov. 10, 1854:* French ship, VIRGIN MARY; Montauk; immigrants on board, all saved.
- Nov. 15, 1854:* Storm in which sixty-four vessels, mostly large size, wrecked or stranded off Long Island.
- June 28, 1855:* Ship, ROBERT, London to N. Y.; Wickapogue, between Bridgehampton and Southampton; all safe; cargo incl. 1,000 casks Madeira wine, half of which disappeared mysteriously en route to N. Y. via Sag Harbor.
- Dec., 1855:* Bark, Name unknown (collier); Montauk.
- March, 1856:* Brig, Name unknown; cargo cotton; Amagansett.
- March 25, 1856:* Brig, DANIEL WEBSTER, from Canary Islands; Amagansett; cargo, rice, nuts, and salt.
- Dec. 14, 1856:* Brig, FLYING CLOUD; Montauk; six saved. (She may be the vessel built 1853 in Setauket by Nehemiah Hand and sent to Constantinople with rum and pepper.)
- Jan., 1857:* Vessel, IRENE; Moriches.
- Feb. 20, 1858:* Merchant clipper ship, JOHN MILTON; from Chincha Islands, Peru; Montauk; all (thirty-three) lost; cargo, guano.
- May 4, 1858:* Schooner, A. L. HARDY; Montauk.
- May 13, 1858:* Schooner, name unknown; Amagansett; three sailors, brothers, lost, one saved.
- Sept. 18, 1858:* Square-rigged ship, Name unknown; Montauk; nine came ashore (supposed slave ship).
- Sept. 21, 1859:* Schooner, FRANCIS NEWTON, Providence to Charleston, S. C.; Block Island; collision with schooner VOLANS of Bangor; complete wreck.
- Nov., 1859:* Steamer, TRAVELER; L. I. Sound; in collision.
- Dec. 3, 1859:* Schooner, SUSAN; Quogue; total loss.
- Dec. 4, 1859:* Brig, SOLICITOR, Captain Wm. Jennison, of Hull, England; from Isl. of Cephalonia to New York; Southampton; cargo of currants; all safe.

1859-60: Brig, Name unknown; Sagaponack.

Feb. 18, 1860: British brig, OCEAN BELL, Santa Cruz for Boston; Gardiner's Island; mahogany and sugar cargo; vessel sold at auction.

Nov., 1861: Vessel, Name unknown, from Havre, France to New York in ballast; Quogue.

Nov., 1861: Sloop, ACTIVE, of Sag Harbor; ashore Black Rock; little damage.

Jan. 10, 1862: Brig, LEWIS, Nova Scotia to New York in ballast; Southampton; all safe; vessel total loss.

Feb. 3, 1862: Schooner, EMMA, of St. Andrews, N. B.; from Mantanzas to Portland; Montauk in snowstorm; George Lester, Boat House Keeper, shot line on board, all landed safely.

Feb. 25, 1862: Schooner, ANTELOPE; Captain Stead; L. I. Sound opposite Riverhead; vessel sank, all hands saved, cargo, mackerel for N. Y.

Feb. 25, 1862: Schooner, METEOR; Plum Island; three lost, captain saved, vessel total loss.

Feb., 1862: Schooner, HELEN, New Bedford for New York; Plum Island; four lost, captain's hands frozen but lived. Vessel total loss.

Aug. 28, 1862: Steamship, GREAT EASTERN; Montauk Point; damaged on rock since called by her name.

Oct., 1862: Vessel, Name unknown; Napeague; total loss; cargo yellow pine lumber.

July, 1863: Schooner, Name unknown, Portland to Havana; Montauk; cargo saved, vessel total loss.

Nov. 18, 1863: American bark, MESOPOTAMIA, Captain Thompson, Liverpool to New York; e. Ponquogue Light; vessel lost; cargo peanuts; ran blockade at South, peanuts carried to England, re-shipped to U. S.

Feb. 26, 1864: Schooner, WONDER, Boston to Alexandria, Va., with government stores; sprung leak forty miles

- s.w. Montauk Pt., went down 15 hours later; reached lighthouse safely, but lost everything.
- Dec. 28, 1864:* British brig, DENMARK, Cienfuegos, W.I. to Boston with molasses; Gardiner's Island; vessel total loss, cargo saved.
- 1864:* Sailing vessel, s. J. WARING, Stony Brook.
- Oct. 12, 1864:* Schooner, SARAH N. MCDONALD; Baltimore to Boston; Napeague; cargo, vitriol and old bones; vessel total loss.
- Jan. 10, 1865:* Schooner, GENERAL MARION; East Hampton; three saved, vessel total loss.
- Feb., 1865:* Brig, MERGANSER; from Prince Edward Island; Montauk; one lost, eight saved, cargo coal, vessel sold at auction.
- Dec., 1865:* Brig, D. ALVEIT, New York to St. Peter's, Guadalupe; Montauk; cargo and vessel sold at auction.
- Dec., 1865:* Sloop, MIAMI, ashore at North Haven; sold.
- 1860's:* Schooner (collier), MARYLAND; Napeague Beach.
- Jan. 7, 1866:* Schooner, TEXAS, New London to Virginia in ballast; seven miles n. Montauk Pt.; total loss.
- April, 1866:* Steamer, CITY OF NORWICH, Norwich, Conn., to New York, in collision with unnamed schooner; burned and sank off Huntington; eleven lost; cargo valued at \$1,000,000.
- Dec. 25, 1866:* L.I. Sound steamer, COMMODORE BRADY; Peconic; est. one hundred saved.
- 1866:* Pilot Boat 24, ABRAHAM LEGGETT; East Hampton; no lives lost, boat total loss.
- March 9, 1867:* Pilot Boat, WILLIAM BELL; Amagansett.
- 1867:* Schooner, HELEN GIFFORD; Patchogue.
- Oct. 10, 1867:* Brig, ARABIAN; Montauk.
- Oct. 21, 1867:* British iron steamer, AMSTERDAM, from Malaga; Montauk; total loss; cargo fruit, wine, Spanish lead.

- Nov. 23, 1867:* British brig, CHARLES LEVETT; Stony Brook.
- Nov. 30, 1867:* Schooner, VOLANT; Ponquogue (now Hampton Bays); two lost.
(There were eight shipwrecks in 1867.)
- 1868:* Ship, EMILY B. SOUDER; from Mediterranean; Southampton; total loss; cargo of fruit.
- June 8, 1869:* Brig, BIRDIE; Fire Island.
- June, 1869:* Brig, NIGATE, Porto Rico to New Haven; Gull Island, then run ashore on Gardiner's Island; cargo sugar and molasses.
- Sept. 13, 1869:* Schooner, MARY MILLNESS; Montauk; two lost, vessel total loss.
- Oct. 5, 1869:* Bark, Name unknown; Fire Island; one lost.
- Oct. 10, 1869:* Brig, CHARLES W. RING (OR KING); Smith Point (Moriches).
- June 3, 1870:* Schooner, LEHMAN BLEW; Montauk.
- June 16, 1870:* Schooner, MARY RICH; of Providence, R.I.; Southampton; nineteen saved, vessel total loss.
- Feb. 1, 1871:* Bark, ROSINA; Center Moriches (liquor ship).
- June 3, 1871:* Ship, PACIFIC, Glasgow to N.Y.; East Hampton; no lives lost.
- Nov. 18, 1871:* Brig, CAROLINE GREY, Moriches.
- Dec. 6, 1871:* Spanish ship, MESOPOTAMI; Southampton; between-decks cargo entirely peanuts.
- Dec. 6, 1871:* Brig, WILLIAM CREEVY; Southampton; est. eight saved, vessel total loss, cargo salt.
- Feb. 10, 1872:* Schooner, ANTECEDENT; Eaton's Neck; one lost, two saved.
- Feb., 1872:* British bark, ROBERT FLETCHER; Whampoa, China to N.Y.; East Moriches; total wreck; cargo tea, silk, matting.
- Oct. 27, 1872:* Schooner, ALMEDA, New York to Portland, Maine; Gardiner's Point; vessel saved.

- Dec. 2, 1872:* Schooner, H. T. HEDGES of Sag Harbor; bound Fall River; Block Island; cargo coal; saved.
- 1872:* Steamer, MATIS; sunk L.I. Sound.
- 1872:* Brig, CAROLINE HALL, Fire Island Beach.
- 1872:* Bark, Name unknown; Bellport; total loss.
- Winter, 1872:* Schooner, ALLAN MIDDLETON of Warren, R.I.; Fire Island; one lost. (L.I. Sound frozen over, winter of 1872-3; New England ships bound for N.Y. were obliged to round Montauk Point).
- Feb. 21, 1873:* Schooner, SURF, of Trenton, N.J.; Plum Island; all (four) lost; cargo coal; vessel went to pieces.
- Feb. 21, 1873:* Schooner, LEWIS WELSH, Elizabethport for Providence; Horton's Pt., Southold; vessel total loss; all saved; cargo coal.
- March 4, 1873:* Steam revenue cutter, BRAUX of New York; struck reef west of "Old Silas," e. side Plum Island; sank quickly; no lives lost.
- Dec. 1873:* Schooner, FLORENCE V. TURNER; Lloyd Neck; three lost, six saved.
- Jan. 23, 1874:* French steamer, ALEXANDRE LA VALLE; Southampton; thirty-three saved, vessel total loss; cargo, brandy, ale, wine, potash and rags.
- Feb. 1874:* Schooner, EXPERIMENT; Ponquogue; est. Eight saved, vessel total wreck.
- May 30, 1874:* Steamship, MAHO; Liverpool and Queens-town to N.Y.; Fire Island Beach; est. seventy-five saved; cause given as "fatal negligence in using the lead."
- Feb. 25, 1875:* Steamship, VICKSBURG; Fire Island.
- March 8, 1875:* Schooner, M. VASSAR, JR., S. Winchester, Master, from New Bedford to New Haven; Eastern Plain Pt., Gardiner's Island, in snowstorm. Montauk Life Saving crews hauled boat to Ft. Pond Bay with George Osborn's oxen and gave assistance. Captain J. D. Parsons of The Springs pulled vessel off.

- Oct. 27, 1875:* Coal schooner, EMILY H. NAYLOR of Philadelphia; Southampton.
- Nov. 18, 1875:* Schooner, EDGAR BAXTER of Babylon; Fire Island Bar; four saved, vessel total loss, cargo bricks.
- Dec. 26, 1875:* Schooner, HILL BAXTER, of Canning, N.S., from Turks Island to Boston; Shinnecock; six saved.
- Jan. 2, 1876:* Schooner, MARCUS HUNT; Potunk (Westhampton).
- Jan. 26, 1876:* Steamship, GREAT WESTERN of Bristol, England; Messina to N.Y.; Fire Island; all (thirty-six) saved.
- March 22, 1876:* Schooner, IDA B. SILSBY; Fire Island Bar.
- March 26, 1876:* Schooner, JACOB C. THOMPSON of Philadelphia, Baltimore to Groton, Conn.; Shinnecock; six saved.
- April 4, 1876:* Schooner, HELEN G. HOLWAY of Machias, Maine; Cuba to Boston; Fire Island; six lost, one saved, vessel total loss, cargo sugar.
- 1876:* Brig, Name unknown; Smith's Point (Moriches).
- Oct. 15, 1876:* Schooner, NIAN TIC, of Taunton, Mass.; Montauk; all saved.
- Nov. 1876:* Sloop, W. E. HULSE; Jones Inlet, three lost.
- Nov. 19, 1876:* Schooner, ANNIE C. COOK of Thomaston, Maine, Bonair, West Indies, to Providence; Southampton; nine saved, vessel total loss; cargo salt (one of her masts served as a Liberty Pole for Southampton, 1876-1930).
- Dec. 10, 1876:* Fishing smack, DAVID SPRAGUE, of New London, Conn.; Montauk; crew landed by Life Saving Station men.
- Dec. 11, 1876:* Full-rigged iron ship, CIRCASSIAN, Liverpool to N.Y.; Mecox; came on bar; forty-nine on board when she struck; ship lost December 29 and 30, twenty-eight of wrecking crew lost, four saved.
- 1877 (abt.):* Vessel, BLACKSTONE; Amagansett; Captain Joshua B. Edwards worked it off in two days.

Feb. 18, 1877: Schooner, ABBY MORTON; Mt. Misery (Port Jefferson).

July 14, 1877: Schooner, MARY, N.Y. to Boston; three miles w. Eaton's Neck, collision; three lost, total wreck, cargo coal.

July 19, 1877: Schooner, ADELAIDE M. ALDRIDGE, of Dennis, Mass.; bound Perth Amboy, N.J. to Boston; Lone Hill, Sayville; seven saved.

Aug. 31, 1877: Brigantine, IDALIA, of Georgetown, Prince Edward Island; bound Buenos Aires to Providence; Montauk; nine saved; cargo salt.

Oct. 5, 1877: Schooner, ARMSTRONG, of New Haven, Conn.; Georgetown, D.C., to Providence, R.I.; Potunk (Westhampton); seven saved.

Dec. 3, 1877: Schooner, JOSEPHINE, N.Y. to Orient, L.I.; foundered in Sound near Plum Gut; three lost.

Dec. 15, 1877: Schooner, ELIZABETH EDWARDS, of Philadelphia; New Orleans to Providence; two miles w. Lone Hill Station, Sayville; six saved.

Abt. 1878: Vessel, PLOWBOY; Cutchogue; vessel saved.

Betw. 1878 and 1888: Pilot Boat, COLUMBIA; Fire Island.

Jan. 28, 1878: Norwegian bark, FREDERICK; Westhampton; total loss.

April 30, 1878: Ship, BENGAL; Amagansett; got off.

Dec. 22, 1878: Three-masted schooner, JAMES A. POTTER, of Thomaston, Maine; Pensacola to Boston; ashore Sagaponack in snowstorm; later drove ashore at Amagansett. One lost, seven saved; cargo yellow pine lumber.

Jan. 4, 1879: Steamship, VINDICATOR, Fall River, Mass. to Philadelphia; Blue Point; eighteen saved, vessel total loss.

June 29, 1879: Schooner, C. B. PAINE, of Eastport, Maine; Haiti to Providence; Bellport; seven saved.

July 4, 1879: Fishing sloop, NETTLE; Promised Land; struck

by lightning and burned; Captain Thomas D. Rose and four saved.

Aug. 7, 1879: Vanderbilt Line steamer, LIZZIE, bound for Liverpool; Mecox; crew and ship saved; cargo flour and 100 head cattle; cattle swam ashore.

Aug. 16, 1879: Schooner, GEORGE W. ANDREWS; Ponquogue; twelve saved.

Aug. 21, 1879: Storm, twenty-two small vessels blown ashore at Sag Harbor.

April, 1880: Two-masted schooner, RALPH HOWES, of Belfast, Maine; Wilmington, N.C. to Boston; Georgica; six saved, vessel total loss; cargo turpentine and tar.

April 20, 1880: Pilot schooner, ASPINWALL; Fire Island Bar.

April 29, 1880: Fishing steamer, NARRAGANSETT; struck Circassian wreck at Mecox.

June 11, 1880: Fishing steamer, NARRAGANSETT, of Tiverton, R.I.; in collision at Canfield Point, L.I. Sound, twenty-seven lost.

1880 or 1881: Fishing steamer, NARRAGANSETT; stranded on beach, East Hampton; total loss. (E. H. Star said, 1887, her boiler and engine were being hauled out by Hopping & Topping; somewhat corroded).

Nov. 8, 1880: Sloop, EQUATOR; Fire Island Bar.

Dec. 1, 1880: Brig, NELLIE; Fisher's Island; all saved (ten).

Dec. 30, 1880: Bark, IDAHO; Smith's Point, Moriches; eighteen saved.

Jan. 6, 1881: Bark, JOSIE T. MARSHALL, Antwerp, Belgium to N.Y.; Gilgo Inlet; one lost, sixteen saved; in ballast.

Jan. 7, 1881: Schooner, LORETTA D. FISH, of Thomaston, Me.; Savannah to Boston; Sagaponack; crew, eight, saved by breeches buoy; vessel total loss. Hard pine cargo. Her masts became Bridgehampton's flagpole; 110 feet high; in use until 1917.

Jan 30, 1881: Steamer, BRISTOL, of Great Western S.S. Co. of

Bristol England, 1274 tons, bound for N.Y.; ashore in snowstorm $\frac{3}{4}$ miles w. Shinnecock Light; hauled off by three U.S.L.S.S. crews; ten passengers, thirty-eight crew, safe; cargo tin and coal.

Feb. 28, 1881: Schooner, WALTER B. CHESTER, of Wellfleet, Mass.; Phila. to Boston; Potunk (Westhampton), eight saved.

May 16, 1881: Schooner, ISAAC P. HAZARD; Eaton's Neck; three saved.

Sept. 25, 1881: Schooner, GEORGE F. CARMAN, of Patchogue, bound Haverstraw, N.Y., to Patchogue; Fire Island Inlet bar; three saved, ship floated, with U.S.L.S.S. aid; cargo brick.

Nov. 4, 1881: Steam collier, LANCASTER, of Philadelphia, from Boston in ballast; shaft broken, distress signals at East Hampton.

Jan 27, 1882: Ship, MARGARETHA, of Bremerhaven, Germany, bound to N.Y.; Smith's Point (Moriches); crew of twenty-two rescued in breeches buoy; ship total loss.

Feb. 18, 1882: Schooner, JOHN D. BUCKALEW, of Perth Amboy, N.J., bound Hoboken to Newport; Gin Beach, five miles w. of Montauk Point; captain ashore, two in crew refused to leave; vessel broken up, bodies buried at East Hampton.

March 30, 1882: Sloop, KATE CANNON, of N.Y.; aground Eaton's Neck; four saved.

May 29, 1882: Brig, DAYLIGHT, of New Haven, Conn., from Martinique; Georgica, East Hampton; eight crew, captain's wife and daughter, saved; ship saved; cargo raw sugar and casks.

June 10, 1882: Sloop, ALICE; Fire Island; two lost, one saved.

July 18, 1882: Schooner, YOUNG TEASER, of New Bedford; Baltimore to Providence; Smith's Point (Moriches), six rescued surf boat.

- Dec. 9, 1882:* Brig, WATER LILY, from St. Pierre, West Indies, to N.Y.; Forge River; nine saved.
- April 11, 1883:* Schooner, COPY, of Ellsworth, Me., N.Y. to Boston, Eaton's Neck, four safe.
- April 11, 1883:* Schooner, OSCAR F. HAWLEY, New Jersey to Port Jefferson, L.I.; Eaton's Neck, four safe, cargo coal.
- April 11, 1883:* Schooner, MARIETTA SMITH, Greenport to N.Y.; Eaton's Neck, four safe.
- April 11, 1883:* Schooner, ESTELLA DAY, Providence to Newcastle, Del.; Eaton's Neck; six safe.
- April 16, 1883:* Schooner, SARAH BABCOCK of Greenwich, Conn.; Latimer's Reef, Fisher's Island; five safe; cargo stone.
- Oct. 31, 1883:* Schooner, ROSE BROTHERS of Newport; bound Block Island to Napeague Harbor; Napeague; five crew.
- Nov. 13, 1883:* Schooner, WINNIE, of Patchogue; from Port Johnson, N.J.; Bellport; two saved; vessel total loss; cargo coal.
- Nov. 16, 1883:* Schooner, LUCY MORGAN, from Saybrook, Conn. to Fort Pond Bay; Fort Pond Bay, Montauk; eight saved.
- Nov. 21, 1883:* Schooner, ISLAND BELLE, bound Promised Land to N.Y.; Napeague; two saved; fish oil and scrap cargo.
- Jan. 6, 1884:* Schooner, LUCY E. FRIEND, of Gloucester; bound Damariscotta, Me., to Norfolk; Smith's Point; eight saved; cargo ice.
- Feb. 29, 1884:* Sloop, HATTIE J., Lone Hill; three saved.
- April, 1884:* Sloop, EXCEL, of Port Jefferson, run down by schooner HESTER of New York in L.I. Sound; total wreck.
- April, 1884:* Fishing schooner, NELLIE B., of Block Island; lost in gale s.e. of Block Island.
- April, 1884:* Schooner, BOSTON, of Barnstable, Mass., ashore e. of Orient.

June 12, 1884: Steamship, BERMUDA, of Sunderland, England, from Windward Islands to N.Y.; Amagansett; fifty-three saved; general cargo.

July 4, 1884: Steamship, GULF OF ST. VINCENT of Hartlepool, England; 1590 tons; Calcutta to N.Y.; Lone Hill, Sayville, thirty-three crew, seven passengers safe; linseed oil and general cargo.

Dec. 21, 1884: Steamship, OLIVETO, of Sunderland, England, 1426 tons, from Shields, England to N.Y.; Forge River, (Mastic); 26 in crew, \$90,000 damage; still on beach Feb. 10, 1885.

Dec. 22, 1884: Bark, CHARLIE HICKMAN, of New Brunswick; Liverpool to N.Y.; Forge River; one lost, fifteen saved in breeches buoy.

1885: Schooner, A. B. HADE; Greenport; refloated.

Jan. 12, 1885: Schooner, AVLONA, of Lunenburg, N.S. from Cienfuogos, Cuba to Boston; Bellport; six crew; cargo sugar.

Feb. 10, 1885: Schooner, S. M. THOMAS, of Taunton, Mass.; Norfolk, Va., to Providence; Point O'Woods; nine saved; cargo coal; vessel total loss.

Feb. 21, 1885: Schooner, JORDAN L. MOTT, of Newburyport, Mass.; bound San Domingo, West Indies, to N.Y.; Westhampton; seven crew; cargo sugar and honey.

Dec. 9, 1885: Schooner, HETTIE J. DORMAN, of Wilmington, Del., bound for N.Y.; Shinnecock; seven saved.

Jan. 10, 1886: Schooner, Name unknown, Baltimore to Providence; Montauk (Shagwong Reef); cargo coal.

Jan. 1886: Schooner, SEA BIRD; Port Jefferson Harbor, cargo pig iron.

Feb. 1886: Freight steamer, HILTON CASTLE; Fire Island Beach; Life Savers brought ashore eight men, schooner picked up others.

Feb. 1886: Three-masted schooner, LIZZIE M. DEAN, bound

- Baltimore to Providence; Shagwong Reef, Montauk; est. eight saved; vessel lost; cargo coal.
- Feb. 26, 1886:* Schooner, SARAH PURVES, of N.Y.; bound N.Y. to Providence; Eaton's Neck; four crew; vessel total loss; cargo petroleum.
- March, 1886:* Steamer, IDLEWILD; on rocks at Port Jefferson; eight lost, abt. thirty saved.
- March 20, 1886:* Cunard steamship, OREGON; Center Moriches, in collision with unknown schooner which sank; 845 saved; vessel wrecked.
- March 30, 1886:* Steamship, EUROPA, 1,003 tons, Hamburg to N.Y.; Quogue; twenty-seven crew safe; \$140,000 loss; general cargo.
- March 31, 1886:* Schooner, PEREAUX, of Cornwallis, N.S.; bound Phila. to Nova Scotia; Quogue; seven saved; vessel total loss; cargo coal.
- June 7, 1886:* Steamship, BERNARD, of Cardiff, Wales; bound England to N.Y.; Forge River (Center Moriches); twenty-three crew; got off July 3; cargo pig iron.
- June 24, 1886:* 200-ton brigantine, JAMES T. ABBOTT, of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, bound from Turks Island to Vineyard Haven, Mass.; Wainscott; crew of nine safe; vessel total loss.
- Sept. 7, 1886:* Schooner, HATTIE A. WHITE of Boston; Shinnecock; five saved, including Captain Stratton and two daughters by breeches buoy; cargo granite flagstones.
- Sept. 18, 1886:* Four-masted schooner, CARRIE A. LANE, of Sag Harbor; e. of Shinnecock; vessel saved.
- Dec. 30, 1886:* Brig, CHRISTINA MOORE, of Windsor, N.S., bound Windsor to N.Y.; Lloyd Neck; seven crew; cargo plaster.
- Feb. 28, 1887:* Schooner, DANIEL WEBSTER, of East Haddam, Conn.; Hungerford to Stonington; Eaton's Neck; five crew safe.

March 6, 1887: Steamship, CITY OF CHICAGO, of Liverpool, 5,202 tons; Liverpool to N.Y.; Potunk (Westhampton); 639 saved.

March 25, 1887: Steamship, SCOTIA, of Marseilles, 2,496 tons; bound Naples to N.Y.; on bar 15 miles e. Fire Island; 872 saved; pulled off by wrecking tugs; \$103,000 damage.

April 2, 1887: Sloop, ANNA T. of Greenport; Napeague, five crew safe.

April 2, 1887: Schooner, ROSE BROTHERS; Napeague; crew four.

June 8, 1887: Schooner, AVON, of Searsport, Me.; bound Bangor to Port Morris, N.Y.; Eaton's Neck; five crew; cargo lumber.

1887: Pilot Boat, PHANTOM; foundered at sea off Fire Island, all hands lost.

Sept. 26, 1887: Schooner, EVA C. YATES, of Damariscotta, Maine; Philadelphia to Boston; Fire Island; eight safe.

Dec. 18, 1887: Two-masted schooner, LEWIS A. KING, of Ellsworth, Maine; Captain H. C. Farnham; Boston to N.Y.; Montauk; all seven safe; cargo dates and pipe-clay.

1887: Four-masted schooner, ALVINA CAMPBELL; Shagwong Reef; Montauk; vessel total loss; cargo coal.

Jan. 1888: Schooner, IDA E. LATHAM, of Orient, dragged anchor at New Haven, Conn., crew abandoned vessel, found off Baiting Hollow.

Abt. 1888: Ship, COMMODORE; Cutchogue; saved.

188-: Barge, CUBA; Shagwong Reef, Montauk.

March 12, 1888: Sloop, CORNELIA A. LOWNDES, of Groton, Conn.; Napeague; two safe; cargo iron.

June 1, 1888: Schooner, MARIETTA SMITH, of Greenport; bound N.Y. to Napeague; Napeague; five crew saved; cargo building materials.

July 12, 1888: U.S. Government Steamer, JOHN RODGERS,

bound N.Y. to Fire Island; Fire Island Inlet; sixteen on board.

Aug. 22, 1888: Sloop, FAVORITE, of New London; Montauk; four miles w. of Lighthouse at spot called Amsterdam; three on board picked up by revenue cutter; vessel total loss.

Aug. 22, 1888: Fishing steamer, MONTAUK, coming from No Man's Land heavily loaded with menhaden; e. of Gardiner's Island; sank; crew safe; vessel later raised.

Jan. 9, 1889: Steamer, GEORGE APPOLD, of Baltimore; 1456 tons; Providence to Newport News, Va.; Montauk, two miles w. of Lighthouse, twenty-eight saved with breeches buoy; ship total wreck; cargo shoes and cotton cloth; \$133,000 loss.

March 14, 1889: English 2800-ton steamer, WINGATE; Georgica, East Hampton; disabled, bound from Alexandria, Egypt to N.Y.; cargo bones and rags.

March 18, 1889: Schooner, GEORGE H. MILLS, of Providence; Promised Land to Phila.; Napeague; seven crew; cargo fish scrap.

April 4, 1889: Bark, NELLIE WHITE, wrecked at sea, location unknown.

188-: Brig, BRILLIANT, Fire Island Beach.

March, 1890: Schooner, BELLE HIGGINS; Shinnecock.

April 4, 1890: Schooner, ASA J. MOORE; Westhampton Beach, cargo coal.

April, 1890: Schooner, BELLA, of Wading River; on rocks off Greenport, collision with Sound steamer off Saybrook, Conn., no lives lost, vessel total loss, cargo farm produce.

May, 1890: Four-masted schooner, 655 tons, W. H. FREDSON, of Boston; Block Island; cargo soft coal.

June, 1890: Two-masted schooner, Name unknown; sank off Shinnecock; five picked up by fishing smack.

- Dec. 1890:* Yacht, JENTY, of Shelter Island; Orient; two ashore safely, vessel total loss.
- Jan. 13, 1891:* Schooner, OTTER, of St. John's, N.B., from St. Kitts, West Indies, to N.Y., Bellport; two lost, six saved breeches buoy; vessel wreck, sold for \$62.
- Sept. 29, 1891:* Schooner, HARRY DOREMUS, of N.Y.; Fire Island Bar.
- Oct. 1891:* Schooner, AMERICAN CHIEF, Captain Snow, of Rockland, Maine; Gardiner's Island; total wreck.
- Oct. 23, 1891:* Sloop, THOMAS ARMSTRONG, of Greenport, L.I.; bound New Suffolk to New London; Napeague; clams, cargo.
- Nov. 1891:* Schooner, EMMA JANE, bound to Bridgeport, Conn., with oyster seed; Eaton's Neck, one lost, one saved.
- Jan. 25, 1892:* Brigantine, HARRY & AUBREY, of Pugwash, N.S., from San Blas, Colombia to N.Y.; Blue Point.
- May 3, 1892:* Schooner, SATELLA, of Bridgeport, Conn., from Fernanda, Fla., to Patchogue; Fire Island.
- Feb. 1893:* Schooner, JOHN S. AMES; Bellport.
- Feb. 17, 1893:* Three-masted schooner, ELSIE FAY, of Boston; from Grand Cayman, West Indies, to Boston; Montauk; seven saved with breeches buoy; cargo logwood and cocoanuts.
- March 25, 1893:* Steamer, GLUCKAUF, of Gesstemunde, Germany; Stettin, Germany, to N.Y.; Blue Point; thirty saved.
- Aug. 7, 1893:* Sloop, BLACK EAGLE, of Greenport; Shagwong Reef, Montauk; eight safe.
- Aug. 24, 1893:* Steamer, PANTHER; Southampton, and Coal Barge, LYKENS VALLEY (Towed); Southampton; seventeen lost, three saved.
- Nov. 27, 1893:* Four-masted schooner, LOUISE H. RANDALL, of Newport, R.I., Philadelphia to Boston; Smith's Point,

Moriches (now Mastic); eleven including Captain Randall's wife, rescued after twenty-seven hours in rigging by Merritt Salvage Co. vessel; five Life Saving crews called; sea too rough for small boat. Vessel total loss.

Nov. 1893: Coal barge, Name unknown; Montauk; drifted to Block Island; five lost.

Jan. 13, 1894: Schooner, MARY WILLIAMS of Camden, N.J., bound Charleston, S.C., to Boston; Napeague Beach; eight saved; cargo, phosphate rock; \$20,000 damage.

Jan. 16, 1894: Three-masted schooner, FANNIE J. BARTLETT, Philadelphia to Boston; Napeague; ten saved; vessel total wreck.

Jan. 16, 1894: Pilot Schooner, JOSEPH F. LOUBAT, of N.Y.; Amagansett; six safe; boat refloated.

March 18, 1894: French Line steamship, LA BRETAGNE; Blue Point; 595 saved.

April 7, 1894: Three-masted schooner, BENJAMIN B. CHURCH, of New Bedford, Mass.; Philadelphia to Fall River; Mecox; eight saved, vessel total loss; cargo coal.

April 21, 1894: Bark, ELMIRANDA, of Portland, Maine; N.Y. to Portland; Wainscott; eleven ashore in breeches buoy; cargo coal; vessel taken off.

May 2, 1894: Steamer, PERSIAN MONARCH, bound London to N.Y.; Moriches; seventy-eight saved; vessel total loss; general cargo.

Sept. 6, 1894: Steamer, SORRENTO, Bellport.

Sept. 8, 1894: Four-masted schooner, JOHN K. SOUTHER, bound Baltimore to Boston; Mecox; eight saved; ship also; cargo coal.

Oct. 10, 1894: Sloop, MARIA D., of Greenport; Montauk; three safe; cargo fish.

Nov. 25, 1894: Schooner, ORIOLE, of New Bedford, Mass.; Providence to N.Y., Fort Pond Bay; five safe; vessel sold at auction.

- Dec. 6, 1894:* Three-masted schooner, MARY B. BAIRD, of Philadelphia, bound for Boston; Napeague Beach; nine safe; cargo coal.
- Dec. 27, 1894:* Schooner, IZETTA; Eaton's Neck; nine saved.
- Jan. 6, 1895:* Tug, SEA KING, and five coal barges; L.I. Sound; twelve lost, two saved.
- Feb. 6, 1895:* Brig, GEM, from St. Martin, West Indies, bound to N.Y.; Moriches; nine saved; vessel total loss.
- Feb. 8, 1895:* Schooner, LOUIS V. PLACE, Baltimore to N.Y.; off Lone Hill, Sayville; six lost, two saved but one died in hospital; cargo, coke.
- Feb. 8, 1895:* Four-masted schooner, JOHN B. MANNING, Captain Samuel C. Sprague; Sayville; nine saved.
- March 25, 1895:* Schooner, MARY H. HALL; Orient Point.
- April 14, 1895:* Schooner, INTERNATIONAL; Eaton's Neck; sixteen saved.
- April 25, 1895:* Schooner, NORTH ERIN; Tiana-Shinnecock.
- June 11, 1895:* Brig, OLINDA; Fisher's Island; twenty-nine saved.
- Jan. 28, 1896:* Steamer, J. W HAWKINS; Montauk; bound for Cuba; ten lost, 110 saved.
- Feb. 5, 1896:* British steamer, LANINGTON, Blue Point; twenty-four saved, including a pony brought ashore in breeches buoy.
- March 4, 1896:* Steamer, Name unknown; Montauk.
- March 11, 1896:* Schooner, KATE SCRANTON; Eaton's Neck; two lost.
- March 13, 1896:* Sloop, GRACIE, of Patchogue; Point O'Woods.
- March 11-13, 1896:* Schooner, MARY A. BATES, of Sag Harbor, Eaton's Neck; two lost, three saved. She struck Little Reef in snowstorm; men on shore yelled "Wait for breeches buoy!" but crew of four started in boat; capsized; two swam ashore; Captain Charles Bates taken off in breeches buoy.

July 4, 1896: Schooner-barge, CENTRAL R. R. OF NEW JERSEY NO. 8, Port Johnson, N.J. to Boston; Shinnecock; four saved.

Nov. 15, 1896: Sloop, JULIET, of New York; Fire Island; six safe.

Dec. 10, 1896: Steamer, CLARISSA RADCLIFFE; Bellport; twenty-nine saved.

Jan. 21, 1897: Schooner, NAHUM CHAPIN, of Rockland, Maine; bound Baltimore to Boston; Quogue; eleven on board all lost; vessel total loss.

March 15, 1897: Bark, ATHLON; Orient; seventeen saved.

March 15, 1897: Schooner, JULIA A. WARR; Wainscott; total loss; cargo lumber.

May 4, 1897: Schooner-barge, L. B. GILCHRIST, of New Bedford, Amagansett.

Aug. 5, 1897: Full-rigged German ship, OTTO, of Bremerhaven, 1200 tons, bound Stettin to N.Y.; ashore in thunder-squall, Sagaponack; eighteen saved; ship also; cargo cement and rags.

Nov. 10, 1897: Sloop, ELLA MAY, of Greenport; Montauk; two safe.

Dec. 1897: Three-masted schooner, LUCY; on reef Plum Island; crew taken off by New London-Sag Harbor steamer, Manhanset.

April 30, 1898: Two-masted schooner, SHAMROCK; n. of Montauk Point; three ashore safely.

May 24, 1898: Ship, TROOP, of St. John, N.B., from Swansea. Wales to N.Y.; Forge River, Moriches; twenty-two safe.

Aug. 26, 1898: Steamship, PRAIRIE; U.S. transport carrying 400 troops from Cuba to Camp Wikoff, Montauk; Napeague; floated after one day.

Aug. 26, 1898: Bark, CARRIE; Shagwong Reef, Montauk; floated off.

Nov. 22, 1898: Coal barge, ESCORT; Cutchogue.

- Nov. 22, 1898:* Coal barge, NEVASINK; Cutchogue.
- Nov. 22, 1898:* Coal barge, MC CAULEY; Peconic Inlet.
(The three barges broke loose from the same tug and washed ashore, the first two near Duck Pond Pt. in L.I. Sound).
- 1898:* Sloop, OLIVE LEAF; Port Jefferson Harbor.
- 1898:* Vessel, ALERT; beached at Woodville (renamed Wardencliff, now called Shoreham).
- 1898:* Vessel, GLOBE; beached on north shore.
- Dec. 1898:* Schooner, J. N. AYERS; Peconic Bay near North Sea; vessel found in twenty feet of water; crew, Captain Ross of Sag Harbor, Nathan Hand, Winfield Rockwell, lost in blizzard; vessel total wreck.
- Feb. 10, 1899:* Barkentine, BRAZIL, of Windsor, N.S.; from Jamaica, West Indies, to N.Y.; Moriches; eight saved.
- March 7, 1899:* Schooner-barge, HOMER D. ALVERSON, of Sandusky, Ohio; bound Newport News to Boston; Lone Hill, Sayville; six safe.
- June 15, 1899:* Tug, ARGUS, bound Perth Amboy, N.J. to New London; Montauk; twelve saved, vessel total loss; (towing coal barge, CUBA, and another barge).
- Aug. 8, 1899:* Schooner, GLENDY BURKE; Oak Island.
- Sept. 20, 1899:* Sloop, ELLEN, of Newport News, Va.; Napeague Harbor; struck by lightning; crew off; cargo fish and ice.
- Sept. 11, 1899:* Sloop, ARROW, Quogue; crew of three safe.
- Oct. 15, 1899:* Steamer, A. HALLENBECK, and barge; Rocky Point, East Marion; twenty-five saved.
- Dec. 30, 1899:* Schooner, ROBBONI; Rocky Point, East Marion; six saved.
- Jan. 3, 1900:* Schooner, S. P. HITCHCOCK, of Maine; bound Brunswick, Ga. to Bath Me.; Moriches; nine crew; cargo lumber.
- Feb. 8, 1900:* Steamer, GATE CITY, of Savannah, Georgia, bound to Boston; Moriches; forty-nine saved; vessel total

loss; cargo cotton. She had been used as a transport in Spanish-American War, 1898.

Aug. 25, 1901: Schooner, ELIZA A. SCRIBNER, of Philadelphia; from Promised Land, L. I., to Charleston, S. C.; Oak Island; eight safe.

Sept. 11, 1901: Schooner, LUCY W. SNOW, of Portland, Maine; bound Nassau to Providence, R. I.; Moriches; seven safe.

Feb. 2, 1902: Bark, BELLE OF OREGON; Westhampton; crew of four lost.

Feb. 2, 1902: Barge, ANTELOPE; Westhampton.

Dec. 3, 1902: Bark, ALICE REED, of N. Y., bound Turks Island, West Indies, to Boston; Napeague Beach; ten rescued breeches buoy; vessel total loss; cargo salt; a hill named after her.

Dec. 18, 1903: Barkentine, CUBA, Captain Morrissey of Windsor, N. S., bound N. Y. to Port Creveille, N. S., empty; Montauk; eight saved; vessel total loss.

1903-4: Schooner, CRAWFORD; off Setauket. Abandoned in ice by crew for lack of food. Three Setauket men walked out, lived aboard her until ice broke up, then sailed her to New Haven.

Jan. 22, 1904: Four-masted schooner, AUGUSTUS HUNT, of Bath, Maine; bound Norfolk, Va. to Boston; Quogue; eight lost, two saved; cargo coal.

Feb. 22, 1904: Three-masted schooner, BENJAMIN C. CROMWELL, of Portland, Maine; bound Charleston, S. C., to Fall River, Mass.; Bellport; six lost, two saved; vessel total loss; cargo hard pine lumber.

Oct. 6, 1904: Schooner, GLIDE, of N. Y.; Fire Island; four saved.

March, 1905: Schooner, PENDLETON'S SATISFACTION, from Turk's Island; Hither Plain, Montauk; nine saved, vessel off two days later; cargo cypress lumber.

- May 29, 1905:* Steamer, SEACONNET, of Greenport; Shinnecock; twenty-five saved.
- Aug. 22, 1905:* Schooner, MARION E. ROCKHILL, of Boston, bound South Amboy, N. J., to Danversport, Mass.; Napeague Beach; cargo coal; vessel saved.
- Sept., 1905:* Fishing schooner, PHOEBE; North Bar, Montauk; raised Sept. 29.
- Oct. 7, 1906:* Schooner, KEEWAYDIN; Greenport.
- Nov. 13, 1906:* Schooner-barge, M. P. GRACE, of New York; bound Newport News, Va., to Providence; Shinnecock; four safe.
- Dec., 1906:* Coal barge, BUENA VENTURA, Montauk; three lost, two saved; vessel total loss.
- Feb. 12, 1907:* Joy Line Steamer, LARCHMONT; L. I. Sound off Block Island; 131 lost; vessel total loss.
- Feb. 12, 1907:* Three-masted schooner, HARRY P. KNOWLTON, 189 ft. long, of Eastport, Maine; collision, L. I. Sound, with LARCHMONT; total loss; cargo coal.
- March 14, 1907:* British steamship GOWANBURN, London to New York; Blue Point; one lost; ship saved.
- Nov. 19, 1907:* British steamship REGULUS, Bellport, refloated.
- Jan. 27, 1908:* Vessel, WINIFRED; Montauk, fifteen saved.
- Jan. 27, 1908:* Schooner-barge MATANZAS, of Fall River, Mass.; bound Philadelphia to Boston; Montauk.
- Feb. 1, 1908:* Bark, PURITAN; Patchogue.
- Feb. 15, 1908:* Schooner, HOWARD B. PECK, Georgetown, D. C., to New Bedford, Mass.; Forge River; eight saved in breeches buoy.
- April 9, 1908:* Five-masted schooner, GEORGE P. HUDSON, Southampton; nineteen saved; ship stranded high and dry, people walked out and on board. She later ran into a wreck off Massachusetts and was lost.
- June 23, 1908:* Clyde line steamer, CHIPPEWA, Jacksonville, Fla. to Boston; Montauk; est. forty-five safe; crew of

twenty-four taken off July 18 in breeches buoy; vessel hauled off Aug. 4; cargo lumber, 39,000 watermelons, alligators, and seven ostriches.

Jan. 16, 1909: Fishing schooner, SWALLOW; Blue Point, six lost.

Feb. 17, 1909: Four-masted schooner, MILES M. MERRY, of Portland, Maine; bound Boston to N. Y.; Moriches; eleven saved. March 15 she caught fire and burned to water's edge.

May 1, 1909: Five-masted schooner, WILLIAM C. CARNEGIE, of Portland, Maine; bound Newport News, Va. to Boston; Moriches; fifteen saved; vessel total loss; cargo coal. Same owners as MILES M. MERRY, stranded on nearly same spot a few months earlier.

June 9, 1909: Steamer, ANTONIO LOPEZ; Point O'Woods; 661 saved.

1910: Schooner, GENERAL REID, Westhampton.

1910: Fishing vessel, BETSY ROSS; struck on engine of tug ARGUS wrecked 1899 near Montauk Lighthouse; sank.

Feb., 1911: Four-masted schooner, GEORGE M. GRANT; Montauk.

April 6, 1911: German steamship, PRINZESS IRENE, bound Naples to New York; Fire Island; 2100 safe.

April 10, 1912: Steamer, ONTARIO, bound Baltimore to Boston; Montauk; on fire and beached; seventy-two saved by Scott Wrecking Co. tug and revenue cutter. Cargo whiskey, peanuts, resin, cotton, turpentine, tobacco. Hulk hauled off in May.

Oct. 15, 1912: Schooner, LOOPY; Eaton's Neck; two saved.

Dec. 6, 1912: Three-masted schooner, BESSIE C. BEACH, of New Haven, Conn., bound St. John's, N. B. to Philadelphia; Napeague; six saved.

Jan. 23, 1914: Barge, BAVARIA, Montauk; came ashore s.w.

- Lighthouse in "smuddering snowstorm"; six saved. She buried a copper cable right below Light.
- Feb.*, 1914: Coal barge, Name unknown; sprung a leak at Sandy Hook and went to bottom off Wainscott; three saved by tug Swatara; cargo 3,000 tons coal; still a light over her hull.
- March 1*, 1914: Schooner-barge, SAQUA; s.w. Montauk Light; five saved.
- Nov. 21-23*, 1914: Three-masted schooner. GEORGE D. JENKINS; Shinnecock; seven saved; cargo lumber.
- July 22*, 1916: Four-masted Norwegian iron bark, CLAN GALLBRAITH, near Flying Point, Water Mill; twenty-two saved; vessel saved; ashore so high on beach people could walk to her.
- 1917: Bark, HOUGEMONT; Fire Island Beach; est. ten saved.
- March 12*, 1918: Steamer, KERSHAW, bound Virginia to Providence, R. I.; East Hampton; 146 saved—101 passengers, crew of 45; general cargo including whiskey and peanuts.
- July 10*, 1918: U. S. cruiser, SAN DIEGO; sunk off Fire Island ten to twenty miles out by German mine; fifty lost.
- Jan. 1*, 1919: Steamship, NORTHERN PACIFIC; Fire Island; all saved.
- 192—: Collier, MELROSE; Montauk.
- March 12*, 1920: Steamer, LAKE DE VAL, from Texas City to Boston; Southampton; thirty-four saved; cargo sulphur.
- Feb. 24*, 1922: Schooner, BESSIE A. WHITE; Smith's Point, Moriches; eight saved.
- May 19*, 1922: U. S. steamer, GENERAL JOHN WILKINS; Orient; nineteen saved.
- May 19*, 1922: U. S. EAGLE BOAT NO. 17, submarine chaser, bound Norfolk, Va. to New London, Conn.; between East Hampton and Amagansett; abt. sixty saved breeches buoy; boat total loss.
- Dec. 21*, 1922: Schooner, MADONNA V., bound Bahamas to St.

Pierre in Gulf of St. Lawrence; Napeague Beach; cargo whiskey; total wreck.

1922: Barge or schooner, Name unknown; Montauk.

Jan., 1923: Fishing smack, PITTSBURGH; Fort Pond Bay, Montauk.

March, 1923: Freight steamer, CAPE COD; Plum Island (beached Orient Point) all saved.

April, 1923: Schooner, CHARLES W. LYNN; Fire Island.

May 16, 1923: Three-masted schooner, NORTHCLIFFE, of Nova Scotia, from Turks Island, West Indies, to Buckport, Maine; Wainscott; seven safe; vessel total loss.

Oct., 1923: Yacht, FLORENCE B. SIMMONS; Cedar Island (near Sag Harbor); four safe, vessel total loss.

1924: Tank Steamer, ANAHUAC; Smith's Point, Moriches; fourteen saved.

1925: Steamer, RADCLIFFE; Fire Island Beach; fifty-five saved.

1925: Steamer, O'LEARY; Fire Island Beach; fifty-eight saved.

Sept. 25, 1925: U.S. SUBMARINE, s-51; off Montauk (fourteen miles east of Block Island) rammed by Ocean Steamship Co. liner CITY OF ROME bound Savannah to Boston; 10:24 p.m.; sank in 132 feet of water; twenty-six lost; three saved by CITY OF ROME. Submarine raised in 1926, never used again.

Oct., 1925: Barge, Name unknown; Fort Pond Bay, Montauk; sank at moorings in three-day gale; cargo lumber strewn along shore.

Oct., 1925: 100-foot motor vessel, SALLY LEE, on beach badly damaged in same storm; eight small boats wrecked; Montauk.

1926: Four-masted schooner, ADA TOWERS; Sayville; est. eight saved.

April 23, 1926: Trawler, PIONITA; Montauk Point; seven

- saved by Savannah liner CITY OF ATHENS; trawler abandoned with all lights burning, and sank.
- Sept., 1929:* Beam trawler, OSPREY; Montauk; twenty-one saved, some by breeches buoy. Wrecked close to spot AMSTERDAM was in 1867.
- July 24, 1930:* Steam freighter, ELLENOR; Baltimore to South Weymouth, Mass.; Amagansett.
- 1930:* Tank steamer, Name unknown; Montauk.
- Nov. 17, 1930:* Steam collier, HARRY BOWEN, bound Norfolk, Va., to New Bedford, Mass.; on rocks at Ditch Plain, Montauk; thirty-five saved in breeches buoy; vessel taken off Nov. 23.
- Nov., 1930:* Steam trawler, PETREL, of Portland, Maine; Block Island; crew taken off by Coast Guard.
- Nov. 14, 1930:* Fifty-foot rum runner, WINIFRED H.; Napeague Beach; 1100 cases liquor confiscated by Coast Guard; people waded in surf, retrieving it.
- Jan. 4, 1931:* Freight steamer, WILLIAM R. PAGE; Westhampton; forty-one saved.
- Jan. 4, 1931:* Fishing boat, COMANCHE; Montauk.
- Feb. 20, 1931:* Canadian rum-runner, ALGIE; Montauk.
- Oct. 25, 1934:* Steamer, BERKSHIRE; Bridgehampton; fifty-six saved.
- May 15, 1935:* Freight steamer, NORFOLK; Napeague Beach; thirty saved.
- June, 1935:* Schooner yacht, MAVIS; Ditch Plains, Montauk; twelve saved.
- 1935:* Cabin cruiser, DESIRE; burned in L. I. Sound somewhere between Huntington and Greenport.
- July, 1935:* Two-masted motor schooner, LORELEI; Eaton's Neck; six saved; vessel burned; total loss.
- July 14, 1935:* 189 foot motor tanker, RARITAN SUN, from Weehawken, N. J., to Phillipsdale, R. I.; three miles s.w.

Montauk Lighthouse; ten saved in breeches buoy; cargo petroleum leaked from hole in side as she lay on rocks.

Aug. 9, 1935: Trawler, HAROLD; Sagaponack; two safe.

Nov. 13, 1935: Fishing schooner (trawler), JULIA A.; Montauk; six safe.

Dec. 9, 1935: Barge, MARIE DE RONDE; Sayville; four saved; ship blown up by U. S. Coast Guard as menace to navigation; cargo coal.

May 4, 1936: Trawler, RELIANCE; Southampton; three saved.

Nov. 26, 1936: Fishing smack, MARY P. MOSQUITO; Montauk; thirteen men and a dog saved by Coast Guard; vessel total loss.

April 12-13, 1937: Steamer, CITY OF ST. LOUIS; Fisher's Island; fifty saved.

April 26, 1938: Steamer, MALMATON; off Block Island Light; thirty-two saved.

Sept. 21, 1938: (hurricane) Schooner, JEAN & JOYCE; Sammis Beach, East Hampton; seven safe.

Sept. 21, 1938: Beam trawler, TACOMA; Fort Pond Bay, Montauk; two lost.

Sept. 21, 1938: Fishing steamer, OCEAN VIEW; off Fisher's Island; six lost, sixteen saved, vessel sank, never found.

Sept. 21, 1938: Fishing boat, Name unknown; Gardiner's Bay; four lost.

Feb., 1939: Oil tanker, LIGHTBURNE; Block Island; crew of thirty-seven rescued by Coast Guard.

March 18, 1941: Steamship, STUDENT PRINCE II; bound for Nova Scotia; Fire Island; ship total loss.

Jan. 15, 1942: British tanker, COIMBRA; south Shinnecock Inlet, 25 miles off Quogue.

Jan., 1942: Tanker, NORNESS, Panamanian registry; sixty miles off Montauk Point.

- Feb. 28, 1943:* Two coal barges, Names unknown; off Southold in L. I. Sound; eight saved.
- Feb. 11, 1944:* Tank steamer, CALUSA, Oak Island.
- April, 1945:* Beam trawler, Captain Nathaniel Palmer of Stonington, Conn.; sunk by mine s.s.e. Block Island; three lost, one saved.
- May 5, 1945:* Collier, BLACK POINT; sunk by German submarine at entrance to L. I. Sound.
- May 5, 1945:* German SUBMARINE, U-853; sunk five miles southeast of spot where it had sunk BLACK POINT, by U. S. destroyer-escort ATHERTON, and U.S.C.G. frigate MOTHERLY.
- Sept., 1945:* Fishing boat, SAND BAY II; disabled Montauk Point; rescued by submarine and Coast Guard patrol boat, eighteen saved.
- Jan. 7, 1946:* Steamer, REBECCA BOONE; e. of Fire Island and w. of Point O'Woods.
- Jan. 29, 1946:* Steamer, STEPHEN F. AUSTIN; Bellport.
- Aug. 13, 1946:* Fishing boat, RED SAIL; Montauk Point; total loss, two safe.
- Dec. 28, 1946:* Motor fishing vessel, LIBERTY II; off Gardiner's Island.
- Dec., 1946:* Barge, Name unknown; Southold.
- June 24, 1947:* Steamer, Name unknown; near Fire Island Coast Guard Station.
- Aug. 17, 1947:* Motor vessel, MARGO V.; Montauk Point.
- Sept. 25, 1947:* Motor vessel, HIWAL; North Bar, Montauk.
- Sept. 1, 1951:* Fishing boat, PELICAN; overturned n. side Montauk Point; forty-five lost, nineteen saved.
- June 5, 1953:* Two-masted schooner, SOUTHERN CROSS, from Bermuda and West Indies to Boston; Sagaponack; four saved; vessel total loss.
- Oct. 11, 1953:* Motor vessel, 38-ft., FREDA M.; capsized Jones

Reef, Montauk, five saved, one lost; hull swept round Light into Turtle Cove.

Nov. 6, 1953: Full gale, wind in gusts to hurricane velocity—95 miles per hour; much damage to small craft on eastern Long Island.

Feb. 22, 1954: Fishing boat, THREE JOYS, of Westhampton; Shinnecock Inlet; capsized and broke up in heavy seas; two lost.

July 30, 1954: Fishing boat, MIKE AHOY; blew up off Montauk Point; eight saved; vessel total loss.

Aug. 31, 1954: Hurricane "Carol"; small craft damaged.

Sept. 11, 1954: Hurricane "Edna"; small craft damaged.

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